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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1880.

NUMBER 1.

A Child's First Steps on the Highway of Learning.

My first step was taken on my fifth birthday. Mamma had promised me that when I was five years old, she would begin to teach me to read. And I well remember how on the important day I solemnly carried her the big Testament, with its bright blue cover adorned with a golden candlestick. She took me on her lap, turned to the second chapter of Matthew, and gave me my first reading-lesson from the words, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem." Oh! I can still feel the proud thrill of that moment! I could hardly wait for the time when I could read "to myself," and explore, to my heart's content, all the delightful mysteries contained in books. Memory does not recall the next few steps of the journey. I'm afraid I very soon learned that there were tiresome, stony places to be passed through, when I came to the monotonous repetitions of a-b, ab, and b-a, ba, which preceded the entrance to the charming realm of story-books; but my eagerness carried me bravely on, and by the time I was six I had fairly won an entrance into that land of enchantment. I shall never forget the delight I took in the "Pop-Gun Stories" and the "Little Pet Books."

I was not allowed, though, to linger too long over these bright flowers of fancy. There was a certain dull book which claimed a share of attention entirely out of proportion to its interest. Noah Webster's spelling-book, with its long columns of forbidding words, enlivened only by two or three pictures of good little boys going to school in slippers, caps with long tassels, and white frills, and bad little boys climbing apple-trees, unconscious of the approach of the angry farmer with his dog. I still remember, with sorrow, dimmed, but not effaced by time, one of my experiences with this very book. Mamma kept a record of our lessons by a system of marking of her own invention. M. stood for middling, G. for good, V. G. for very good, and B. for bad. There was one other mark, much coveted, and to be gained only by absolute perfection—V. V. G., for very,

very good. My sister and I were fierce rivals, and on one occasion she gained a V. V. G., which I immediately determined to match by one for myself. I had a column of words to learn in the spelling-book, and after studying it thoroughly, I carried the book to Mamma, resolved not to be outdone by my younger sister. I spelled without hesitation until I came to the very last word, "giant," and then, with the goal of my desires full in view, this crabbed English language proved too much for me. I spelled the word as it *ought* to be, but is not—"jiant." Mamma tried to console me by giving me V. G., very good; but I was inconsolable, and shed some very bitter tears of jealousy and wounded pride.

Mamma early began my mathematical instruction by teaching me to tell the time. The familiar face of the clock had been a mystery to me until then; but she inspired me with the idea that I could help her very much if I could run and find the time for her when she was busy. She had a little book giving the variations of time in the different cities of the world, and from that she patiently taught me, sending me many a time to look at the clock when it would have been far less trouble for her to have gone herself. Dear Mamma! what endless pains she took with me! The first occasion on which I found the time correctly by myself, she had sent me to look when she knew it was precisely noon. I came back with the triumphant announcement, "The hands are exactly together at the top of the clock, so it is just twelve!" My success was rewarded by a yellow lemon-drop, made doubly delicious by my consciousness of victory.

But, alas! I soon found that in beginning the study of mathematics I had but entered a valley of humiliation, in which for many years I was destined to travel painfully. One memorable day there appeared a large card covered with mystic rows of figures. What could it be? Ah! I soon became too well acquainted with it. It was that enemy of childhood, the multiplication table, which I was compelled to study every day, exactly half an hour by the clock, until I had mastered it. This feat must certainly have required months,

I have so vivid a remembrance of sitting drearily, card in hand, watching the clock slowly marking off those interminable half-hours. Nor was it any better when from the multiplication table I was advanced to a slate and "sums." Figures always had an absolutely paralyzing effect on my mind. After laboriously dividing some immense number by another, plodding with infinite difficulty through the various processes of "bringing down the next number," "carrying," etc., what could be more utterly uninteresting than the meaningless string of figures obtained as the sole result of all this toil? Even after I had advanced as far as questions about barrels of molasses and yards of cloth, which sounded really quite interesting, they always resolved themselves into mere variations of the same tiresome processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and the figures never *would* come out right, though I might understand the problem perfectly in my head! Poor Mamma fairly dragged me over the whole ground with a patience which I wish could have been better rewarded, but my inborn incapacity defied even her untiring efforts.

In geography I was more successful. Here every page revealed new and interesting facts, and the drudgery of study was forgotten in the delight of discovery. How I enjoyed these first glimpses of the glories of our world! I reveled in descriptions of volcanoes and earthquakes, the burning deserts of Africa, and the gloomy, frozen seas of the north. Everything wore the charm of first freshness; and facts grown almost commonplace now, seemed then surpassingly strange and wonderful. To be sure, there was a good deal that was tedious and dull, for Mamma believed in thorough drill; and I remember many an hour devoted to map questions, capitals, and bounding, all of which I disliked most heartily! Why it was, I do not know. Mamma seemed to consider the names of the capital cities, especially, the foundation of all geographical knowledge, and was inexorable in requiring a perfect acquaintance with the whole list; but the mind chooses or rejects the nourishment offered it, in a way sometimes very trying to teach-

ers. I have forgotten a large proportion of the dry facts so carefully impressed on me, while I still remember every detail of the pictures in my little geography which first excited my childish imagination—the “Arctic Scene,” with shaggy polar bears walking on cakes of ice, and the “African Scene,” with little huts like hay-cocks under feather-duster palm-trees.

One after another of the studies of those past days comes up before me, and I even remember exactly how the books looked. There was the little United States history, in which, by way of compensation, a story was introduced after every chapter; the never-to-be-forgotten “Child’s Book of Nature,” more fascinating than any fairy tale; and the astronomy,—perhaps the greatest favorite of all,—which presented the wonders of the universe in language so simple as to be within the comprehension of a child. Dear old books! I think kindly of them still. My first steps on the highway of learning had a joy all their own; and, though every step brings with it a new pleasure, the wonder and mystery that once glorified the most common things has passed away, and never can return.

Letters from our Girls.

DEAR “LEAVES”:—

It is with many and varied emotions that we take up our pen, once more, as a contributor to the LEAVES. Now, many of us are separated by miles from the dear teachers and school-mates whom we loved so well; but do not think we have forgotten you, for if not with you in bodily form we often are in spirit, and are indeed thankful that even distance cannot prevent us from still taking an active part in what we once did not consider so inviting; namely, writing a letter to the LEAVES. From afar we indeed extend to you all—teachers, school-mates, and those who have come to fill our vacant places—a kind word of welcome; and as well-wishers and friends we sincerely hope that the coming year may be one of fruitful labor.

Among other improvements we were glad to notice the little circulars containing the information that pupils entering the Seminary could, at a very small expense, have the advantage of boarding in the family of the French Professor. This is indeed a privilege to those who make languages a specialty, and many will doubtless gladly avail themselves of the opportunity. We sigh to think of what might have been in years past, but we do not begrudge it to you.

The long vacation, which has been so

pleasant to all, has passed. Many of us can testify to having spent the summer months by the water; in the country, where we could ride on loads of hay and hunt eggs; at the mountains; and, perhaps, a very few at home. To speak personally, I have spent the warm summer days at a most charming resort on Narragansett Bay. Remembrances of sailing and fishing parties, boating, bathing, and hours lounged away in the hammocks, speak of days happily passed. I also spent a few days at Cottage City, where I met many of my former school friends.

Now, all are settled once again at home. The school-year has begun, and the members of ’81 step in to take the places that were once proudly occupied by the honored members of ’80. It does, indeed, seem strange that we shall no longer wander in the classic halls which have become endeared to us by such long association; and, as we used to say, “we wonder if the machinery can go round without us.”

We think that as each class goes out, it must have the same feelings of respect and love for its *Alma Mater*. A place where so many years of their young life have been spent must be dear to them, and, in fact, must seem like a sort of home.

What are the members of the Class of ’80 doing in their different homes? Although the number was small, yet its members are miles and miles apart. Perhaps we could give some valuable (?) information in regard to the few young women who, on June 16th, so proudly left the stage of work on which they had for so long a time been active participants. We can testify that one is trying to practice a little of what Miss Parloa preached, and she thinks she succeeds well (?). “Oh, yes, of course she likes it.”

We would not forget our S. D. friends, and we extend to them hopes of progress for the coming year. Be as faithful workers as you have been in the past, and success will crown your efforts.

Lastly, accept many and kind wishes for the LASELL LEAVES. Its past success speaks forth volumes, and with its able editor and assistant staff of officers, it cannot help but send forth its light to appreciative readers.

With many thanks for your kind attention, we bid you adieu.

ONE OF THE GIRLS OF ’80.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE “LEAVES”:—

WHY do you request us to write to your paper, for which we are so impatiently waiting, to give us the school news? Rather, you should send letters of con-

lence to us, poor creatures, sent away from the adopted home with only a roll of parchment for consolation.

Where are we and what doing? you ask. Under our own vine and fig-tree, feeling almost superannuated and set adrift, away from school and “all the girls.” The days which used to be so short, seem long as two, and how to fill the hours profitably is a question of thought; as, unlike some ambitious sisters, we have not yet gone out to seek our fortunes. The refreshing school vacation—our last, oh, dear!—slipped by so fast that no haunting spirit could disturb us with thoughts of coming loneliness; and not until September was well advanced did we realize why the regular preparations for school were not beginning, our trunks not being packed. It dawned forcibly upon us, however, about the 15th, when Lasell reopened without us (oh, the conceit of womankind) to assist in the general reunion of old friends and meeting of new. Perhaps we did not think of you all day, and wish a thousand times to be there too; to see our Principal and teachers again, and join in the great confabulation that follows!

Now, these memories are like an old story, the most pleasing and real one possible, that will always be fresh and joyful. This fall is so different from the past! Being at home, with the same pleasant surroundings as when we left it years before, it seems like settling back into a former life, new, yet familiar; and, like the sojourner abroad, returning, after seeking instruction and pleasure, we come back to our home to find no place like it except Lasell, which is very like it. Thank Fortune, you Lasell girls, that she prolongs your school-life in such a happy place, which you do not half appreciate, and will not till these days are over. And do not, for the future’s sake, keep wishing for the terms and years to end which brings the life-long vacation from school, nor try to convince yourselves that, by staying at school, you are becoming martyrs, deprived of all earthly joys; for it is not so, you will see, and only the old mischief-maker sends such ideas in idle moments.

Has your boating season begun? or has Professor given the Monday morning questions yet? The S. D.’s, we trust, are refilling their society rooms, and flourishing like the green bay-tree, as our school is.

Eagerly we are awaiting the rustle of the autumn “LEAVES,” which will tell us all the school news, will it not? Love and best wishes to you all, old and new. C. E. L.

DEAR "LEAVES":—

"OUT of sight, out of mind," seems to be a ruled-out proverb at Lasell; for a day or two ago, I, who supposed myself safely hid in a little corner of the smallest State in our Union, received a missive which demanded that I should make a full confession of my whereabouts and "what about." With all due respect to my old friend and neighbor,—the editor of the LEAVES,—I almost wished she had stayed in her New Jersey home, or else forgotten the existence of one member of the class of '80.

My supposed hiding-place is one of a chain of summer resorts which make charming the shores of Narragansett Bay. Nay-att, with Annawamscutt for a right, and Chaccapacassett for a left neighbor, unlike most of our New England towns, retain their Indian names. They have proved the right to the appellations by revealing to the present occupants relics of hatchets, arrow-heads, and, more convincing still, skulls of human beings, whose low foreheads place them, without doubt, among the red men.

The place is charming, and, to use an *unfamiliar quotation*, I am having a "perfectly splendid time." However, don't think my statements contradictory when I say I wish myself back at the school home.

Of course, I confess that crowding these glorious autumn days with all kinds of pleasure, in and out of doors, is not the most miserable experience in the world. Should the above suggestion tend to make any of you homesick, let me tell you that these merry days sometimes have a most humiliating shade; for instance, at the hour after the gloaming has passed, the lamps lighted, and the young circle begin the evening study. As the older ones bend over some Latin translation, there reaches my ear, in anything but indirect discourse, a sentence something like this: "How exasperating to have — sitting there reading a lovely story, while we have to tug over this horrid lesson! Oh, dear! I just wish I was through school, and could be so fearfully lazy." A small boy in knee-pants, less discreet but more honest, after having mumbled for several minutes "seven times nine is thirty-six," and awakening suddenly to the error of his statement, delivers an oration to the effect that he wishes he was an old woman like cousin L——, and had not a thing to do but eat taffy and read stories.

Dear sisters at Lasell, take the advice of the above-mentioned "old woman," and enjoy your school-life. I thought I appreciated it while there, but had I shown that

appreciation by harder work, the taffy would be a little sweeter, and the story a "wee bit" more interesting.

Forgive me, Miss Editor, for taking so much of your time. I cannot recall that condensing process which Miss C. taught us how to use in the spring of certain years.

May 1880 and 1881 be rich with blessings for Lasell and her school circle. After all, I am glad that you don't forget the "bairns that are frae hame;" and you may be sure that dozens of "old girls" are praying daily for the success of their dear *Alma Mater*. L——.

DEAR "LEAVES":—

A NOTE received a few days ago from your Editor, requesting me to write a letter for your pages, startled me so greatly that I have hardly yet recovered. It did not seem quite fair to ask girls whose brains have been racked for the last four years concocting essays, to contribute, until they have refreshed themselves a little; but I well remember how editors feel at a refusal. So, strengthening myself with the thought that all at the old Sem. are not now rivals to criticise, but friends to enjoy, I take courage.

My summer has been most enjoyably spent at the sea-shore, not many miles from the "Hub." It was such a quiet old place, where one could sit for hours, and hear no sound save the eternal roar of the ocean. Grand old monster! I used often to think, when sitting on the rocks, How I wish I might fly over your heaving bosom, and take a look at the people on your different shores, or a peep into your depths, and find the treasures hidden there!

Foolish thought, you say, and yet I hope I may be forgiven; for, since poets begun to sing, they have sung of the sea. From earliest time old ocean has been, to them, a meditation and a mystery, a picture and a plaint. Coleridge rhymed in a wild, weird way of the "Ancient Mariner," and Byron sounded the praises of the majestic deep in noble verses; and yet none seem, to me, to have touched so beautiful a chord as Dr. Clark, in his poem entitled, "Why the Sea Complains." Thus he writes:—

"All my life long I am mourning in sorrow,
Longing for loves that are taken from me;
Only the hope of some swift-coming morrow
Calms the sad soul of the sullen salt sea—
When the brooklet and dewdrop and soft
summer rain,
May bring to my bosom my darlings again."

Although, with others, I love to watch the sea in its various moods, now seething and foaming with mad passion, and again lying calm, with scarce a ripple on its sur-

face,—I love better to watch the great sea of human life in our large cities. Have you ever driven slowly through the crowded thoroughfares, and noticed how few of the faces you passed looked happy? And how many were stamped with the lines of care, anxiety and utter weariness! Only yesterday I was down at the North End—Boston's "Five Points"—hunting Sunday-School scholars. A lady, who has long been a missionary among these people, kindly accompanied me, as I knew nothing of that part of the city; and for all who are interested, I will here say that I have eight scholars promised for next Sabbath, with the expectation of more. We went into some of the most wretched places you can imagine. How the forlorn creatures whom we saw can call them by the blessed name of "home," I cannot understand. At every corner we met some of Dickens' grotesque characters; but the misery, sickness and death surrounding us turned all laughter into tears. We saw drunken men reeling about, heard women's dying groans, and saw more little sick children than would be best to describe. The sight made me heart-sick, as I fear it will you; and although these lowly ones ought to be saved, and the experience will, no doubt, greatly benefit me, still I breathed a long, grateful sigh when I reached my own pure, sweet home again.

FROM ONE OF THE CLASS OF '80.

ON Saturday, Sept. 25th, our first school sociable took place. The time was spent in merry games and gay chatting until a sudden pause was made by the appearance of refreshments. Ice-cream and cake of various kinds were served in abundance. Fun was then resumed, and continued until about ten o'clock, when the company separated with a new feeling of acquaintance and friendliness, and many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon for the evening's pleasure.

WHILE we were away for the summer, some active fairy was busy at Lasell, adding and beautifying. The reading-room has a dark, rich paper, against which the familiar faces of our poets look on us in the old friendly way, a handsome new carpet and chandelier, and a black-walnut book-case in place of the old reading-desks. The Chapel, too, is adorned with inside shutters, (the dining-room also), a clock, and a number of new desks for our increased family; and all over the house the busy fairy has been at work, dropping here and there something new and bright, for our use and pleasure.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

ANOTHER year of school-life has begun for the thousands of young people all over the land, and we are glad that we are a part of the busy throng. The summer holiday was delightful,—we enjoyed every minute of the sweet, lazy, out-door life; but it could not last forever, and we do not wish that it should. It is pleasant to return to books and work once more, and to feel that there is something for us to do in the world. We do not believe that a school could be found whose pupils return to it more gladly than we do to our "Lasell Home"; but we find so many changes that we cannot help but feel a little sad. Dear "old girls," we miss your familiar faces, but you are not forgotten, and your names are often spoken among us. Won't you write to the LEAVES, and tell us how life seems to you, now that you have left the old nest, and become full-fledged young ladies? We should enjoy hearing of your housekeeping trials and triumphs; of your studies, if you study still; in short, all about you.

We have a word to say to the new girls, also, and that is, Don't be "new" any

longer than you can possibly help! We hereby offer you a hearty welcome to our home, our pleasures and our work, and hope that you will share them all happily with us. The pages of the LEAVES are thrown open to you; the paper depends on you for its future success, and we hope you will immediately begin to write for it. We want you to think and speak proudly of "our school" and "our paper," and to feel that you can do a great deal for both.

But we who are giving advice to others, is there nothing that we can do ourselves? Is there not some special work for us who have been here before, and have come back to our old home for another year? Yes, indeed; our part is a very important one. All these new-comers, who outnumber us three to one, will consider us as representatives of the spirit of the school, and will unconsciously follow the examples we set them. It depends on us to communicate the spirit of cheerful industry and sympathy for others, which has helped us so much, and made our life at Lasell so happy. Let us try to do it well. We have received a great deal, and must in our turn become givers.

Now, before we close, we wish to offer greetings to all our friends, new and old, to whom our little paper will go in the year that has begun. It will find its way into many homes, scattered all the way from Maine to Texas, where it has never been seen before, and we hope it will soon come to be looked upon as a friend. We will do our best to make it pleasant and entertaining, and will try to give a faithful account of our daily doings, our studies and our fun. But we do not want our paper to be *only* amusing; we shall be very sorry if it does not contribute its mite to the cause of right living and right thinking. With these hopes and wishes we enter upon a new year. May it be a happy one to all!

School Items.

THE name of our school seems to be a sore puzzle to strangers, and even to others who ought to know better, judging from the following varieties in spelling it: "Lazell," "La Salle," "Lassell," "Laselle," etc., etc. These are seen every day, but a letter received lately was, we think, the most ridiculous of all. It was directed simply "Mr. L. Seminary."

ONE of our Seniors thinks that "C. S. L.," on a freight car, stands for "Canada Central Line." Wouldn't it be well to form the spelling classes soon?

"As goes Hull so goes the State." So runs the old proverb, which we amend as follows, "As Lasell Seminary goes," etc. The vote taken on October 20th showed a triumphant majority for Garfield and Arthur — 82 to 9. Republicans of Massachusetts, take courage!

THE girls at the Seminary rather envy their companions of the French House, when they see them walking about the village wherever they please, quite in "self-governed" style; and wish they were so fortunate. On the other hand, when the envied "French girls" go to the Seminary out of school-hours, and see the others all having a sociable time together, they, in their turn, become a little envious, and feel as if they were shut out of some of the good times.

It was a funny time when all the girls were weighed. The scales reveal some rather surprising facts, and the stout seemed rather inclined to shirk the ordeal, but in vain; all were duly obliged to go through the performance. We refrain from giving the name of one girl of fifteen, whose weight, expressed in figures, is just ten times her age. One of the teachers, on being pronounced so many pounds and a half, declared that the half was owing to her hat; and carefully taking it off, mounted the scales again with it in her hand! At the end of the term the process is to be repeated, when we presume it will be found, as usual, that we have thriven amazingly, considering the *severe* study required of us.

OUR *Alma Mater* has a larger family than ever, this year, and is like a motherly old hen who can scarcely gather her numerous brood under her wings. There are seventy new girls, from all parts of the country — North, East, South and West; and every nook and cranny is full.

WE cannot let this glorious month of October slip by without speaking of our delight in the fresh, inspiring breezes, and pleasant sights and sounds of the crowning time of the year. The air is full of golden sunshine, and the hill-sides are glowing with scarlet and yellow. There never was such a year for apples; the people scarcely know what to do with them; and everywhere we go we see them in heaps under the trees, crimson, russet and green — and oh, so fragrant! Chestnutting and boating are favorite amusements, and we return from such merry expeditions with bright eyes and rosy faces.

A MEETING of the Lasell Publishing Association was held in the Chapel on Friday,

Sept. 24th, Miss Ferguson in the chair. The most important business brought before the meeting was the election of a new publisher, in place of Miss Wires. After an exciting contest Miss Sadie M. Corey was chosen. The publisher's position is one of some difficulty, and brings with it a good deal of hard work. We are glad to say that the choice of Miss Corey was a wise one. She has entered upon her new duties in a very active spirit, for which she has the thanks of her associates. We wish also to thank our advertisers for their kindness and courtesy, which we fully appreciate.

MR. HUDSON'S Shakespeare class, containing this year about twenty-five members, has taken up the play of Julius Cæsar. According to Mr. Hudson, the play, although not one of the poet's masterpieces, nor even to be ranked in the class of his greater works, yet contains some of his most perfect workmanship, and is worthy of careful study.

ON Saturday, October 9th, a number of the pupils in music went to the grand concert at the Music Hall, Boston, where they had the rare treat of hearing Miss Annie Louise Cary, Wilhelmj, and Joseffy. It is one of the advantages of being so near Boston that we are able to hear the very best musicians; and aside from the great pleasure it gives, it is of untold benefit to those who make music a study.

THE girls enjoy their horseback exercise very much this term. Under the careful escort of Mr. Lathrop, they go off in parties of two and three for an hour's gallop in the bracing air. The departure of the equestriennes excites the liveliest interest, and it must require no little courage to ride off under the scrutiny of seventy or eighty pairs of critical eyes.

THE S. D. Society held its first debate on Friday evening, October 1st. The question debated upon was, "Is it better for a young ladies' boarding-school to be situated in the country than in the city?" It was decided in the affirmative. Twelve new members were initiated, and the names of six others proposed.

THE Astronomy class has a delightful task in studying the autumn skies with their two fine telescopes. What can be more inspiring than a glimpse of Jupiter rolling serenely in space, with his attendant satellites, or mighty Saturn with his marvelous rings of glowing light! We catch our

breath, and feel as if we had left our little terrestrial ball far behind us, and soared upward into the realm of the universe. The girls who are not so fortunate as to belong to the Astronomy class must try to get a peep through Miss Blaisdell's magic tubes.

At a meeting of the Senior class, Miss Gertrude M. Rice, of Allston, was chosen president by a unanimous vote. It was decided to change the class motto and color. The class is favored by the addition of two new members, Miss Rice and Miss Snell, but laments the loss of Miss Annie Bartlett.

OUR Lecture Course was opened on Wednesday evening, September 22d, with a poem by the Rev. N. A. Prince, of Auburn, Maine, on "The Laying of the Atlantic Cable." It was quite a unique production, and ingeniously planned. The electric torpedo was represented as giving a history of its life, and the great commotion excited among the finny tribes at the gigantic task of laying the Atlantic cable.

Boston's 250th Anniversary.

ON Friday, September 17th, we all went to Boston, to see the grand procession in honor of the 250th Anniversary of the settlement of the city. School had opened only the day before, and many of the girls from a distance had never seen the famous old town, and they, of course, doubly enjoyed their first sight of it on this gala day. The whole country must have poured into Boston, judging from the crowds which fairly took the train by storm at every station; and in the city itself, it seemed as if not one man, woman or child had remained indoors, so closely were the sidewalks, windows, and even roofs, along the route of the procession, packed with people. It was an animating sight, and the sturdy old founders of the city would have rejoiced to see the vast throngs assemble to commemorate their labors and struggles. Through the kindness of Messrs. John H. Pray & Co. and Wm. Claffin & Co. we were fortunate enough to obtain comfortable seats in their store windows, whence we could enjoy at our ease the gay spectacle in the street below.

The first part of the procession consisted of regiments and militia companies, with their neat uniforms and glittering bayonets, marching as if to actual service, completely armed and equipped, with their cannon on heavy wagons in the rear. Their bands

played stirring martial music, and the streets echoed to their measured tread. At every halt the lookers-on threw down fruit, cakes and candies, which fell fully as often into the street as into the hands held up to receive them. But that only increased the fun, and great was the merriment as the lavish gifts showered down by the smiling ladies in the windows flew wildly about, and finally found an obscure resting-place in the gutter.

After the militia came the various benevolent and temperance societies of different nationalities, with their gorgeous regalia and flaming banners. They presented a rather ludicrous appearance as they came straggling along, warm and dusty, and the business-like nineteenth century faces and tall stove-pipe hats contrasted oddly with the green, purple and gold of their trappings. Their highest dignitaries, even more splendid than the rest, sat in open barouches, placidly surveying the throng over their immense bouquets. By the way, where *do* all the barouches come from? One never sees them except in processions. Can it be that they were made for the great occasion?

The last division of the procession was a fine display of the business activity of the city. Many of the manufactures were shown in full operation on open wagons. There were potters shaping earthenware with both ancient and modern appliances; bakers making crackers, and showering them among the crowd; printers working an antique-looking press which once belonged to Benjamin Franklin, and others busy with presses of the very latest invention; gaily turbaned Dinahs, polishing all kinds of articles to a marvelous brightness with the "world-renowned Sapolio;" and many other artisans busy at their various trades. During the passage of these wagons a heavy rain of hand-bills filled the air, which the small boys gathered by the bushel, to serve as mementoes of the occasion. Then came a very realistic group of Indians, grim and fierce-looking, arrayed in all their fantastic finery of paint, feathers and beads. Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and a picturesque band of Highlanders appeared in their bright tartans, marching proudly to the hideous music of the bag-pipes; still another turn, and time seemed to have rolled backward a hundred years. An old lady and gentleman came jogging peacefully along on horseback, the goodman in ruffled shirt and knee-breeches, and the goodwife on her pillion behind, in leg-of-mutton sleeves

and coal-scuttle bonnet. After them followed an odd-looking yellow chaise, swinging on high springs, in which sat another couple in similar antique attire. A pompous coachman, laced and powdered, sat on the box, and the footman, in all the splendor of cocked hat, long queue and immense buckles, clung on behind as best he might. As a further illustration of the manners and customs of "ye olden time," the leathern buckets and wooden ladders were shown on which our grandfathers placed their sole reliance in case of fire. These were followed in rapid succession by the improved apparatus of later days, up to the magnificently appointed engines now in use, drawn by spirited horses.

For three hours this bright and varied panorama passed before us; and the variety of objects and constant uncertainty as to what novel thing would appear next, kept the dense crowds interested until the very last. At last all was over, and the throng began to turn homeward. Then came the difficulty! The streets seemed all too narrow to contain the masses that filled them, and as all moved in contrary directions, the result may be imagined. We felt a little frightened as we were hustled about and pushed in every direction but the right one; and when we at last arrived at the station and saw the trains go out without any prospect of our reaching them, we thought it rather a serious matter. But all ended well. Every one bore his share of the crushing good-humoredly, as befitted pleasure-seekers, and we reached Auburndale safely, in time for tea, pretty well tired, but well pleased with our day's sight-seeing.

Our Trip to Nantasket.

A MERRY party indeed it was that awaited the train at our little station early one Saturday morning. The day was bright and beautiful; and, with the anticipation of a sail down the harbor and a day at Nantasket Beach, who could wear other than a happy face? We reached Boston at nine o'clock, with only a half hour in which to cross the city; and in order to reach the wharf in time, some haste was necessary. Of course we attracted a good deal of attention, eliciting many funny remarks from the lookers-on, as to whither we were going and from whence we came. The little excursion steamer Nantasket we found moored to the wharf, only awaiting our arrival as a signal to be off; so there was no tiresome waiting.

Boston may well be proud of her beautiful harbor, and this morning it seemed ten-fold lovelier than ever before. The blue ocean, glistening in the sunlight, just touched here and there with white caps, green islands, handsome forts, light-houses and vessels of all descriptions, go to make up a scene rarely surpassed in this country. Many of the islands have bits of interesting history connected with them, and they are told us in our little guide-books. One solitary looking monument—a pyramid, you might call it—we noticed particularly. It is called Nix's Mate, from the story that on the once beautiful island the mate of a ship had been put to death for killing his captain. The man said he was innocent of the crime, and the island should prove it by washing away; and truly, little is left now of its former beauty. It is simply a shoal of rocks, upon which stands this black shaft—a fitting symbol of the deed it commemorates. We passed it with a shudder, glad that it was broad daylight. A few moments later our attention was attracted by a large steamship making her way swiftly out to sea. We were told she was known as a Cunarder by her black and red smoke-stack. We watched her until almost out of sight, sending after her wishes for a safe and speedy arrival at her destination. Some of us who were accustomed to the water felt sure we should enjoy rougher sailing; but "Old Prob's" did not favor us in that respect, and perhaps it was just as well.

We stopped at Hull long enough to land a few passengers, and a few minutes later we reached Nantasket. Leaving bags and wraps at one of the hotels, we started off for a stroll on the beach. The tide was out, and the sand almost as firm and dry as a floor. Walking up the beach about a quarter of a mile we reached the Atlantic House, from which we had a magnificent view of the Bay.

The rocks next offered amusement for all, and we clambered over them to our hearts' content, admiring the shells and sea-weed. But "man can not live without eating," and neither can girls, and never had a lunch tasted better than that eaten after our climb. Sea air is a seasoning not to be despised. A railroad is now running from Nantasket to Hull,—a distance of three miles,—and, by the kind invitation of Geo. R. Eager, one of the directors, we had the pleasure of taking the trip. The view of the beautiful beach and ocean on either side, with a ride on the locomotive for a few fortunate ones, were the crowning pleasures

of the day. After another hour of rambling on the beach, gathering sea-weed and shells, we again boarded our little steamer, sorry to think that our day of pleasure was almost over.

The returning trip was as enjoyable as the one in the morning, our only regret being that it was so short. We reached home in safety, a tired, hungry set of girls, but all voting that never had we spent a happier day, or seen a finer beach than Nantasket.

A New Idea.

LASELL has taken a new departure this year in a direction tending toward the solution of the vexed question of the best means of acquiring the foreign languages. The enterprise has been well planned, and we wish it all the success it deserves. The French professor and his wife have taken a house about five minutes' walk from the school, and receive into their family such of the girls as are somewhat advanced in French, and wish to become fluent speakers in that pretty, graceful tongue. It is really a splendid opportunity—the best, we think, that can be given on this side of the ocean. At all the meals French is spoken, and in the evening a familiar conversation is held on any subject which may chance to present itself,—the furniture of the room, the flowers on the table, etc.,—so that we learn by the purely natural method, almost as a child learns its mother-tongue. It is a very pleasant way to learn; but our thoughts have been so long accustomed to run in the English groove, and our tongues to form English sounds, that we find it difficult to change the habit that has grown to be second nature—so difficult, that we think of adopting as our motto the well-known proverb, "One learns by failing." We certainly make failures enough, if that is the way to learn, to advance at a remarkably rapid rate! There are now six of us who are enjoying this privilege, and others are expected to join us soon. We all feel that a knowledge of French would be a great acquisition to the treasures of knowledge we are gathering while here at school, and mean to work hard for it while we have the chance.

ONE OF THE "FRENCH GIRLS."

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute: What you can do, or think you can, begin it. Boldness hath genius, power, and magic in it."

Personals.

MISS ANNA THOMSON has left us, and accepted the position of preceptress in a school at Poultney, Vt. We wish her much happiness and success.

WE have another change of teachers to record: Prof. Harry Wheeler will be seen no more among us. His place is taken by Mrs. Edna A. Hall, of Boston; of whom more in our next.

DR. CHICKERING, well known for his connection with temperance, visited the school, the other day, and gave us a little impromptu talk in the Chapel, which interested us all very much.

MISS LUCY TAPPAN, a graduate of Vassar, has taken the place left vacant by Miss Thomson. She is to have charge of the gymnastics; and would it not be a good idea to welcome the new teacher by turning over a new leaf in our behavior during gymnasium hour?

OUR little glimpse of Judge Cowley makes us hope to see him again at Lasell. From his large fund of information gathered in an active public life he imparts generously and delightfully in conversation. We think the Seminary would do well to get him, if possible, to lecture on some phase of American history, in which he is an authority. He very thoughtfully presented our Library with copies of two of his works.

THE following item occurs in one of our girls' letters: "Tell Miss Parloa that I have had perfect success in making bread. I have all the receipts she gave us last year, and have had favorable results with those I have tried." Haven't any others had equal success? We are sure they have, and we should like to hear about it. We have seen Miss Parloa's face more than once since school opened. She is preparing her programme for her winter's work with us, and says she enjoys very much teaching her Lasell girls.

WE had a very agreeable surprise on the occasion of a recent visit from Lillie Potter, of the class of '80, with her mother and Judge Charles Cowley, of Lowell. At dinner a table was set apart for the old girls, prettily adorned with flowers and plants. The place of honor at Mr. Bragdon's right was given to Lillie, whom we were all glad to see again. The gathering of familiar faces around the table was very pleasant, and made us almost wish the old times back. It was noticed that the fifteen girls present represented eleven States, the East and West each contributing a share.

WE have received calls from Carrie and Annie Kendig and Annie Bartlett, in whom the LEAVES mourns an efficient publisher. Come again, girls, when you can.

MR. BRAGDON receives letters every day from the old girls, which really move us to pity, they all seem so homesick for Lasell! Otherwise they are well, and as contented as possible under the circumstances. Some of the recent letters are from Georgia Hatch, Hattie Clark, Anna Marbold and Carrie Griswold. All are at home, and busy with the little housekeeping affairs which fall to every girl's share; and some earn their own living.

DR. SAFFORD gave her introductory talk on health topics on Tuesday, Oct. 4th. She is to be our family physician this year, and we are sure her sensible advice will be a great help to us. She says, "Alas! that there is an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of my work among girls—their wrong mode of dressing!" We fear, even here, where better ideas have found their way, there is much that is blameworthy in this respect. Let us fight against it from this time forth, with Dr. Safford for a leader. Shall we?

WE have the sad task of recording the death of one of our number whom we hoped to see with us again this year; but she has "gone up higher." Louise Vander Woerd died September 20th, at her uncle's house in Leyden, Holland. She had not been well, and it was thought the trip abroad would benefit her; but it proved otherwise. She was taken ill soon after her arrival, and died before her brother and sister—who had set out immediately on hearing the sad tidings—were able to reach her. The circumstances of her death, among comparative strangers, in a strange land, seem to us sad. But the day of reunion is not far off. May we be able to leave as fragrant a memory!

Dear Lou! How near she seems to us at this moment! How genial and pleasant she was! How bright her smile as she bade us good-morning, coming fair weather and foul, almost without a day's loss, to the school she loved so well! How interested she was in her work, and how she used to wonder at the wish of a few that school-days were over! She drank in knowledge as a thirsty land the rain of heaven; and her intelligent face would light up with pleasure as some new idea came to her in class. Sensitive, fine-souled, every experience brought to her unusual pleasure or

unusual pain. That which made her feel occasional pain keenly, made her careful not to give it to others; so she gave smiles and sunshine and love unstinted. She was a genuine lady, and could not do small things, or cherish petty dislikes and jealousies. Rarely generous was her soul, and thoughtful of the happiness of others. Withal, she was a Christian. We have never heard whether or no her name was upon any church book, but that it was in the Book of Life we believe, for she was a follower of Christ in spirit and life.

If He had asked us, our ignorance would have said, The Lord would do well to leave her long on earth, for the world has need of such hearts and lives. But He knew better, and, thinking more of her happiness than ours, took her to himself. The mind she so earnestly strove to enrich has been given wider scope. She has gone far ahead of her teachers, and knows now as we cannot yet. She is enjoying the companionship of the great Teacher, and it is well. Going to a foreign land for health and greater vigor, she has found it sooner than she thought. God himself ere this has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and, strong as an angel of light, she has become one of his ministering spirits. May she minister comfort to the sad ones at home! May she be permitted to bring them daily blessings, and may they be able to see that for her to depart was "far better!"

Exchanges.

WITH the opening of another year, our exchanges come pouring in upon us, and the work of reviewing, commenting, criticising, begins anew. It is an interesting task, and no slight one, to criticize fairly and honestly—to give praise where praise is due, and blame where needed, in a just and candid spirit. It requires time, labor, and, what is more rare, judgment and literary taste. We consider the Exchange department one of the most important in the paper, as well as one of the most entertaining, and we will try to conduct it so that it shall really be worth something to ourselves as well as to others.

We have already received the *Oberlin Review*, *Tuftsian*, *Reveille*, *Exonian*, *Vidette*, *Madisonensis*, *Brunonian*, *Harvard Daily Echo*, *Crimson*, *Princetonian*, *College Courier*, *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*, *Tripod*, *Transcript*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Aurora*, *News Letter*, *Academy*, *King's College Record*, and *Argosy*.

THE *Transcript* begins its year's work with a good number, containing a well-written article on "Muscle versus Brain," and some sensible remarks on the evils of the class-spirit prevalent in American colleges. There pervades the paper, however, that fondness for fine language which we notice in so many of our Western exchanges, and which results often in serious loss to clearness and directness of expression.

THE *Brunonian* says, "Such a paper as ours, we consider, should be not so much a literary journal as a mirror of our college life." Its opening number is carried out in accordance with this dictum. It is well filled with short items and news of interest to the students; and its sole "literary" article is a would-be funny account of a Brown student's encounter with "a beautiful maiden with intellectual brow and thoughtful expression," which follows the vein of sarcasm grown so familiar from the abundance of such effusions.

THE *Oberlin Review* occupies much of its space with two articles; one on "Tennyson," and one on the "Future of American Literature," which we presume, from the tone and style, to be graduation essays. Such productions, we think, are not well adapted to the columns of a college paper, in spite of the thought and labor they have cost, and the applause that may have followed their reading before an audience. We fear the plain truth is that nobody reads them, and they must be considered, therefore, as so much dead matter.

Madisonensis is well supplied with personal items and local news, and speaks enthusiastically of the bright prospects of Madison University for the coming year. Its tone is modest, yet enterprising. We wish it success.

WE have received two numbers of the *U. C. N. Y. Free Press*, a new paper from the college of the City of New York, in the interest of full and free expression of the honest thought of the students. We do not see in its scrappy columns, consisting chiefly of jokes and personals, anything that the most rigid Faculty in the world could consider worth the trouble of suppressing; but when it comes to enunciate the daring theories and administer the well-deserved castigations which we shall certainly expect, we hope it may do so with impunity. The freedom of the press is a noble principle, and must be maintained!

THE *Polyhymnion Monthly*, in a recent number, complains of not having received the LEAVES regularly, in exchange for their paper. We did not understand the reason of this failure to send on our part, but, on examining our exchange list, found the *Polyhymnion* addressed, Winchester, Pa., instead of Va., as it should be. The mistake has been corrected, and we hope will be excused. We would not like to miss from our exchanges, through any fault of ours, a paper in which we are especially interested, from the fact that it is edited by girls.

Publisher's Notes.

"Centemeri!
Of thee I sing,
And all thy charms extol;
I'll warble forth thy praise in spring,
And chant of thee in fall.

But, really, now, no joking about it, the Centemeri gloves are the best fitting and most durable of any in the market."

This is quoted from our predecessor; we think you may safely rely upon her judgment, and buy your next pair of gloves at 39 Winter Street.

THE weather is growing colder; you need better protection for your feet than those thin boots and dainty slippers. Call immediately at Tuttle's, and provide yourselves with something suitable for autumn.

To those of you who feel that you cannot afford expensive photographs to send to your "dear five hundred friends," we would suggest that you have some neat tin-types taken at Towne's.

OF course you take great pleasure in writing on pretty note-paper. Remember that Proctor & Moody keep a fine assortment of the very prettiest.

SOME of you are fortunate enough to have brothers with whom you correspond. In your next letter tell them the best place to buy a cornet, banjo or flute, is at Thompson & Odell's, 177 Washington Street, Boston.

HAVE you more money than you know what to do with? If so, call at Parker Brothers', and spend part of your superfluous cash for a lovely pocket-book in which to keep the rest of it.

GIRLS, we fear you will not be benefited by your "constitutional walks," if you persist in wearing high-heeled boots. Take our advice, and buy a pair of "Common Sense" walking-boots, at Moseley's.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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NUMBER 2.

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Singing in the Rain.

The day dawned barren and chilly —
An east wind railed at the pane;
Gray fog veiled the leafing chestnut,
Where a robin sang in the rain:

Sang in the rain his sweetest —
"Cheer-up, O cheer-up, cheer;"
The eye could not catch the warbler,
But his voice rang silvery clear.

Blasts shook the tree by the shoulder,
The tree cried out with pain;
But somewhere, high in the leafage,
A robin sang in the rain.

He might have sung to the angels,
But I think he sang to us here;
The sinless need not the counsel —
"Cheer-up, O cheer-up, cheer."

To the music-pages above him
He looked as the blind may look;
No star-notes guided the singer,
Cloud fingers had shut the book.

Yet well had he learned the carol,
And he sang it out of his heart;
Nor once was it worth his asking
When the veil would fall apart.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up, O cheer-up,"
Still the sad leaves among;
His beautiful breast was bubbling
A fountain of raptured song.

It never can flow so welcome
Under a sky all blue.
What is the lesson he teaches?
I learned it, and so may you.

—Selected.

A Summer in Llangollen.

WE had been a year in a school at Liverpool, and when the summer vacation began we were trying to think where we should spend it, when some one suggested Llangollen as a pleasant place of summer resort. None of us had ever been there, so we decided to go; and certainly we had a delightful time. It is a beautiful little village in North Wales, on the river Dee. During the winter months it reposes peacefully among its hills, but in summer it is crowded with visitors. This is how we found it when we arrived, so we were not long in making acquaintances and finding out the chief points of attraction.

One of these is the picturesque cottage of the "Ladies of Llangollen," of whom so much has been said and written. They

were Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, and both ranked high in birth and position. Their friendship was so great that they resolved never to marry, but to devote their lives to each other, and in this pretty home they lived together until separated by death. Lady Eleanor was wealthy, and very beautiful, and her family strongly opposed her carrying out of this strange idea; but seeing how she longed to be with her friend, they reluctantly gave their consent, and she and Miss Ponsonby founded a home of their own. They wore a peculiar dress, the skirt of which was long and perfectly plain, and the upper part like a man's clothing. Their hair was cut quite short, and they wore tall beaver hats. They were very fond of traveling, and liked to entertain their friends in their home. They themselves never visited, however, but spent their spare time in riding and walking. Lady Eleanor also wrote a great deal. They died not long ago, Lady Eleanor being the first to depart, and Miss Ponsonby surviving her but a short time. They are buried together in the little Llangollen church-yard, with the faithful old servant who always lived with them. The cottage is a beautiful building, richly ornamented, inside and out, with carved oak. The walls, doors and porch are made of this wood, carved in many curious devices, such as fruit, flowers and grotesque faces. In one room there is a seat made from a confessional, which was brought from Spain. On the back is an animal's head, with the mouth wide open, and it was through this that the priest heard the confessions. The seat is that part on which the penitents used to kneel, while confessing. The grounds belonging to the cottage are beautifully laid out, and at one end of the garden is a little summer-house, called "Eleanor's bower," because it was there that Lady Eleanor loved to sit and write.

The next place we visited was Valle Crucis Abbey. It has fallen to ruin, but is charming in its decay. There are very few pillars or arches quite whole, but what is left of them shows how beautiful the Abbey must have been when perfect. Back of it is a tiny lake, which mirrors the Abbey

and the trees surrounding it; and we spent a long time gazing into the water at the lovely reflection. This Abbey was founded by Madoc, a Welsh prince, in 1200, but very little is known of its history.

One day we made an excursion to Barber's Hill, for the sake of the splendid view from the top. On the side looking up the river, may be seen hills stretching as far as the eye can reach, and between them winds the river Dee, like a silver thread, curving in and out, until at last it is lost to view. Down the valley the graceful arches of a viaduct add very much to the landscape. Beyond lies the little village of Chirk, with its beautiful old castle. It is only a few miles from Llangollen, so we drove over, to see Chirk Castle. It is very old, but kept in excellent repair, and is the country residence of Mr. Randolph, a member of Parliament. Only a few rooms are open to the public. We went through the dining-hall, picture-gallery, ball-room, and a room called Charles the First's bed-chamber; because when that unfortunate sovereign was fleeing from his enemies, he took refuge in this castle, one night, and the bed on which he slept is still to be seen there. The drive between Llangollen and Chirk is very beautiful, and I enjoyed it almost as much as going through the castle, there were so many points of interest and such pretty scenery.

One of my summer's experiences with an obstinate little Welsh donkey, will long be remembered. Donkeys are quite an institution in Wales; nearly everybody rides them. It is quite a common sight to see a long procession of them carrying on their backs the market-women who come into the towns to sell vegetables. I had had a tiresome climb, one day, in search of the picturesque, and being quite worn out I rode home on a little donkey, with which I was charmed, as it was a novelty to me. "The more we have, the more we want"—a proverb which was true in my case, for the next day I determined to have another ride. Putting on a long waterproof, for a habit, I set out, and was going along very nicely, when suddenly I found myself on the ground, about two yards ahead of the donkey, while that vicious little animal gazed calmly on. I was never more surprised in my life, but picked myself up and mounted again. Alas! in another moment he broke into a gallop, and landed me on the ground again, this time under his feet. My spirit rose to the occasion, and I mounted again, determined that he should

carry me home without another tumble. All went well this time for about a mile, when, right in front of me, I saw Llangollen Bridge, the favorite promenade of the village, crowded, as usual, with people, and I said to myself, "Now, this is the place of all places which you must pass gracefully." I had reached the middle of the bridge, and was thinking I was doing very nicely, when, to my horror, the creature came to a dead standstill, and refused to take another step. A passer-by cried, "What is that animal worth?" By this time I felt that I was becoming rather conspicuous, and, dismounting, I did all I could, by coaxing and pats, and, finally, slaps, to bring my charger to a better mind; but move he would not. Finally, with the help of a small boy, who pushed while I pulled, we managed after a time to get him off. We must have actually carried him, for I am sure he did not take a single step. I was so ashamed that I ran all the way home by a little back street, vowing that I had taken my last donkey ride—a vow which I certainly intend to keep.

We saw, while at Llangollen, a few women in the picturesque Welsh costume, consisting of a white cap, a high beaver hat, a scarlet cloak and short skirts. It was not generally worn there, however; one must go farther into the country for that. It is a pity that so many of the Welsh women have abandoned it for our more prosaic dress. We also heard something of the harsh and peculiar Welsh language, which looks so unpronounceable when written, and which must be extremely difficult to learn.

Our vacation drew quickly to an end, and at last we were obliged to return home. We were sorry to leave the fresh country for the dingy, smoky city of Liverpool; but our summer's enjoyment had benefited us very much, and we felt quite ready to begin our school-work once more.

The Stars in Poetry.

To many of us the stars seem like dear friends. Ever since we learned to lisp,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

we have felt an increasing interest in, and an ever-growing love for, the brilliant "twinklers." Those of us who are of an imaginative turn of mind have often indulged in delightful fancies concerning the stars. We have been laughed at for our "rhapsodies;" but we need not be at all ashamed of them, for some of our most

noted writers have indulged in very similar expressions.

Some time ago, during vacation, I amused myself by trying to find how many similes have been applied to the stars. I was surprised to discover how much has been written about them; and perhaps some of these bits of poetry will not prove uninteresting to those who love the stars. Byron writes, in his "Childe Harold,"—

"Ye stars, that are the poetry of heaven."

A similar thought may have been in the mind of Willis, when he wrote,—

"There they stand,
Shining in order like a living hymn,
Written in light."

It was sometime before I could think of any reason why the stars should suggest the idea of poetry, or a hymn; but I am beginning to see that the latter comparison is really appropriate; for as a grand hymn expresses a spirit of worship and adoration, so the stars, in their shining beauty, seem to bear witness to the glory and power of their Creator, and to be,

"Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

A different thought is expressed by Campbell, in his "Soldier's Dream,"—

"The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."
Montgomery seemed to see the same image, and thus put it in words:—

"Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night."

It certainly does not require a very great stretch of imagination for us to think of the stars as sentries or sentinels; especially in the early evening, when they appear one by one, is it easy to fancy that they are taking their position for the coming night-watch.

The following was written by Albert Pike:—

"Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky."

"Floating sparks of diamonds" seems an appropriate comparison, does it not? And so does this, by Waller,—

"Rich spangles that adorn the sky."

Or Shakespeare's words,—

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

Dryden speaks of stars as the "lamps of heaven;" and Spencer thus expresses the same thought more fully:—

"And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches, flaming bright,
Do burn, that to us, wretched earthly elods,
In dreadful darkness lend desired light."

It seems quite natural to think of the stars as torches or lamps, but O. W. Holmes presents a striking and more original idea, when he says,—

"Day hath put on its jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars."

In "Evangeline," Longfellow writes:—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows
of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels."

I think that is a remarkably pretty thought; for if flowers are the "stars of earth," why may we not appropriately call the stars the flowers of heaven?

The Milky Way has been described in various terms. Milton speaks of it as

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement, stars."

Again he describes it as "powder'd with stars;" while Dryden says its "groundwork is of stars," and that it is

"All over bright,
But sown so thick with stars,
'T is undistinguished light."

The following, from Byron, I have reserved for one of my closing quotations, as it is particularly beautiful. We may not admire the character of the writer, but we must admire his genius, and the sentiment of some of his poems, even though we fear he was not sincere in all he wrote. The words are these:—

"The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

How many people there are who can recollect moments when they, too, "wished for wings to flee away" to those isles of light. They may not have thought of it in those words, but they were conscious of a desire to leave their crushing sorrows and perplexing trials, and the stars seemed so peaceful and calm, that the tired, troubled spirits felt they could be happy "up there." And they gazed, until it seemed as if the stars were conscious of their sadness, and were, as another writer says, "Looking down with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man." The same writer also speaks of them as "the golden

tears of angels." But, putting poetry aside, we are sometimes really soothed and calmed by looking at the stars, and perhaps Mrs. Welby was thinking of their comforting influence when she wrote:—

"But the stars, the soft stars! when they glitter
above us,
I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine;
For, as true friends in sorrow more tenderly
love us,
The darker the heavens, the brighter they
shine."

One more quotation, and I will close. This, by Samuel Rogers, touches upon the question of the other planets being inhabited; and as I am not desirous of discussing that point, I will simply give his words, and bid you good-bye:—

"But the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament;
To us, how silent! though, like ours, perchance,
Busy, and full of life and circumstance."

Music on the Sabbath.

A HUNDRED years or so ago, before this great country of ours had grown so free and independent in all its opinions, there was one point to which it gave special attention. This was the observance of the Sabbath; and perhaps more than any other part of the Union, were our own New England States rigid in this particular.

That musical instrument, the voice, possessed alike by poor and rich, constituted the chief source of church music; and having, besides, that other little instrument, the tuning-fork, they thought nothing more could be desired. These two were almost inseparable the one from the other; for who, indeed, would be so daring as to raise the tune of Dundee or China, in the silence of the meeting-house, without the aid of that never-failing friend, the tuning-fork?

There is, no doubt, many a person now living who can call to mind the advent of that wonderful instrument, the organ. From being first used to help us in our singing, it has so grown and swelled in its proportions, that it is now for its voice we listen as we enter and leave church, some of us rarely mingling our voices with its own, even during the hymns, lest the sound we make should drown to us its beautiful tones. Many of our old Puritan parents were scandalized at the introduction of the organ into the Sabbath services. Could they but awake now, and see both it and the piano open in many of our houses every Sabbath, they would, doubtless, wring their hands on beholding such a desecration of the holy day.

Not being satisfied, apparently, with the musical entertainment provided by nearly all of our churches, we have, of late years, introduced among ourselves what we are pleased to call sacred concerts.

There are many persons who say: "Let us have good music, fine music on the Sabbath; selections from oratorios, music from Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, to while away our leisure hours; it is good for us. Is it not music which refines and elevates?" Though the Book of reference to which we go with all such questions, declares, "The Sabbath was made for man," it nowhere says it was given that thus man should have leisure hours to use for his pleasure, or even for his refinement or elevation.

It is for the music we are thirsting, rather than for the words, though sacred music is supposed to be based upon sacred words. Mendelssohn drew his inspiration for the oratorio of "Elijah," one day, while reading the passage in "The First Book of the Kings": "And behold, the Lord passed by." "What an oratorio that would make!" he exclaimed.

Though the love of music is one of the finest feelings given to man, never for a moment let us imagine that it takes the place of religion. Though a musician, through his finer appreciation of music, may be said at times to pray when under its influence, we of such different temperaments cannot expect to share such feelings.

Gottschalk is said to have composed, during the last illness of the woman he loved, one of his most beautiful pieces, "The Last Hope," which he called a religious meditation. Though it affords the hearer exquisite enjoyment, to my mind it is in no way connected with religious feeling.

If we are fond of music, and long to hear it on the Sabbath, what could be more appropriate and in harmony with the day, than singing some of the expressive poems already combined with music taken from the great composers. There are many such beautiful hymns, the words being worthy of the music: "Softly now the light of day," the music from Gottschalk; "The spacious firmament on high," with music from Haydn's Creation; "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," from Handel; "Come, thou long-expected Jesus," from Mendelssohn; "Jerusalem, the golden," written by Bernard of Cluny,—together with many sweet melodies from Schumann, Weber and Beethoven.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

OLD TIME has been stealing along in his rapid, silent way, and before we realize that autumn is past we find ourselves on the threshold of winter. The splendor that October cast over earth and sky has vanished, and gray clouds and whirling snowflakes give intimations of what we may expect for the next three months, during which Mother Earth so persistently turns the cold shoulder to her friend the Sun. Well, we will give Winter a hearty welcome. We have plenty of work to do, and expect to pass it busily and happily. As the cold shuts us more and more in-doors, we will settle more earnestly to our work, and find some occupation for every moment. Our pleasant autumn excursions, our boating trips on the Charles, our picknicking and chestnutting, are over; but we have in their places other pleasant entertainments to vary our hours of study. Thus, between study and pleasure our time will fly, and before we know it we will be welcoming the advent of "gentle spring," in our most poetic phrases.

Gymnastic exercises were resumed about the middle of November. We enjoy them very much. After the evening's study, when shoulders and eyes are tired of bending over books, it is a real refreshment to feel the blood tingling through one's veins under the influence of the brisk motions. We hope to give more prominence to gymnastic work this winter than we have ever done. Girls in general are not quite abreast with the spirit of the times, in this respect. Their brothers are full of enthusiasm for athletic sports, while they are content to admire their health and strength without thinking of working for it themselves in the same way. We rather suspect that, owing to their more confined lives, they have never yet learned the possibilities of the keen enjoyment there is in all active physical exercise; but since the woman of the nineteenth century is to be as strong as she is beautiful, it behooves the young women of Lasell to be worthy daughters of the age in this respect.

Miss Parloa has also resumed her lessons in cookery, and we shall devote part of our time this winter to the acquirement of that famous old art, in which our grandmothers so far excelled us, and which the girls of to-day have abandoned, we are told, for "'ologies." Well, we don't wonder that when the doors of knowledge were first thrown open to girls, they should have been a little dazzled, and that they should have begun to think their hereditary employments of cooking and housekeeping rather tame and humdrum. But that time is past; we are beginning to take wider views of life, and to see all things in their just proportion. The work that has fallen to our share since the days of Mother Eve, is assuming once more its proper dignity in our eyes. (Well, we are not sure about Eve, but we know that when the weary strangers came to Abraham's tent, hospitable Sarah baked cakes for them on the coals.) The woman in us cannot be satisfied with Greek and Latin and "'ologies." Down in every heart is the true feminine instinct for home-making, in which the inevitable "three meals a day" play, it must be acknowledged, a very important part.

We have other pleasures of a more intellectual kind in anticipation for the winter. Dr. Lord is to give us a course of historical lectures, and Professor Raymond some of his matchless readings from Shakespeare. These, with other entertainments, will give wings to many an evening. With such plans for study and work, we think we can-

not fail to be like the busy bees in Dr. Watts' quaint old hymn, "Gathering honey all the day." We hope that all our friends may have a winter equally as pleasant and as usefully filled as we expect ours to be. A better wish we cannot give them!

Up the Rhine.

I TAKE it as a compliment to the river-steamers of our country, that the best line of boats plying the Rhine is commonly called the "American;" technically, it is named the "Dusseldorf and Mayence Line," and its boats, though not so large and elegant as some on the Hudson or Sound, are yet very comfortably, and even finely, fitted up. They must needs be powerful, for the Rhine has a very swift current. Strangely enough, a trifle extra is charged for heavy baggage. One ought to take a long breath, and have a "good ready" when he steps upon the deck; for in one short twelve hours must be stared at, devoured, digested, and commented upon, all that is called worth seeing of this wonderful (?) river. But when you trim it down, cut off the legendary corners, and clip away the historical points, there is left little that is grand, less that is wonderful. In some parts it is quite pretty. Call it the Kentucky, and take away its years, and few would be the pilgrims to its shrine. But it is the Rhine! therefore, worth seeing.

Probably few places, of so limited size, can boast of a more varied representation of nationalities than the deck of a Rhine steamer in the height of the traveling season. Besides German, we had, certainly, Scotch, English, Russian, Negro, French and American companions; perhaps, others. Under the ample awnings was a German addition to the chairs and benches usually found on the deck of excursion-steamers; namely, numerous tables, no one of which was long without its load of bottles and glasses.

Perhaps the greatest novelty to us were the vineyards lining the whole river. The steep hillsides were built up by stone walls into terraces of every imaginable shape and — *smallness*, I'd like to say; for *size* seems to mean too much. Every inch of space is used, even in apparently inaccessible spots. We received a new idea of the value of land, when we noticed *baskets*, filled with earth, stuck into crevices of rock, where, otherwise, no soil could be made to stay. Whether or not the sunshine in these places is especially favorable, I cannot say; but I am sure that for

every grape so grown a great deal of hard climbing is done.

The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz, is massive and ponderous. The Guide-book says that one hundred thousand men can be kept in it; though, I presume, that is of less importance than how many can be kept out of it. Connecting it with Coblenz is a bridge of boats, three of which mysteriously swing to one side to let us pass. We are scarcely ever out of sight of one or more of these strong, sturdy castles,—some restored, and in good condition, others far gone to decay; some built for residence; many, with the additional purpose of enabling the owners, in those early days when might was right, to levy toll on passing vessels. In one, its master is said to have withstood, for fifteen months, single-handed, a siege of his neighbors' combined forces.

The best sites are occupied by these strongholds; the next best are given to the churches. Every village has its church, well-placed, well-built. Right up from the top of its town-wall one village has reared a chapel. The view, where the river narrows and winds between two high, bare rocks, one of which is called the Lurlei, repays one for a long jaunt; and here is an old castle, looking down from a considerable height upon Bingen, the valleys of the Rhine and the Nahe and the Niederwald, which, it seems to me, must give one of the best (if not *the best*) views along the river, though we had not time to test it. The truth is, one should take weeks to it,—go afoot, stop when he chooses, climb where he chooses, and look as long as he chooses, in order to get the full beauty of the Rhine; which same may be the truth about other rivers, however.

The dinner was one of the features of the day. As it was said to be a characteristic German dinner of the first class, I insert a list of the courses,—noted down on the spot,—calling attention to the abundance of meat dishes, and, as it would seem to an American, the scarcity of vegetables and dessert. The fact is, few seem to care for the dessert,—how could they, after so much meat and wine?—and the little there was, was scarcely touched. But I thought they would never stop bringing in the meats: First, soup; second, roast meats of three or four kinds; third, boiled chicken, duck and goose, also stewed meats; also fish of all possible, and some well-nigh impossible, sorts; fourth, cold roast fowl, with salads and plums; fifth, rice pudding and small cakes. With numbers

two and three came very small dishes of potatoes and carrots. Of course, almost every one took wine, some parties drinking three kinds—red, white, and champagne—in the course of the meal.

To make myself agreeable, I studied up, with great care, a few poor German phrases, and shot them off periodically at my neighbors—two women, apparently without company. They received them graciously, and answered pleasantly; and I felt a sense of peace in thinking that I had done something toward helping them to be less lonely. After dinner, on deck, one of them asked me, in *the best of native English*, a question about a locality! 'Twas discouraging to an amateur performer to find that all this hard labor had been needless! There was an English lady, of middle age, who had evidently made up her mind that this was her last chance to see the Rhine and its glory, and she was bound to make the most of it! So she had settled in front of one of the tables, with one or two guide-books and a map of the river spread out before her, and divided her time diligently between these and the villages and castles. If one was passed which she was unable to identify and name, she was miserable. When she found the names, and fastened them with reasonable probability of correctness to their proper sites, she was happy. In the course of the afternoon a heavy shower drove most of us below, but she was not to be moved. Protected slightly by the awning, she drew her shawls about her, lifted her feet out of the running water, and prosecuted her study of books and river. Presently the awning became soaked, and the water which had been caught in its hollow began to pour through on her devoted head and person. Still, like Casabianca, she would not leave her post, but her face was a sight to behold as she looked up—despair in respect of the deluge, resignation in respect of her silk dress, and unceasing devotion in respect of her books! The last we saw of her, as a second shower also drove us below, she was trying to make out whether "that castle" was the "Cat" or the "Mouse!" The trip ends at Mayence, where the Romans built their camp-fires before the first Christmas song was sung, and where their monuments may yet be seen.

"THANKSGIVING is good; thanks living is better."

Smith College and Garfield.

WE stanch Republicans of Lasell Seminary wish to extend our cordial congratulations to our sisters of Smith College, on their thorough-going Republican enthusiasm. We have read, with deep satisfaction, of their doings at election time, and clip the account from the columns of the *Springfield Republican*, for the benefit of our like-minded friends:—

"The bees of this intellectual hive almost forgot their honey-making the first week in November. They swarmed reading-rooms, dived into newspapers, and filled the air with argumentative buzz. 'Just like girls!' Yes; and their demonstration was 'just like girls'—the best of the season, say those who know. Wednesday morning telegraphic congratulations sped to General Garfield from 'one hundred and seventy-eight Republicans of Smith College.' Wednesday evening the gymnasium hall, brilliant with flags and lanterns, received as many girls as could wave the colors and shout hurrah. The first was gracefully accomplished by donning red, white and blue, and dancing. The second, accompanied by the Smith cry, S-o-p-h-i-a Smith-ah! (satisfied sigh) was indescribable. A torch-light procession, passing at the time, actually flickered with envy. But what gave the bright picture its chiaroscuro, was the advent of seventeen Democrats, shrouded in black. The pianist changed a waltz to 'Conn's Wake,' and the sympathetic glee-club struck up, 'Why did ye die, Hancock and English?' while the somber figures filed to the rear of the hall, and there remained immovable, even when a large transparency, 'Protection, 1860-1885,' was paraded up and down before their faces by two stately representatives of the American flag. Prof. Phelps and Prof. Tyler then gave speeches, ushered in by campaign songs, given with patriotic vim, if not with poetic fire, and frequently interrupted by perfect storms of applause. These over, both the gentlemen were presented with silk flags and bouquets of red, white and blue flowers. More songs and dancing; then the inevitable ten o'clock put an apparent end to an unending enthusiasm. Hurrah for Garfield!"

"A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

Cookery.

MISS PARLOA began her fourth season's course of lectures on Cooking, Thursday evening, November 18th, by a familiar talk to the girls and their friends who were present, on "Woman's Work." She always smiles, she said, on hearing the young ladies of the present day called "frivolous," when, in fact, they are pressing earnestly into all vocations, which they fill thoroughly, and their education is becoming every day more practical and sensible. New employments are opening for women continually, and among them all, that of teaching cookery has become especially prominent. There is a constant demand from all parts of the country for such teachers, and, as yet, there are but few properly trained to perform the work. It is remunerative, and less wearing than ordinary school-teaching; and girls who expect to make themselves useful and independent, may find here a worthy field of labor.

Miss Parloa then spoke of the work she expects to do with us this winter, and gave some preliminary hints on the best modes of food preparation, to be more fully carried out in the lessons. We were all very much interested, and, with her lectures, and the practice-classes soon to be formed, we hope to become really intelligent and skillful cooks. We add the programme of the lessons of the course, that our fathers and brothers may have the pleasure of seeing with what delectable dishes they may expect to be regaled on our return from school, and that the future husbands of the land may understand what prizes they will secure if they are so fortunate as to prevail upon any Lasell girl to make them happy.

November 20.

Roast Chicken. Vegetables. Muffins.
Ice-Cream.

December 4.

Fillet of Beef. Mushroom Sauce. Potatoes.
Custard Soufflé. Creamy Sauce.

December 18.

Soups. Broiling Meats. Frozen Apricots.

January 8.

Game. Sauces.
Orange Diplomatic Pudding.

January 22.

Puff Paste. Richmond Maids of Honor.
Chicken Vol au Vent. Oyster Patties.

February 5.

Beef Stew. Dumplings. Breaded Sausages.
Bavarian Cream.

February 19.

Chicken Croquettes. Fricasser of Chicken.
Boiled Rice. Gingerbread. Sherbet.

March 5.

Braised Veal. Spinach. Cabinet Pudding.
Lemon Sauce.

March 19.

Fish, with Sauces. Sweet Breads.
Bread Pudding. Vanilla Sauce.

April 9.

Salads. Cake.

April 23.

Bread.

Personals.

KITTIE GRIGGS is at Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school, New York City.

NETTIE YOUNG is under medical care in Brooklyn, New York.

AMONG the old girls who have dropped in upon us for short calls, are Evie Wires, Annie Holbrook, Irene Sanford, Lizzie Pennell, Carrie Colburn and Minnie Holmes. There are others who live just as near whom we are waiting to see.

MRS. MARY B. WILLARD, editor of *The Signal*, published by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was present, not long ago, at our morning service in the Chapel, and very kindly gave us a little sisterly talk, short, but rich in loving counsel and encouragement.

DR. SAFFORD has given us three of her course of familiar talks, so full of good sense and practical hints. The first was on the proper mode of dressing, to give the greatest comfort, ease and liberty. The second was on walking, which she urged on us in the most earnest terms, for the sake of its healthfulness, and the rich enjoyment it brings. Lastly, she gave us a little advice about sleep — telling us that the "beauty sleep" must come early in the night, and hinting that the early morning hours are "golden" — precepts whose value we have full opportunity to test here at Lasell.

WE promised in our last number to say a little about Mrs. Hall, who has taken the charge of our vocal department. She is an artist and teacher of unsurpassed ability, who has spent nine years in Europe, studying, and afterward teaching in Florence and London. As a singer, she has achieved great success, both here and abroad. Mr. Bragdon believes that girls could add much happiness to their homes

by their singing, if they would take the pains to cultivate their voices, and has provided the best teacher possible, in order to attract the pupils of the school to this branch of music.

Carrie Glover Langworthy.

DIED at Clinton, Iowa, Friday, November 12, 1880, Carrie G., beloved wife of Lucius H. Langworthy, aged 21 years, 6 months and 12 days.

Again our hearts are saddened by the unwelcome tidings that another of our loved ones has gone from us to the great unknown; again, beside one of the cherished names on our school record, we must write the cold, hard word — dead. Years ago, Carrie Glover cheered us by her bright, joyous presence — her very smile an inspiration, her pleasant word a cheer. She went from among us to her home in Dubuque, and in the following autumn became a happy wife; but in a few short years the call came for her to leave her earthly home for a heavenly one. On the 12th of November she suddenly and unexpectedly left husband and little ones for that glorious home where none say I am sick, where the sadness of parting is unknown. Our Father, while he took her away from suffering and care, left, in her stead, nestling in the arms and hearts of stricken ones, a pledge of his love and mercy. God grant that all we had hoped and prayed for Carrie's future may come to the little one so unconscious of its loss.

Lectures.

VERY many of the girls are attending the fine course of lectures now in progress at the Methodist Church, and are enjoying them very much. Mr. S. Russell Forbes, the eminent Archæologist of Rome, is giving three lectures on the Eternal City, magnificently illustrated by stereoptican views, which are especially valuable to the students of Roman history, and to Mr. Hudson's Shakespeare class, now reading Julius Cæsar. The course comprises other pleasant entertainments, one of which, a Zither concert, will have for most of us all the charm of entire novelty.

Hallowe'en.

SATURDAY night, Oct. 30th, witnessed that curious scene, a "phantom party." The lights were dim in the spacious gymnasium hall, and the muffled sound of the great

bell was followed by the noiseless gliding of ghostly figures from above. There was a frightful apparition, with eyes small and near together, small mouth in close proximity to the smaller nose. Here was one with two remarkable horns, which danced with every motion. Had it been the "solemn hour of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," the scene could not have been more weird. Among the fifty unearthly white specters, were two, awful in their blackness. No wonder that poor little John and Belle were frightened, for, strange as it may seem, we could not bear the touch of the ghostly figures, and shuddered at the spectral train.

The "order of dances" was not strictly followed, but the refreshments came in at the right time, singular as it may seem that spirits have need of such mundane things; then followed the unmasking—a curious revelation of mysteries.

We think, however, that the witches and ghosts mistook the time, and came one night earlier than usual, although we did hear of some fates which were irrevocably sealed on the next night, Hallowe'en, "as the clock was striking twelve."

School Items.

WHAT shall we do to the poor deluded "Soph'" who recently asked a certain Senior, evidently feeling the weight of her new society pin, if the letters meant "day scholar"?

ASTRONOMY CLASS. Teacher. — "Miss —, is the sun inhabited? Also, the probable future of the sun?" Senior. — (Brightly), "Yes'm!"

MR. BRAGDON partook of a dinner, not long ago, in a neighboring town, cooked entirely by a Lasell graduate of the class of '80, and he is ready to certify to all inquirers that it was a meal no one need be ashamed of.

THROUGH Dr. Safford's influence the girls have taken to wearing their gymnastic costumes during school-hours, and, somehow, they look far more picturesque, and far prettier, too, in this simple array than in the ordinary fashionable habiliments.

THE members of the school were all carefully measured, the other day, when it was found that New Jersey has sent us the tallest girl—just five feet eight and one-quarter inches. We do not mention her name, from regard to her feelings since the disgraceful conduct of that State on election day. Our own State contributes the

smallest of the "young women"—four feet eight and one-half inches; who, in spite of the old proverb, "The most precious goods come in the smallest parcels," feels a little aggrieved that nature has not given her more of those inches lavished so freely on our New Jersey girl.

WE wish to express our profound satisfaction with the manner in which our country acquitted itself in the recent election. As was shown in our last number, James A. Garfield is the man of our choice; and we are glad that the voters of the land had sufficient good sense and candor to signify so nobly their approbation of our views. The conduct of New Jersey is below reprehension. We pass it by in silence. If, however, any girls come to us from that misguided region, we will endeavor to show them, in all forbearance, the error of their way, and to bring them to a proper sense of their duty.

WHERE are the badges so proudly borne last Commencement Day by that famous lithogram committee, consisting of "ten of the leading girls of the school." Mr. Bragdon begs leave to say that he thinks it hardly fair that a committee so inefficient should appropriate all that wealth of blue and gold, due only to the highest merit. He, therefore, respectfully requests the return of said badges, that they may be more worthily bestowed. As a penalty, he demands, and will expect, from each one of the delinquents a good long letter.

ONE of the girls received a package from home, the other day, containing a slice of venison from a deer killed in our own State of Massachusetts. We should think that creatures so wild would have been driven away long years ago from this busy hive of industry and civilization; but it seems not. The woods running from Plymouth to Sandwich, and for a short distance down the Cape, are still abundantly stocked with deer. Quite a large number have been shot this fall. There are only a few months in the year when deer-hunting is allowed by law; and in this way these fleet, graceful animals still people their native haunts.

De La Maison Française.

Scène: à déjeuner.—"Quand vous faites le café, Mademoiselle, combien de café mettez-vous dans la cafetière pour chaque personne?"

Elève.—"Un gros soulier (cuiller), Monsieur!"

La conversation tourne sur la musique. "Pouvez-vous me dire, Mademoiselle," dit le Professeur, "qui est le plus grand musicien nommé dans la Bible?"

Elève—qui vient de retourner d'un concert à Boston—"Joseffy!"

Nous autres élèves de la maison française nous demeurons ensemble dans la plus belle amitié, occupées et heureuses, et nous espérons faire de grands progrès dans la jolie langue que nous étudions. Les lundis sont des "jours français" chez nous, où il nous faut parler français tout le temps entre nous, soit à table, soit dans nos chambres. Cela nous donne de la peine, il est vrai, et nos dictionnaires sont nos meilleurs amis ces jours-là, mais nous avons pris pour devise "en avant!" et notre maître nous dit qu'avant peu il nous faudra parler français cinq jours par semaine. L'anglais nous sera alors une chose défendue. Nous n'en devons pas laisser échapper un seul mot, excepté les dimanches et les samedis.

Nous remercions beaucoup les LASELL LEAVES du petit coin qu'on nous a donné, et chaque mois nous tâcherons d'y mettre quelque chose de comique ou d'intéressant.

Exchanges.

Quemque nullo discrimine habeo.

WE take up the *Yale Courant* with respect, feeling that a paper ten years our senior, and surrounded by all the prestige of the venerable name of Yale, cannot fail to be to us an example and a guide. We therefore bestow upon it our most careful attention. Its appearance is attractive, being well printed on handsome paper, as becomes a journal of its dignity. Its editorials discuss, in a concise and forcible manner, the various interests of the college; yet it does not disdain a little merriment, as some bright bits of versification bear witness. The tone of the whole paper is such that we are not disappointed in our hopes, and we gladly welcome it among our exchanges.

Student Life is the only one of our exchanges that can boast of illustrations, and its sketches, gracefully conceived and well executed, are a real addition to the paper. Each of its departments has a quaint design by way of heading, and the October number has, in addition, a cleverly drawn study of one of the very ragged and picturesque darkies who lounge about the wharves in the semi-southern city of St. Louis. A well-wisher of the paper has offered a prize of thirty dollars for the best

article offered for insertion during the coming year, and one of twenty dollars for the second best. We congratulate it on having found so true a friend.

The *Argosy*, in its print and mechanical make-up, compares well with its contemporaries on this side of the border, but is rather heavily weighted, in a literary point of view. It comes, as we are informed on the first page, from the Mount Allison Wesleyan *Male Academy*, and we presume that those of the students who have any sense of the fitness of things, allude to it as their "*Almus Pater*" in Commencement orations and similar flights of eloquence.

The *Volante* presents no features of special interest to the critic, in its October number, but is a fair sample of the average college paper. We find nothing particularly interesting or original in its literary articles. The editorials are good, as is often the case even when the literary matter is poor enough; probably because it is easier to write on topics of current interest than on some set subject, far beyond either the knowledge or experience of ordinary young men and women. We must quote one little gem, which the *Volante* has itself quoted from a neighbor, but which will bear repeating, and which should be placed as a sentinel at the head of every "funny column." "Wanted—a pun that is not pun-y."

The *Beacon* makes itself quite entertaining and agreeable. Where we look for "purity, propriety and precision" of language, and depth and breadth of thought, such as Boston University might be expected to provide, we find only a gay and chatty record of its affairs, that is, nevertheless, very readable. But, alas! the amiable feelings with which we have perused its pages receive a painful check on coming, in its exchange columns, to these crushing and unexpected words: "The majority of college journals show no *raison d'être*. They are, in general, insipid sheets, straining terribly after something humorous, which they rarely attain, or asserting, with all the assurance that a bold originality would warrant, dogmatic platitudes." Can it be our cheerful friend who utters such sentiments! We turn away, sadly sighing,—

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

The editors of the *Dickinson Liberal* have done that innocent paper a great wrong in sending it out to seek its fortune

in the great world, bristling with critical quills, in so sad a condition of general mismanagement. We fear it will fare badly. Its leading editorial makes use of the following language: "If you must 'sas' anybody, 'sas' us." Further on, in a learned article on "Mythology," occurs this remarkable sentence, whose sound, doubtless, is expected to atone for its lack of sense: "Not only well-defined systems of theogonies, but even figments of fertile genius, instead of being the worthless effervescence of a barbarous superstition, become prolific of useful information." The following charming word-painting occurs in an account of a visit to a coal mine: "It was not beautiful, not sublime, but literally picturesque-sque, especially the *sque*." The personal column is filled after this fashion: "Alex. Hamilton has *gonest*; so has Lincoln." "Has Miss S. a sore neck? If not, why does she keep it bandaged?" The wit and humor is arranged in the regulation staircase style, beginning with: "What is lava?" "Music in the air," etc., continuing in a nicely graduated scale, until we come to the pleasing information that "The 'Observatory' and 'Sandwich Islands' are still occupied."

Come, brother and sister editors of the *Liberal*, you can certainly do yourselves more justice than that! Your paper and your school require it of you.

Publisher's Notes.

WE notice that some of you have not yet purchased your winter hats; before doing so, call at Wadleigh's Parlors, 476 Washington Street, where you can find all the latest styles in millinery. See advertisement under "Head Gear," on last page.

GIRLS, how about those cash accounts? Perhaps you would take more pleasure in keeping them if you had some of Hall & Whiting's convenient blank-books. Try and see.

If you like to see pretty things, visit the store of Abram French & Co., Franklin Street. We are sure you would enjoy looking at the attractive knickknacks in China and glass ware.

THE author of "Sensible Etiquette," Mrs. H. O. Ward, has prepared for the *Youth's Companion* a series of valuable articles upon the etiquette of common life, including table manners, dress, conduct in public places, presents, introductions, letters, notes, duties of visitors and guests, and other topics. Every young person, and many older ones, should read them.



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Boston, Mass.

HOLIDAY MUSIC-BOOKS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

As the Holiday Season is at hand, one very naturally wishes to reckon over the available and appropriate gifts which agree with one's taste, and whose price is on a par with the contents of one's purse. If, in compiling such a mental list, you should aid yourself by a call at Ditson's well-known music store, you will notice,—

1st, The Pianos of all makes and all prices. An elegant present for yourself or the good people at home may be found in this department.

2d, The Sheet-Music, many pieces with elegant titles, making inexpensive but elegant gifts.

3d, The Bound Volumes of Songs or Piano Music, quite a number of them on the counter, with most valuable contents and elegant binding. Price, from \$2 to \$3.

4th, Musical Literature, including the lives of all the great music-masters, all in nice binding. The latest and most interesting book, perhaps, is Elson's CURIOSITIES OF MUSIC.

5th, You will not notice any of the smaller musical instruments, which are kept at the branch store of J. C. HAYNES & CO., 77 Court Street, where you will find a most attractive stock of toy instruments for boys and girls, and also very elegant Accordeons, Music-Boxes, Concertinas, Guitars, Violins, etc.; in short, almost any instrument that can be named, and a great variety of prices.

6th, You will not notice the new and wonderful Organettes, for which you will be directed to the store of DITSON, HAYNES & CO., 578 Washington Street, a little way from White's store. These instruments are freely shown, and are among the very best gifts. Prices, \$8, \$9, and upward.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 449 & 451 Washington St.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1880.

NUMBER 3.

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A Christmas Carol.

Harke; heare you not a cheerfull noyse,
That makes heaven's vaults ring shrill with
joyes?
See; where (like starres) bright angels flye,
And thousand heavenly echoes cry.
So loud they chaunt, that downe to earth,
Innocent children heare their mirth,
And sing with them, what none can say,
For joy their Prince is born this day;
Their Prince, their God (like one of those),
Is made a child, and wrapt in clothes.
All this in Time's fullnesse done;
We have a Saviour, God, a Sonne,
Heavens, Earth, Babes, Shepherds, Angels sing:
Oh! never was such carolling.
Harke; how they all sing at His birth,
Glory to God and peace on earth.
Up, then (my son!), thy part desire,
And sing (though but a Bass) in this sweet
quire.

—Austin's "Meditations," 1637.

Letter from New York.

THE people of New York have much over which to rejoice in Mr. Abbey's withdrawal of the "Passion Play." At most, every one has been bitterly opposed to its representation. The press has spoken against it; noted divines have preached sermons in regard to it, even one Jewish Rabbi making his opposition the theme of a morning discourse. The theatrical fraternity was interviewed by the indefatigable *Herald*, and were almost unanimous in declaring it "an error in judgment" for any manager to think of producing such a play. Some few preferred to keep silence; but of those who spoke, none were in favor. With such an opposing force, it is wonderful that Mr. Abbey should have maintained his ground for so long a time; but finally he rejoiced the hearts of all by declaring his intention to withdraw the play, although the preparations already made had involved much expense. Mr. Salmi Morse, the author, decided to give a reading of the play at Cooper Institute, thus enabling the public to estimate its good qualities; but his audience was very few in number, the public hardly deeming it worthy of a hearing. After this failure, we hope to hear no more.

We read something in the papers every day about the World's Fair to be held in

the vicinity of New York in the year 1883. The committee have had some difficulty in choosing a site. Several sites have been named, among them Central Park, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and Coney Island. The first-named location was much desired, but the Park Commissioners have given a prompt and decided refusal. Brooklyn was anxious to have the Fair at her park, and offered the grounds free; but this offer was not accepted. Now the decision has been made, and Inwood, upon the upper end of Manhattan Island, is the chosen spot. This locality contains two hundred and fifty acres, and is eleven miles from the City Hall, easily accessible by rail and water. The Elevated roads will probably be extended to its limits, and, for many reasons, it is considered, by competent judges, a most favorable site.

Egypt's gift to us, the Obelisk, has been another topic of interest, for some time past. It has, at last, slowly crept up to the Park. The unveiling, I believe, is expected to take place upon Washington's Birthday. It is well that something is left until after the holidays, for their approach always increases activity and bustle.

Perhaps no other American city celebrates Christmas with more enthusiasm than New York; and, certainly, the streets and stores now show us that this year it is in no wise forgotten. When one walks the streets of New York, especially at these holiday times, and sees the throngs of elegantly dressed people who crowd into stores filled with tempting goods, and eagerly demand prices, or buy almost without regard to price, it seems as if there was never such a thing as "hard times" or empty purses. One to whom such scenes are not familiar,—I mean one who is not obliged to shop in crowded stores and streets every few days until all novelty is entirely worn away,—would much enjoy a walk about New York on one of these clear winter afternoons. This season, gay colors and rich fabrics prevail; and as the multitude surges by, the bright-hued silks, satins and velvets make a scene not unlike a kaleidoscope. And then the style of dressing among New York people is so various and independent, almost everything may be

seen. On one hand, seal skin and fur garments, almost enveloping the wearer, and seeming only fit for Polar regions; while next, a slender young girl trips along in a pretty suit with no outer wrapping. Ulsters and Derbys abound, and although just the things for constant wear, they *will* make their wearers look somewhat masculine.

Every year, just before the holidays, Macy's large show-windows are filled with an exhibition of doll life. This year one window is a portrayal of the pathetic story of the "Babes in the Woods." Two poor dollies, very prettily dressed, are in the window surrounded by miniature trees, while tiny birds are in the act of bearing leaves to cover them. The other window is arranged in imitation of one of the balls given at the Academy of Music every winter. The interior of the Academy is very cleverly represented. Numerous dolls, elegantly dressed, are supposed to be dancing; others are enjoying a quiet flirtation in the boxes; while the whole presents a very festive scene. The dense crowd surrounding these attractive windows never seems to lessen. It is not only the little ones that stop to admire, but the mammas seem just as anxious to see it all.

Although no other store presents just such windows as Macy's, they are all wonderfully bright and beautiful with holiday gifts. It is certainly very hard to look at them without breaking at least one of the commandments. Dainty hand-painted cushions, toilet-bottles, sachets, and rich table-covers of plush and satin, embroidered or painted, are among the bewilderingly beautiful things brought out especially for the holidays. Then there are other things less delicate, but which one can make without a knowledge of embroidery or painting, and will be perhaps as well appreciated by less critical friends; and there is no place where so much information may be had, and new ideas obtained for the looking, as in New York at Christmas time.

Henry Norman Hudson.

THE readers of the LEAVES, many of whom have known Mr. Hudson, will, we think, be interested in the following characteristic sketch of him, taken from an article in the *Boston Herald*. It will recall vividly the interesting hours spent in the Shakespeare class, and the pleasure taken in his odd, forcible talk, concealing, amid its ruggedness, so many a nugget of pure gold. To

those who have never seen him, it will give a striking idea of the distinguished Shakespearean whose great work is now being given to the world:—

Personally, Mr. Hudson is a man of marked peculiarities. He cares very little for the opinions of others where they are at variance with his own, and would not be troubled if, like Athanasius, he had to stand alone against the world. He has the courage of his convictions almost more than any man of his time; and his convictions on all the great questions of the day are always clear, and strongly put. No one is ever at a loss in his writing to understand what he means, and the style is a faithful index of the man. No one in America so much resembles the portraits of Carlyle in the contour of his head and face. He has the same perceptive, assaulting brow, the same eager, restless eyes, the same personality in speech, the same impetuous utterance, the same spiritual insight, the same instinctive stir of one whose soul is on fire. He can never lecture in Boston or elsewhere but that persons come extraordinary distances to hear him. His eccentricities are great, but his ability outmatches them. His recent lectures in Hawthorne Hall were rare displays of totally unique powers of public speaking; of a way of saying unforgettable things in an unforgettable style; of throwing great force into single sentences; of speaking the truth so that no one could gainsay it. All the charm said to belong to his early lectures was there, and with it was the positive assertion of the mature man. It was Carlyle on the platform, as truly as Carlyle at conversation.

Whoever has been allowed to ascend, in Mr. Hudson's home in Cambridge, to what John Foster used to call his "den," and has taken a smoke with him in his study under the roof, and has had the good fortune to such thoughts as, amid clouds of smoke, once found utterance in Herr Teufelsdröck's tower, will call to mind the resemblance between the two, and will not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Hudson the American Carlyle. Whenever he has spoken, by word or pen, without being other than Mr. Hudson, he has unconsciously spoken or written with the same impetuosity, the same audacity, the same insight which mark the utterances of the venerable Chelsea sage. He is a man of great power—in some sense of unique and unappreciated power. Shakespeare has absorbed his time, but he has never half exhausted his mental force. No man can detect a sham quicker;

no man can kill one quicker with his quill; and yet no man has a more tender heart, a truer loyalty to woman, a finer spiritual consciousness. Those who know him best are his best friends, and find his mental and personal resources practically inexhaustible. He is rising six feet in height, is somewhat sparsely built, has a smooth face, and his brow is shaded by hair that is rapidly becoming silvery white. He walks rapidly, without a cane, and, though past his sixty-eighth year, is still in the prime of his mental and physical powers. His library, or, rather, his study, is where he likes to receive his friends best. Here he is Christopher North and Thomas DeQuincy rolled into one. Unforgettable are the hours, deep into the solemn night, when his companion is thoroughly congenial. The man awakes, and one would almost think that "the gods had come down in the likeness of men." He is certainly the "old man eloquent," and more. The large, square table covered with manuscripts, Shakespearean and other, easy-chair and sofa for seats, and the well-stocked book-cases in the recess, are the chief furnishings of the room. It is a scholar's home; the scholar himself is its chief personality and presence; and this scholar has veined all his literary work with the spiritual purpose of a consecrated life.

Art Jottings.

At the gallery of Noyes & Blakeslee, Tremont Street, Boston, a collection of water-colors and oil-paintings will be sold to-day, as our paper goes to press. The water-colors are by F. Crowninshield and Edward D. Boit, Jr., and the oil-paintings are by the same artists, together with Ernest W. Longfellow. The pictures are mostly landscapes, the views being both foreign and American, and many of them of cabinet size. Crowninshield has one head in water-colors, a study of an old man, which is strong and bold, and somewhat of the impressional school. His landscapes in water-colors are, many of them, very charming; harmonious as to tint and design, broad and simple in treatment. Among many which might be instanced, are "The Downs of Marblehead," "A Scene in Tuscany," "The Ice Glen at Stockbridge;" also "The Roman Campagna," and some strong color sketches at Pompeii.

Mr. Boit, too, has many good *aquarelles*. Among his oil-studies are some pleasing sketches made near Cannes and Nice. Of

Longfellow, we like a quiet meadow scene at Nahant, and his "Little Joseph," a bright-faced boy. At Williams & Everett's, on Washington Street, a collection of Tilton's Roman views now occupies the exhibition room, displacing some pictures by both foreign and American artists. Healey's portrait of Cardinal McCloskey was included, as also that of Miss Emma Thursby, by him. The costume of this lady is so well painted, that it seemed to us almost to make the chief beauty of the picture—perhaps necessarily so in a full length of this kind. The young artist, Mr. John W. Dunsmore, recently come from some years of study in Paris, exhibited about a dozen pictures, all showing strength and originality. He is the brother of Miss Alice Dunsmore, of Indiana, a graduate of LASELL in 1879—which, of course, adds to our interest in him. A visit to his studio confirms our first impression of his earnestness and ability. We found him making some illustrations for Prang, during an interval between severer studies. The late afternoon light forbade our seeing much of his most ambitious picture, a large canvas representing the scene of the witches in Macbeth; but we saw drawings of it, both in black and white and in color, which convinced us that the large picture is full of interest and sincerity of purpose. It is the bold who win, and we wish him full success, feeling sure that he is on the road to it. He is full of enthusiastic memories of his master, Couture, and has a drawing which he took of Couture's face after death.

Among the late pictures at Williams & Everett's were two by Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of Paris. One represents "Priscilla, the Puritan Maiden." They are not her best, but we are always interested in anything from her brush, and proud of her success, partly because she was once a daughter of Lasell, and received a part of her early art instruction within these walls. It is rumored that she has recently married her distinguished teacher, the artist Bouguereau. The report wants confirmation; the only thing absolutely certain, being that Bouguereau has just married an American lady.

The art-pupils of Lasell, like all others, are scattered widely. Some eighteen months ago, making a tour in Colorado, we joined a picnic party going to Monument Park. Among those curious caricatures in stone we saw a lady sketching, and speedily becoming acquainted, found her to be a former art-student at Lasell.

In our studio she had gained her first knowledge. When we met her she was having very good success, especially in crayon portraits, at Colorado Springs.

Winter afternoons are short, and we had time only for a flying visit to the galleries mentioned, and not even a moment for the fine collection of water-colors by Winslow Homer, at Doll & Richard's, on Park Street. We are assured that they are some of his best, in his own bold and characteristic style.

The Lombardy Poplar.

IN the northern part of Italy lies the romantic province of Lombardy, hemmed in by the Appennines, with its rich and fertile soil and genial climate. Amid its luxuriant groves of fir, oak, larch, birch and chestnut, rises that oddity among trees, the tall poplar, stiff and straight, its branches shooting upward in their own ungraceful way, its slender trunk occasionally rising to the height of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet. It draws the attention of the traveler, not on account of any beauty which it possesses, but because of the contrast which it presents when compared with other monarchs of the forest which surround it, graceful in form and foliage.

It has been known in Italy from the earliest times, and has been supposed to be indigenous there, and especially along the banks of the Po; but its native home is in Persia, the land of roses, and it is also found growing wild on the slopes of the Himalayas. But Italy has given it its name, which contains quite an interesting bit of history. It comes from the latin *populus*, and is so called from having been used as a shade-tree in the people's, or public walks, around fountains and in open squares. Thus it came to be called "Arbor populi," or tree of the people. It is still planted along the course of canals, and in long avenues, its stiff outlines harmonizing better with the mathematically rigid works of man, than with nature's wild, unconfined loveliness.

But this tree, so unattractive in appearance, is said, in its native East, to produce a beautiful flower of deep, rich crimson, which bursts forth among its upper branches, and, consequently, is not often seen by the passer-by; and, like some bright gem shielded by a rough exterior, it blooms among the uncomely branches, and sheds its sweetness high in air.

There is a pretty legend attached to it, the fancy of some poet's heart, seeking a solution of its lack of grace among the other more beautiful children of Mother Nature. "Once upon a time," in those favored days when all animate and inanimate things spoke to man in his own tongue, a certain king had stolen from him his favorite drinking-cup of pure gold. The thief, fleeing in his guilt into the dim recesses of the forest, hid his booty in the hollow trunk of a poplar tree, and exacted from it a solemn promise to keep his secret. He hastened from the spot, and no sooner had he disappeared than a cavalcade of horsemen entered the forest—messengers of the king, in search of the missing treasure. In haste, they demanded of all the trees if they had seen the lost cup. With one accord all waved their beautiful branches, and murmured an eager denial. The guilty poplar, with the golden secret nestling at its heart, held up its branches to heaven, and swore its entire innocence. Justice could not suffer so unblushing a falsehood to go unpunished. Sentence was pronounced that the poplar should forever hold its branches aloft, as it did when "swearing deceitfully."

Lasell Lecture Course.

ON Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th, Mr. Fiske, of Cambridge, gave a lecture on "The Discovery of America," showing the train of circumstances, social, political and religious, which for centuries had been working silently, and which finally culminated in the glorious discovery of a new world beyond the mysterious "sea of darkness"—the name which fear and credulity had given to the Atlantic. He spoke of the slow advances in geographical knowledge, from the absurd hypotheses entertained by the ancient Greeks, to the half-glimpses of the truth which unveiled themselves to the searching mind of Columbus, and which he labored all his life to verify, dying at last in ignorance of the sublime discovery he had made. The subject is a fascinating one, and Mr. Fiske treated it with great power, giving us a wonderfully vivid word-picture of this most romantic event in the world's history.

"Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Lasell Leaves,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,

— BY THE —

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From the Chair.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy New Year, friends all! The dear old holiday time has come again, and we must join in the universal jubilation, and offer our greetings with the rest. Of course there is nothing new or original left for us to say, but everybody likes to see echoed and repeated in a hundred forms the joyous feelings that fill his own heart, without caring much about any special novelty in the manner of expressing them. We don't believe any one ever yet grew tired of wishing and receiving holiday congratulations except crabbed old Scrooge; and he was only an imaginary character, after all! Why, it multiplies our pleasure a thousand-fold to see in every book and paper we take up, in the shop-windows, and in the very faces of strangers as they pass us on the street, the old familiar greeting, “Merry Christmas!” We feel that we are sharing in the joy of a world.

Let us crowd all the happiness we can into these bright days, and try to have the true holiday-making spirit, which is worth

more than the most costly gifts — a hearty giving of one's self up to all the sweet influences of the season, and a thorough forgetfulness, for the time, of everything but to be just as happy ourselves, and to make every one else as happy, as we possibly can.

“At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

We have the welfare of our paper very much at heart, and are anxious to see it increasingly prosperous and successful. To this end may we offer a few suggestions which seem to us good?

The Editor has been heretofore elected for one school term, and is responsible for the issue of three numbers of the paper, after which her term of office expires. Now, it is undeniable that the labor of preparing the paper is very great, and in the busy life at Lasell, where almost every moment has some appropriate task, the editorial work is a heavy burden. Much leisure is required to do anything like really good writing, and that it is impossible to have. Then the interval of a month is not long, and almost before the first paper has appeared, it is time to begin work on the next, and so on. Thus the three months during which a girl holds the position of editor are loaded with more than their due share of work for her; she is kept in a constant state of anxiety, and either her studies suffer, or the paper must be neglected. Yet, on the other hand, it is very interesting work, and ought to call out every spark of ability and ambition the editor possesses. We do not know of any study half so beneficial, and the task would become a delight, if one only had the time to do one's very best, and if it did not recur so often as to be so laborious.

The plan has been tried of electing a new editor for each number of the paper; but it has not worked well, for experience tells in this, as in everything else, and every editor profits by her first mistakes, and does better with each issue. We have another plan, which we think would solve all difficulties, and be better for the paper than any that has yet been devised. It is as follows:—

At the beginning of the year let three editors be elected, to serve for the entire year. Let each one have the charge of but one issue at a time, acting for that one as editor-in-chief, the two others holding the position of assistants. The next month one of the assistants should become editor, and have the responsibility of that number;

the succeeding month the third would take her turn. Afterward, the first would become editor again, and so on to the end of the year. Thus each one would issue three numbers in the course of the year, and do the same amount of work that, under the existing plan, is done in three months, to the detriment of the work and the weariness of the worker.

The plan has this additional advantage, that it would create a spirit of rivalry, and each girl would be eager not to be outdone by her colleagues. When her turn should come to take the responsibility, she would exert all her powers to have her paper equal her predecessor's. The length of time intervening would give her opportunity to do her very best work without interfering with her usual studies. We would, therefore, respectfully submit our plan to the consideration of the Lasell Publishing Association, hoping it will meet with the favor which we think it deserves.

Learning By Rote.

AN English school report, in discussing the value of teaching children to commit to memory words they do not understand, gives the following illustration of the faults of such a practice. The precise words of the report are given: “The children had been accustomed to repeat the catechism during half an hour each day, in day-school and Sunday-school, and they were called upon to write the answers to two questions. This is what was written:—

“My dooty tords God is to bleed in him to fearin and to loaf withold your arts withold my mine withold my sold and with my sernth to wirchp and to give thanks to put my old trast in him to call upon him to onner his old name and his world and to save him truly all the days of my life's end. My dooty tords my nabers to love him as thyself to do to all men as I wed thou shalt do and to me to love onner and suke my farther and mother to onner and to bay the queen and all that are pet in a forty under her to smit myself to all my govnes teaches spiritual pastures and marsters to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters to hut nobody by would nor deed to be tren in jest in all my deelins to beer no malis nor ated in your arts to keep my ands from peckin and steel my turn from evil speak and lawing and slanders not to civet or desar othermans good but to learn labor trewly to get my own leaving and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it please God to call men.”

Correspondence.

DEAR "LASELL LEAVES:"

Your welcome pages have come to me twice this Autumn filled with news and notes from the dear old school I love. As I eagerly read your columns, and get here and there a glimpse of the pleasant school-life, or a word from the familiar friends, there comes in my heart a longing to be with you all again in the happy, busy life. I have enjoyed much the articles, and especially the letters from the old girls, only as I read them I wished so many times that they had been signed with some sign by which I might have known who was the author. I don't think I ever noticed this so much when I was among you, for then, by some intuitive process, the writer of each article was generally known or easily ascertained; but now, away from you entirely, my feminine curiosity is aroused, and will not be quieted by mere surmises.

I wonder if any one else is similarly affected; but whether or no, I cannot resist entering this petition for signatures to letters and essays in the LEAVES.

I feel an interest in your columns of advertisements, and am glad to see them so full, and in them so many of the prominent business names, for it denotes prosperity financially; and, as some one aptly says, "We feel most interest in what we have labored for," so I feel a lively interest in the success of the publishing department.

And now, dear LEAVES, I must bid you farewell for awhile, hoping to see you in December as fresh and as sparkling as ever. And believe me, I am ever one of your staunch friends.

"BART."

L. P. A.

AN informal meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association was held in the Chapel on Dec. 7th, to consider the advisability of reducing the price of the LEAVES to five cents a copy, with the hope of increasing the present subscription list, and of adding to the sale of the paper in Auburndale and vicinity. Mr. Bragdon was strongly in favor of the change, but it did not seem to find favor with the members of the Association, and after considerable debate was negatived by a decided vote. Yet we feel that if the reduction cannot be made so great, something should be done in this direction, and would advise its discussion at some future meeting of the Association. The election of officers for the ensuing term will probably take place soon.

School Items.

STUDENT interested in Grammar.—"I haven't been absent from one recitation this term; won't I get one hundred per cent in punctuation?" (That depends.)

LOOKING over the new books, one girl asked another, "Which do you intend to read first?" "Oh, I don't know; Scott's Waverly Novels, I think." "Why, child, Scott did not write the Waverly Novels; it was Routledge; don't you see his name on the back of the books?"

REMARKABLE instance of precocity.—Student in Latin, translating.—"Socrates, on the first day of his life, discoursed at length on the immortality of the soul." (Sensation.)

ONE of the dishes at the last Cooking lecture was a delicate custard soufflé, and Miss Parloa was preparing the delicious creamy sauce to accompany it, with the decided approbation of the girls, who were anticipating a treat. Alas, for our hopes! A cup of fine salt, not to be distinguished from sugar, stood on the table, and in one unlucky second it was all poured in, and our sauce ruined beyond repair! All things have their funny side, fortunately, and we had a good hearty laugh over Miss Parloa's discomfiture and our own.

AN auction of confiscated goods was held, the other day, in the Chapel. An excellent waterproof could find no bidder, but a good stout umbrella sold for the ridiculous sum of fifty cents. On another occasion, some valuable articles, including music, etc., were exposed as forfeits; but the worst penalty Mr. Bragdon could get the judges to pronounce, was to go to the office and be scolded, which did not seem to inspire much terror.

ONE bright Saturday morning Mr. Bragdon took a number of the girls out sleigh-riding, in successive parties, a sleigh-full at a time. We enjoyed the glorious day and the exhilarating exercise very much, and hereby thank Mr. Bragdon for this one of the many pleasures he is constantly giving us.

OLD King Winter has made his appearance early, this year. We have had some bitter cold weather, and a splendid fall of snow, which we have made the most of in the way of coasting. We have had good skating, too, but our grand sleigh-ride into Boston is still in the future. It seems that we shall have a real New England winter, and we will fully enjoy its chilly pleasures.

We are glad to announce that a new society has been at last set on foot. It has been really needed, to inspire a little friendly rivalry and emulation, and we think it will be a decided advantage to the S. D's. Indeed, they think so themselves, as they plainly say, though they must indulge in a little merriment at the expense of the infant organization. Miss Bertha Hax and Miss Lulu Orrell are two of the old pupils whose names are associated prominently with it. We wish the new undertaking all success. May it grow, and flourish gloriously!

We wish our friends could take a peep into our gymnasium, some evening, and see the eighty girls go through the graceful evolutions. Our teacher, Miss Tappan, inspires us with her own enthusiasm, and we expect to do wonders under her teaching.

Some day we intend to give an exhibition, to which we shall invite the public.

It is not quite time for the usual weighing at the end of the term, but already alarming rumors are heard of increase in weight. One hears on all sides: "All my dresses will have to be made over;" "I've gained five pounds;" "I've gained nine;" and one girl mourns openly over the burden of sixteen added pounds.

WE had a delightful surprise, the other day. On coming up from the Cooking lecture we found displayed in the hall a number of new books for our library, in their bright, fresh bindings, looking charmingly suggestive of pleasant hours to come. There were the Waverly Novels, Dickens' works, many of Cooper's, some of Charles Kingsley's, and all of Hawthorne's fascinating stories. These for the novel-readers. Then there were Irving's works and Longfellow's prose, for the more seriously inclined, and a number of volumes of poetry, including Bryant's translation of Homer, for use in the Literature Classes; last, but not least in importance, a number of standard books of reference. We have not a large library, but it is very faithfully used, the teachers sending the pupils to consult authorities, make comparisons, and draw their own conclusions, instead of confining themselves to text-books. Very much of the work of preparation for recitation is done in this way, and the girls are forming valuable habits of depending upon themselves.

THE glories of Thanksgiving have begun to pale before those of that day of all days, Christmas; but we girls who spent it at

Lasell want all our friends to know what a pleasant time we had, and we think, on reading about it, they will be inclined to envy us. The dinner was a triumph worthy of a New England Thanksgiving. The tables were beautifully decorated, and at each place was a dainty bill of fare, revealing a profusion of good things which surpassed even a school-girl's dreams. We did think of printing it, for the benefit of the old girls and those who were in such haste to be away; but that would be too aggravating, would it not? Suffice it to know that the girls went conscientiously through every course, from the potted pigeon and turkey with oyster-sauce, to the plum-pudding and mince-pie. After dinner, which occupied as many hours as any state dinner at the White House, we played all manner of games, not disdaining those old-time favorites, "puss in the corner," "blind man's buff," and "stage-coach." It was a truly pleasant day, and the girls from distant States will know after this how to appreciate the great festival of New England.

S. D.

THE first election of officers since the occupation of the new society-room, otherwise known as the gymnasium, took place on Friday evening, Dec. 3d, with the following results:—

<i>President,</i>	Miss Phelps.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	Miss Garfield.
<i>Secretary,</i>	Miss Ellis.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	Miss Snell.
<i>Critic,</i>	Miss S. White.
<i>Usher,</i>	Miss Frost.

We hear that some enterprising young ladies have at last undertaken the much-talked-of rival society. We who know the secrets of the S. D., and the mutual agreement of its members to disband, wish for this new society a better fate. It is not yet an organization, but only hopes to be. Let us hope for the best!

LATIN CLASS.—Professor. "What English word have we derived from the Latin words *gravis, grave*? Answer, "Gravy!"

It is suggested that one of our Juniors enter the geography class. She wonders on what river the Troy students go boating.

"Whether thralléd or exiled,
Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praised or reviled,
Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind that is within thee."
—Wither, 1632.

Musical.

ON Tuesday evening, December 21st, the pupils of Mr. Hills and Mrs. Hall gave the usual pleasant musical rehearsal, which passed off very agreeably. Our new concert grand piano appeared on this occasion for the first time. The following was the programme:—

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1. Marche Militaire. | <i>Bendel.</i> |
| MISS B. MASON. | |
| 2. Waltz. "Isolina." | <i>Sligelli.</i> |
| MISS FERGUSON. | |
| 3. Neckereien. | <i>Mayer.</i> |
| MISS FULLER. | |
| 4. Scherzino. Op. 18. | <i>Moszkowski.</i> |
| MISS FOOTE. | |
| 5. "When red leaves fall." | <i>Hatton.</i> |
| MISS JONES. | |
| 6. Andante con moto. | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| MISS HIGBY. | |
| 7. Kerry Dance. | <i>Malloy.</i> |
| MISS FOOTE. | |
| 8. Waltz Etude. Op. 25. | <i>Wollenhaupt.</i> |
| MISS JONES. | |
| 9. Song, "Dreams." | <i>Hodges.</i> |
| MISS RUSSELL. | |
| 10. Sonata. Op. 26. March and finale. | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS CONVERSE. | |
| 11. Song. "The Wanderer." | <i>Fesca.</i> |
| MISS BAKER. | |
| 12. Andante cantabile et presto agitato. | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| MISS S. MASON. | |

Personals.

MISS CARRIE EDWARDS has come to us all the way from San Francisco. We must give her a warm welcome, to atone for the very frigid reception given her by our New England winter.

We were very glad to hear from the old publisher of the LEAVES, whom we all miss. She asks that the various articles in the paper may be signed by some name or initials by which they can be identified. We have thought ourselves that it would be a good idea, and are ready to do it if we find that it will please others.

MISS EVA CRANE, who was here two years ago, now has charge of a large millinery store in Hillsboro, New Hampshire, receiving a good salary, and giving great satisfaction.

THE Vocal Class is now under the charge of Mr. H. H. Rich, who is enthusiastic in his work, and cannot fail to inspire his class with his own energy and interest.

MRS. WINSHIP, who is to teach Kensington work, exhibited some beautiful specimens of the art to the girls, the other day. The classes are to be formed next term.

THE following, from the *Boston Transcript*, will be of interest to all of us. "Miss Parloa's new cook-book, "A Guide to Marketing and Cooking," has been lately published by Estes & Lauriat, who are confident that it will be the most popular cook-book yet issued. 3,000 copies were ordered by booksellers in advance of publication.

Married.

HARVEY—BALCH. At Saratoga Springs, November 17, 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. H. Hughes, of Schenectady, Mr. George D. Harvey, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Carrie V. Balch, daughter of W. S. Balch, Esq.

Many of us who are now at Laselle, remember Carrie Balch, who was with us but a short time ago, and the old girls will all be interested in hearing of her marriage. She has come to live near us, at Newtonville. We wish her much happiness in her new life.

De La Maison Française.

Le petit fils du maître apprend le français avec nous, et il en résulte quelquefois un mélange très curieux de deux langues, — comme ceci: "Papa, give me some donnez-moi gruel, s'il vous plait!"

Voici une belle comparaison de notre maître. C'était à notre causerie du soir: "Mademoiselle, à quoi ressemble cette belle orange que je tiens à la main?" "Je ne sais pas, monsieur; elle ressemble un peu à un citron, je crois." "Oh! quelle comparaison! non; elle ressemble à la tête d'une jolie jeune fille, belle au dehors et bonne au dedans!" C'est là une manière très agréable à nous autres jeunes filles à apprendre le français, n'est-ce pas?

Nous avons une petite boîte magique qui nous donne beaucoup de plaisir. Elle contient de petites carrées jaunes sur chacune desquelles se trouve une lettre de l'alphabet. Nous faisons des mots avec ces lettres, et c'est très-amusant de voir en combien de manières on peut les arranger sans trouver le mot donné. Nous avons passé des heures entières, sur nos mots, à tourner et retourner les lettres, et quelle joie de trouver enfin le mot! Nous avons aussi d'autres jeux français, et nous les trouvons très-agréables.

IL faut parler de la réunion que nous avons eue il y a quelque temps. Toutes les élèves françaises furent invitées à passer la soirée chez nous, et elles sont toutes venues, en dept d'une pluie averse, déguisées dans leurs sombres manteaux de caoutchouc noir. Mais dans la maison il y avait de la lumière et de la musique, et la pluie était tout oubliée comme nous nous amusions à la causerie et aux jeux divers. Nous étions bien fâchées de voir l'aiguille de l'horloge qui montrait dix heures, l'heure triste qui met un terme à tous nos plaisirs à LASELL, mais nous garderons longtemps le souvenir de cette soirée heureuse.

MAIS comme le temps s'enfuit! Voici déjà la fin de l'année, nos vacances s'approchant et nous serons tout de suite chez nous. Avant de partir nous souhaitons à tous nos amis une bonne année, et beaucoup de bonheur!

Exchanges.

Quemque nullo discrimine habeo.

WE extend a friendly greeting to two of our neighbors from Maine, the *Bowdoin Orient* and the *Colby Echo*, and feel sure, judging from these first numbers that we have seen, that the exchange will be both pleasant and profitable to us. The *Bowdoin Orient*, especially, is full of interesting reading. We found the "Bowdoin Stories" very entertaining, and are glad to see that we shall have more of them. From the *Colby Echo* we quote the following, for the benefit of our Astronomy class; it certainly bears the impress of reality:

After the Leap-Year Ball. She—"Isn't Astronomy a very interesting study, Mr. —?" Collegian (condescendingly) —"Yes, very; that bright star up there is Juniper."

Here is our little friend the *Oracle*, which we have always liked. We are sorry to find a rather adverse criticism on our paper. It says, "There seems to be a slight falling off from the high standard of last year," and goes on to mention several particulars which have impressed it unfavorably. Well, we should be glad to have our paper so good as to call forth nothing but praises; but when we meet with a fair and honest criticism like the *Oracle's*, we don't feel like grumbling, for most of our exchanges seem to think a girl's paper a subject either for ridicule or for meaningless flattery. Thank you, then, friend *Oracle*, for your candid words; and when you make your proposed improvement, we will take

occasion to look upon you with a critical eye — so do your best!

We must speak a good word for our smallest exchange, the *Greylock Monthly*. We have a private liking for boys' papers, with their hearty, off-hand account of their doings, so full of boyish spirits, and so free from affectation. We have read this one quite through (with the exception of an article on "Discoveries among the Ruins of Babylon"), and found it very entertaining. The trip up Greylock, with the gay crowd of boys, was very pleasant, as we accompanied them by means of their description; and we were much interested in the "egg race," the "potato race," and the "wheelbarrow race," and fancy we should enjoy being present at them. To be sure, as we looked over the paper, we noticed rather a surprising absence of commas in places where one usually expects to find them, and some sentences which we fear their authors would find difficulty in parsing. "Boys must be boys," however, and as they are in the habit of talking straight ahead, without much regard to the venerated name of Lindley Murray, we don't wonder much at the same thing in their paper.

We have been quite amused in noting the ingenuity that has been expended by our exchanges in devising names for their collections of witticisms borrowed from each other's columns. Most of them come out in plain, concise English, and dub them "Clippings." Another, by way of variety, translates the same word into German, thus, "Schnitzel." The *Cornell Era* very wittily has it "Shear Nonsense." Then we have "Gleanings," "Our Waste-Basket," "Our Gum-Pot," "Olla Podrida," and "Stolen Witticisms." (Why stolen, pray?) After all, the headings are about all from which we have been able to extract any amusement. Why not abolish altogether the department of borrowed wit? We quote, apropos of this subject, a few words from the *Brunonian*: "We would deprecate the excessive compliment of *Concordensis* in crediting us with the authorship of a string of puns. If our friend at Union had looked a trifle closer, he might have seen that their real source was the *Rutger's Targum*. It was sin enough to have copied so many dreadful puns; we would not be burdened with the greater crime of having first given them birth." There is nothing more delightful and refreshing than fun and humor, but how "flat, stale and unprofitable" are some of the things that go masquerading about the world in their name!



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Our Sabbath-School Department for 1881 is under the charge of Rev. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, of New York, who is known as one of the most suggestive writers and thinkers on this subject in the country. Our Children's Department is sustained by such writers as Mr. C. C. COFFIN, ERNEST INGERSOLL (on Natural History), W. J. ROLFE, and others equally eminent; and it will be found entertaining and instructive to all, both young and old.

In all its departments, Literary, News, Poetical, Household and Selections, the reader will find the *Congregationalist* fully abreast of the times. It touches subjects of current interest to the religious public every week, not only by its editorial articles, but by a great amount of paragraphs and short matter, such as all are glad to read. We offer no premiums, but are now expending upon the columns of the paper itself what otherwise might be required for that purpose. The amount of money paid out, sometimes, in a single week, to writers for the *Congregationalist* now, exceeds the sum expended in this way for six months or a year, a quarter of a century ago.

Specimen numbers sent free. Price, \$3.00 a year.

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Publisher's Notes.

Be sure and buy presents for the younger members of the family, at Schwarz's.

TELL your young gentlemen friends that a bouquet from McManus' would be most acceptable. Young gentlemen, N. B.

ARE you intending to give a Christmas or New Year's party? If so, order your cake and ice-cream at Paxton's.

WE have used the lithogram, and liked it very much; we now use the hektograph, and like it fully as well. We have them to sell, and if you are thinking of purchasing one, please buy of us.

If you have any idea of soon going to housekeeping, call at Goldthwaite's, where you will find Turkish rugs, carpets, etc., to suit the most fastidious; and the prices are within the reach of all economical husbands.

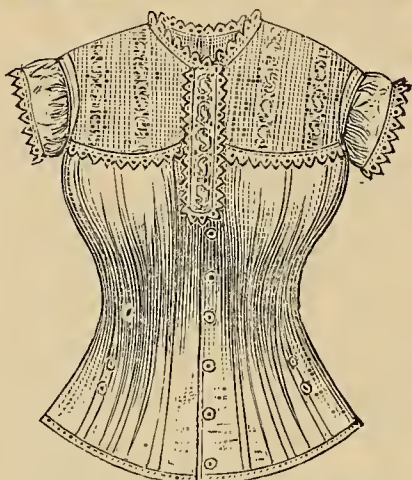
THE *Congregationalist*, whose advertisement we print this month, is the leading organ of the denomination, and has no superior as a family religious journal. Among its contributors are Prof. Austin Phelps, President Bartlett, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Harland, and many others who rank with the best writers in the country.

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As the Holiday Season is at hand, one very naturally wishes to reckon over the available and appropriate gifts which agree with one's taste, and whose price is on a par with the contents of one's purse. If, in compiling such a mental list, you should aid yourself by a call at Ditson's well-known music store, you will notice,—

1st, The Pianos of all makes and all prices. An elegant present for yourself or the good people at home may be found in this department.

2d, The Sheet-Music, many pieces with elegant titles, making inexpensive but elegant gifts.

3d, The Bound Volumes of Songs or Piano Music, quite a number of them on the counter, with most valuable contents and elegant binding. Price, from \$2 to \$3.

4th, Musical Literature, including the lives of all the great music-masters, all in nice binding. The latest and most interesting book, perhaps, is Elson's CURIOSITIES OF MUSIC.

5th, You will not notice any of the smaller musical instruments, which are kept at the branch store of J. C. HAYNES & CO., 33 Court Street, where you will find a most attractive stock of toy instruments for boys and girls, and also very elegant Accordeons, Music-Boxes, Concertinas, Guitars, Violins, etc; in short, almost any instrument that can be named, and a great variety of prices.

6th, You will not notice the new and wonderful Organettes, for which you will be directed to the store of DITSON, HAYNES & CO., 578 Washington Street, a little way from White's store. These instruments are freely shown, and are among the very best gifts. Prices, \$8, \$9, and upward.

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Lasell Leaves.

VI

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME ~~IV~~

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JANUARY, 1881.

NUMBER 4.

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The Winds.

The South Wind sings of happy springs
And summers, hastening on their way;
The South Wind smells of cowslip bells,
And blossom-spangled meads of May:
But sweeter is her red, red mouth,
Than all the kisses of the South.

The West Wind breathes of sunset heaths,
And yellow pride of woods grown old;
The West Wind flies from autumn skies,
And sun-clouds overlaid with gold:
But the golden locks I love the best,
Outshine the glories of the West.

The North Wind sweeps from crystal deeps,
And Arctic halls of endless night;
The North Wind blows o'er drifted snows,
And mountains robed in virgin white:
But purer far her maiden's soul,
Than all the snows that shroud the pole.

The East Winds shrills o'er desert hills
And dreary coasts of barren sand;
The East Wind moans of sea-blanchèd bones,
And ships that sink in sight of land:
But the cold, cold East may rave and moan,
For her soft, warm heart is all my own.

— *Selected.*

Girton College.

DEAR GIRLS:—

You are all very much interested, I have no doubt, in the great movement of our age toward the higher education of women; you are familiar with Wellesley, Vassar and Smith colleges, and are proud of the fact that Harvard is offering her advantages to our sex. Our own country is doing much in this direction, and in England, also, the good work is going on. I made a visit to Cambridge, last September, to see the buildings and general arrangements of Girton College, where young women are instructed by the Cambridge professors. A little account of it, and a comparison between it and our own colleges, will, I think, be interesting to you all.

Any American girl accustomed to the extensive and varied grounds of Vassar College, or to the beautiful woods and lake of Wellesley, must feel some sense of homesickness at the first sight of Girton College. It stands on a flat plain, a mile or two out of Cambridge; there is little of English rural beauty in its environment;

the grounds are scanty and rough; the building is of the dingy English brick, two and a half stories high, and has already, in five years, that look of unsightly old age which marks so many English buildings when unrelieved by ivy. There is almost nothing that is attractive in the external appearance of the establishment; and of the inside almost the same may be said. I was especially struck with the bareness of the walls, which are uniformly unpapered, except where the students paper them, and are cracked and weather-stained, even in the dining-room, which should surely be made attractive. The furniture of the lower rooms seemed cheap and ordinary; and on entering the room where prayers are held, I supposed myself to be in a kitchen. The bedroom furniture was cheap and flimsy, except where the students themselves had furnished it; but there was provided a sufficiently good carpet of blue drugget, though some of the students had carpeted their own rooms.

These were the unattractive aspects; but it should be said, in fairness, that it was a rainy day, just before the opening of the term, when all was in confusion. It is to be said, also, that though our fashions of decorative art come partly from England, one seldom sees it there applied to public places or institutions. An average student's room at Oxford or Cambridge, is much barer than an average room at Harvard or Yale. Then there must be mentioned some great practical advantages in the buildings at Girton, as compared to Vassar or Wellesley. Each pupil at Girton has a room to herself; in the lower stories each has two rooms, from twelve to fourteen feet square. These rooms are not arranged according to the convenient English university method, with a little entry for each suite, and a heavy outer door of oak, but they open directly into the hall, as with us. This hall is not, however, in the middle of the building, as in our colleges, but occupies one side, and has windows the whole length, thus securing far better air, while accommodating fewer pupils; and Girton may well forego elegancies and even comforts for the sake of the health and privacy of its students.

The library at Girton was as meagre as possible, mostly mere odds and ends of books, contrasting greatly with the excellent collection at Vassar, and the admirable and costly one at Wellesley. The laboratory, too, was inferior to theirs; it had accommodations for sixteen pupils. The gymnasium was a bare building, without apparatus; and there seemed fewer appliances for out-door exercise than I should have expected. If there was an art-room or picture-gallery, I did not see it, nor was there any fine collection of Natural History, as at Vassar. The ways of living seemed more like those of an American College than I had expected. The Girton students do not breakfast in their own rooms in the pleasant manner of English universities, but go to the dining-hall for all their meals, except that they have a cup of tea sent to their rooms at 4 P. M.—in what I must think the irrational English way—between the one o'clock lunch and the six o'clock dinner. They can also have a tray of light refreshments brought to their rooms at nine or ten o'clock, if they wish. But there was, in the general arrangements, more of the boarding-school than I had supposed, and less of the university.

In October, 1873, the buildings at Girton were first occupied, and seventy students had been enrolled up to the time of my visit. There are eleven "lecturers," all fellows or teachers in the different colleges of Cambridge University. The subjects of instruction are announced as Divinity, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Moral Science, Natural Science, History and Vocal Music. The entrance examination, as in the case of the English universities generally, is less stringent than our own. A student may, for instance, enter without knowing a word of Latin or Greek, or a proposition of Algebra or Geometry.

Students must ordinarily be eighteen years old, and the course for the ordinary "degree certificate" occupies about three years, half of each year being spent at the college. For honors, a longer time is necessary. The marked distinction between "pass" examinations and honor examinations, which distinguishes the English universities from most of our own, is emphatic at Girton. The examinations are conducted by Cambridge University men, and the aim is to have the standard of honors precisely the same; though the housekeeper at Girton said to me, indignantly: "After all, they are not so just to the young ladies as in your American colleges; they don't give them the degree, but only a certifi-

cate." Seven students have this year graduated, as we should say, at Girton. Of these, two have received ordinary certificates, and five have won "honors." Those who took the ordinary degree of B.A. were both marked "first-class"—the one in Law, the other in Botany. Of the honor students, three were marked "second-class"—two in Moral Sciences, and one in Natural Sciences. Two were "third-class"—one in Moral Sciences, and one in Mathematics. These are intended to represent precisely the degrees and honors of the University of Cambridge. The whole annual charge for board, lodging and instruction is one hundred and five pounds, (or five hundred and twenty-five dollars). There are four scholarships, varying from fifty to one hundred pounds. The institution is now self-supporting.

I traveled on the Continent with several Cambridge University officials, some of whom had lectured to the Girton students; and they spoke of them with entire respect, though they admitted that the college had not yet surmounted all academic prejudice. On the other hand, I heard more than once in London, among educated reformers, the expression that the "Girton girls were somewhat conceited and priggish," and heard a preference expressed for the work done by London University.

T. W. H.

George Eliot.

"In the checkered area of human experience the seasons are all mingled as in the golden age; fruit and blossom hang together; in the same moment the sickle is reaping and the seed is sprinkled; one tends the green cluster, and another treads the wine-press. Nay, in each of our lives, harvest and spring-time are continually one, until death, himself, gathers us and sows us anew, in his invisible fields."

When the tidings of the death of George Eliot reached our shores, few such messages of the Destroyer have awakened, from so great a number of cultivated minds and appreciative hearts, the lethargic chords responsive to a universal bereavement. Charlotte Brontë and Hannah Moore, have, alike, traced their names in the annals of Literature, with letters which, in the tide of years, will, doubtless, grow dim and shadowy. Certain it is, year after year tends to more critical judgment passed on those who enter the service of pleasing the public mind. This era has received the tributes from a pen that, though like an

unstrung harp, now is silent, yet in the future, promises lasting mementoes of her whose sun sank in its zenith; and we who have followed it in the life of gentle and faithful Dinah, Deronda, with character so noble, and Hetty's wayward, fallen nature, cannot but be benefited by so true delineations of character.

Do you remember, ever, a prayer of such contrite and Christian appeal as the one offered for poor Hetty? Has one of such supplications ever remained unanswered? I think that as the dark trials of life followed so closely upon George Eliot's pathway, I can hear her own heart beat the echo of Dinah's prayer; that, too, as the hour of the dread visitor approached, her soul must have chanted the sweet, trusting hymn she so loved:—

"Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and holy fear.

Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace!'
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still';
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will."

Her life was one of disappointment. Though her woman's crown of brightest hopes proved but bitter unreality, yet she ever strove to present to observers her own sunny, cheerful nature—that which remained untarnished by misfortune. She appeared as a quiet looker-on in gayety, though enjoying it in an almost childish degree. Whatever her frailties, the grave extinguishes every error. Looking into her grave on that dismal December morning, and seeing the precious clay lowered into its embrace, the very flowers offered weeping with petals drooping with the weight of tears, I thought of the sweet old expression, "Blessed are the dead the rain pours on."

She has left the testimony of a mind and heart molded into sympathy and love by nearness to mankind—showing her life one of charity, and a heart o'erburdened with the sense of inability to elevate the unfortunate.

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

ONE of the Juniors thus graphically describes the manner in which Burns composed the beautiful poem, "Mary in Heaven": "On the anniversary of her death, after wandering about all night, he threw himself on a corn-stalk, and gave vent to his grief in those expressive lines."

Every-Day Life in Germany.

It makes a difference how you look at things. A traveler seeing Germany from the railroad coaches, hotel doors and carriage windows, takes home with him one opinion, and she (I don't see why folks in general must always be of the masculine gender; I don't believe they are, so I'm going to say *she*) who lives there forms quite another. The one sees only a beautiful country—the grand old castles and comfortable inns; while the other gets into the back streets, peeps into the windows,—figuratively speaking,—lives with the people, and sees how they live. There is a little village at the foot of yonder mountains, just where two valleys meet. From my window I had looked longingly toward its old gray church and clean white houses. It was so beautiful, with its background of dark firs and brightly tinted autumn trees. One day I could resist the temptation no longer, and proposed a walk over to the dear little spot. No sooner said than done, and we were presently making our way along the shady, winding road, and in half an hour entered the principal street of D——. How can I tell how disappointed we were? The neat little cottages we had pictured to ourselves were ugly, gray buildings, whose parlors and flower-gardens were cow-stables and barn-yards. Geese seemed at home on the front doorsteps, and at one house we caught a glimpse of a pig marching happily through the hall. Children were playing in the mud, for want of a cleaner place. In front of one of the stables they were busy making cider, and, notwithstanding a little unpleasantness which I could not have failed to connect with the place of its manufacture, the people were buying and carrying it away as soon as it was made. As to the streets, I would not venture to tell when I thought the health officer had last inspected them. The only clean thing we saw about was a small mountain stream, which was turning the overshot wheel of the little mill. The old church, to whose moldering walls the ivy of at least a century ought to have clung, bore the date of 1865. Discouraged, we decided to push our investigations no further, and turned back without again thinking of our cherished plan to find lodgings in the “quiet little home-like town.”

This is a good specimen of the German village. Should any one say, The above is overdrawn, our only reply is, Come and see. Henceforth we are content to abide in the larger towns, and restrain our enthu-

siasm over little villages that look so picturesque in the distance. Each district has a style of dress peculiar to itself. Here, as in most countries, this style is displayed to greater advantage by the women, than by the men. Happily for the purses it does not change often, but is handed down from one generation to another. But the dress of the men seems as odd to the stranger as that of the women. The coats are made either of white linen (these look queer enough in cold weather) or of some dark material. The waist is cut very short, and ornamented with a row of large silver buttons, set as closely together as possible, while the skirts are long, reaching almost to the feet. Then comes the ever-conspicuous red vest, with buttons like those on the coat. Others, old as well as young, wear jackets of velvet or heavy cloth, with the same trimming of buttons. When they dress up for Sunday, or to come to town, they wear buckskin pantaloons, embroidered with white silk, and reaching only to the knees, where they are met by black stockings, tied with a black ribbon, with ends a half yard long. They seem to make their own choice between boots and slippers; but if slippers are worn they are set off with a huge silver buckle. I have noticed that with the white coat, a black skull-cap is generally worn, and with the other coats, three-cornered dark felt hats. On no account whatever is the pipe to be left out in a description of a German peasant's wardrobe. You will see him without his hat, as soon as without it. Almost as omnipresent is his red or brown cotton umbrella. All the women wear dresses which reach only a few inches below the knee. Those from one section wear black, with waist cut without sleeves, and low in the neck; under this a white waist made with long sleeves, and higher in the neck; white stockings and slippers. Those from another, dress in dark blue, made in what must once have been the extreme of fashion, *i. e.*, sleeves with immense puffs at the top, and fitting close to the arm from the elbow to the wrist; and in the back of the skirt the French gathers are a quarter of a yard deep. To this is generally added a deep sash of blue ribbon, an inch or two wide, having ends not longer than a quarter of a yard.

The costume of the young women is, strange to say, very much like that of their mothers, though I have seen some who were quite gaily dressed in dark skirt and white waist; over this a laced fancy waist

of some bright-colored material, and a very wide green and red collar. A white apron of the same length as the dress-skirt, and jaunty, turban-like hat, with, of course, the addition of white stockings and slippers, complete this outfit. The different ways of dressing the hair are, to me, the oddest of all things. Some comb it back smoothly into two plaits, in which they braid a black ribbon, whose ends reach to, or even below, the bottom of the dress; then across the head and ears they put a wide black ribbon, which is tied under the chin. Sometimes a bow of the same, with ends as long as those with which the hair is braided, is placed on the top of the head. This is a very common style of head-dress, and I suppose those who wear it deceive themselves with the idea that they are wearing bonnets. Others have a netted half cap, extending from the ears back to where the knot of hair ought to be, but in its stead is something which looks like a small wall pin-cushion. This is knit of either black or bright-colored silk, and sometimes ornamented with beads. In warm weather they wear nothing on the head except these head-dresses, but in winter a gay-colored handkerchief. They seem to care as little about protecting the feet, appearing in slippers or low shoes the year round. According to all the rules in the physiologies, they ought to have an everlasting cold in the head; but I wish the American girls were as strong and well as they seem to be.

PRINTERS' errors, since types were first invented, have been the source of a great deal of amusement; and there is often so much method in their vagaries, that we are tempted to wonder if the printer's sense of humor might not have had something to do with it. Now doesn't this seem like malice prepense? An article sent for publication contained the following sentence, “Woman's sole object in life seems to consist in amusing and being amused;” which came from the printer's hands thus: “Woman's sole object in life seems to consist in annexing and being annexed!”

“HATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Sleight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finisht. He is below himselfe that is not above an injury.”
—*Enchiridon*.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

WE wish to bespeak the kind indulgence of our own friends and readers for the late appearance of this number of our paper. It really feels ashamed to come creeping in so long after time, and at the beginning of the new year, too, when it ought to be bright and early with its smile and greeting. The best we can do is to furnish it with this letter of apology, explaining its sad condition, and we are sure it will be pardoned. Friends, it is editorless! Its former editor, feeling that, though a remarkably promising child for its years, it demanded an inordinate amount of care, and discouraged by its voracious appetite for ideas, renounced, sadly, the task of providing for it—a task which had cost her many a sleepless hour and many a sigh. The poor child, thus disowned, has thus far sought in vain a new protector; the fame of its appetite, and its naughty habit of constantly crying for more, has steeled all hearts against it, in spite of its wit, its interesting chat, and its early developed indications of literary talent. Bravely struggling with its loss, it has

managed—how, and where, must ever remain a mystery—to fill its monthly budget, and appears before you a little late, but with its usual smiling countenance and cheery voice. Will you not be forgiving, and give it a kindly welcome?

We trust that before another month shall have passed our "*enfant terrible*," of whom we are proud, after all, will have found somebody to undertake the responsibility of providing it for its monthly sally into the great world. Lasell Seminary cannot do without its bright little *protegé*, nor can it suffer it to be neglected, as long as there are heads to plan and hands to work for it.

Fortified with this excuse, our LEAVES makes its lowest bow, and takes courage to offer to one and all a cordial greeting.

THE plan of school government at LASELL is peculiar to itself, and we girls who have come under its sway think that a better one could hardly be devised—so simple, and yet so effective in its working. It has been on trial now for a number of years, and has proved admirably adapted to its purpose. We will give a little sketch of it, for the benefit of old friends and new, and speak of some innovations in its methods which have caused quite a little breeze of excitement among us this winter.

The first term of every pupil of the school is a period of probation for her, during which she must show of what metal she is made; and at the end of that time, if she has proved herself in every way worthy of confidence, she becomes "self-governed"—that is, she henceforth "does as she pleases," in her work and play, studying as she sees fit, and taking her recreation when and where it seems to her agreeable, the teachers assuming that she will please to do only what is proper, becoming and ladylike. This is what it is to be self-governed; and the honor is much longed for, and highly prized by its possessors. But if one does not come quite up to the high standard required for a self-governed girl, she may still be on the Roll of Honor, and have some pleasant privileges not to be despised.

This is the plan so familiar to all who have ever been at Lasell, and which we hope may long continue to flourish, to the joy of the good, and the sorrow of evil-doers. Now, the novel idea which has been introduced this winter is this: Heretofore, the teachers have arranged the lists themselves of those who were to be hon-

ored with perfect liberty, and those whom they deemed best to keep a little more closely under their own eyes. They always spent much time and thought over their decisions; but when they had done their very best, some wails were sure to arise from the unsatisfied ones, and on such occasions the phrase was heard on many a pair of pouting lips, "I wish I had the making of the Self-Governed List!" Well, in this year of grace, 1881, the wish was realized. The girls were invited to fill out their own Self-Governed List and Roll of Honor; that is, each one was asked, in a note to the Faculty, to fix her own standing according to the dictates of her own conscience.

Strangely enough, after what had been said, the plan was not liked at all at first. Each girl rather feared the responsibility of the appeal to her own conscience; but, after much demurring and protesting, the dreaded self-scrutiny was undertaken, and the result showed the most encouraging candor and sound judgment. Had old Diogenes only been a few hundred years later in his search for honesty, he might have extinguished his lantern forever, and gone peacefully to his rest, for here are a hundred honest hearts! The girls' conduct in the matter was really worthy of all praise. Some said frankly that they thought they ought to be self-governed; others, thinking of some of their misdeeds known only to themselves, said truthfully and bravely that they did not deserve to be honored in any way; while others, remembering how hard they had tried, though they might not always have won, placed themselves on the Roll of Honor. Each one sat in faithful judgment on herself, and the first thought of many, "Why, the whole school will be on the Self-Governed List, if the girls have the control of it themselves," proved to be a false idea. What really happened was quite different; some of the very best girls modestly placed themselves lower than they deserved to be, and the list was even shorter than usual.

It certainly is a new idea in school-life, this of permitting the pupils to fix their own standard. We do not know whether it will be adhered to or not, but that there is much good in it we think has already been proved by its results in the present instance. We notice, however, that the "well done" of the inward monitor does not seem to be so satisfying as the same verdict from others; and there is a tacit feeling among the girls—rightly or wrongly held, we do not undertake to decide—that

the honor, or dishonor, as the case may be, would have been greater coming in the usual way from the teachers. Still, we are glad the experiment has been tried. It has been a help to all of us, by getting us to thinking a little more closely and justly than under the old plan, where others thought for us, and left us only the very easy task of expressing our opinions.

Some Words of Ancient Wisdom.

OUR readers may remember a curious bit of translation from the Chinese which appeared in a former number of the LEAVES. It was taken from a book written twenty-seven hundred years ago, by a celebrated Chinese literary woman, for the guidance of her sex, highly esteemed and revered to this day by the women of the "Flowery Land." We first met with it in a little paper called *The Heathen Woman's Friend*. Some missionary lady, in her study of the Chinese language, had come across this treasure of quaint wisdom, which all the hundreds of years since it was written have not been able to tarnish, and she has translated it for the benefit of her English-speaking sisters. We think another selection from it cannot but be enjoyed, and only wish we had space to give more.

We like to think of this poor lady whose busy pen was dropped, forever, so many, many years ago. We can fancy her, sitting in her stately robes (for she was of great rank), surrounded by her maidens, transcribing, in curious, crabbed characters, the simple yet wise rules of living which her experience had taught her. She must have had a motherly heart, for her aim was to help young girls, and teach them how to meet the requirements of life. It is a pleasant thought that a woman should have brought her words to the notice of the maidens of a land whose very existence was undreamed of in her day. Think of her when you read them, girls, and if the life laid down seems a little hard and narrow, don't despise the homely, practical wisdom of her precepts, which are just as applicable to a nineteenth century American girl, as they were long since to the almond-eyed Oriental maidens for whom they were written.

ON GENTLENESS AND HARMONY.

For the family's prosperity,
There are very good rules;
Women should zealously learn them.
Of these rules, to follow peace
Is of the first importance;
Obedience in all things is the next.
If father or mother-in-law reprove,

Receive it meekly, without anger.
If your husband's younger sister or sister-in-law
do any wrong, meddle not;
This is not your affair:
Live in peace with both your superiors and inferiors.
"Whether it is or isn't, let it be all the same to you;
Whether long or short, never mind, do not quarrel."
Tell not the family affairs abroad.
With your neighbors, at your right and left,
Constantly exhaust courtesy.
In visiting with or receiving visits from them,
In exchanging salutations or congratulations,
Have a true heart and pleasant face.
When it is time to talk, talk;
When it is time to do, do.
Let not other people's business enter your doors.
Imitate not those stupid women
Who have not good principles,
Who are untruthful, and unchaste in conversation,
And who dare to be angry with their superiors.
I exhort all to consider the result of their words.
Regard the past, and take into account the future.

ON REVERENCING THE HUSBAND.

When a girl leaves her father's house,
Her husband thereafter
Is her nearest relative.
In her former state, before she was born,
Her relations in the present world were fixed.
Her husband is to her as heaven;
How dare she fail to reverence him?
The husband commands, the wife obeys,
Yet let there be mutual grace and love;
Let them be to each other as guests in politeness;
But whenever the husband speaks,
Let the wife give careful attention.
If her husband does wrong,
Let her only exhort and persuade him;
And not imitate stupid women,
Who call down calamities on bad husbands.
When the husband goes out,
The wife should respectfully ask how far he must walk.
If by the middle of the night
He has not returned home,
She may not sleep, but must still wait for him,
Keep the light burning and his food hot,
Until she hears his knock at the door.
Do not imitate lazy women,
Who go to bed before it is dark.
If the husband is sick,
Let the wife, with careful hand,
Administer all the medicine,
Exhausting every means to restore him,
And failing not to beseech the gods
That his life may be prolonged.
Imitate not stupid women,
Who at such times know not sorrow.
If the husband is angry,
Let not the wife be angry in return,
But meekly yield to him,
And press down her angry feelings.
Do not imitate bad women,
Who are ready to quarrel with their husbands.
The winter and summer clothing for the husband
Wash carefully, and mend neatly.
Let him not be either too hot or too cold,

To the injury of his bodily health.
His daily food carefully prepare;
Let not his stomach be empty,
Nor his mouth thirsty,
Lest his body become thin and his heart sorrowful.
If he is sweet (joyful), be you sweet;
If sorrowful, be you sorrowful;
If he is rich, you are rich;
If he is poor, you also are poor.
In life you are one;
In death let the same grave cover you.
Do not imitate brazen-faced women;
Their tongues are wily, their lips like flowers,
But their hearts are wholly evil.
Following these instructions,
You will live with your husband
In joyous accord,
As perfect as that
Of the sweetest music,
And many will sound abroad your fame.

School Items.

THE Christmas vacation at school passed very pleasantly to the seven girls who remained, though Jack Frost seemed to be in anything but a holiday mood, and kept the thermometer down below zero most of the time, in a most cold-hearted manner. Still, we managed to enjoy ourselves, in spite of him. We had a Christmas-tree, boxes from home, and books, and the vacation seemed all too short. The old pung saw active service, for we allowed no amount of cold to interfere with our cherished sleigh-rides. On the whole, we didn't find spending the holidays at school a very terrible fate.

THE winter term has its delights, which we are fully enjoying this year, for we are having a "real old-fashioned New England winter" — cold, dark mornings, when it is a real trial to launch out into the day's work; stormy days, that keep us close prisoners to the house; deceptive days, whose bright looks lure us out, only to find *terra firma* changed to polished glass beneath our feet; weeping days, when the sullen sky overhead, and the oozy slush beneath, offer the only prospect: these are some of winter's joys. Well, we are too busy to pay much heed to the weather, but we shall not be sorry to see spring once more, in spite of the lavishness with which winter has done all he could for us.

ALL the girls have returned from their homes, where they have passed the holiday vacation. They all feel benefited by the two weeks' rest, and are ready, with renewed vigor, for another term's work. We are glad to see many new faces among the familiar ones, and extend a hearty welcome to them.

THE day of prayer for schools was observed very pleasantly, this year, as usual. Interesting addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, of the Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Cutler, of the Congregational, and Rev. Mr. Mackay, of Newton Lower Falls. Mr. Bragdon also spoke a few earnest words. Our thoughts were turned to the higher things of life, which are sometimes a little forgotten in the busy school-time of work and study; and much was said of our great opportunities for letting the light of a Christian life shine brightly.

PROF. HUDSON'S class in Shakespeare have finished reading Julius Cæsar, which they have enjoyed very much, and have commenced King Henry IV., Part I. Mr. Hudson's classes are always very interesting, on account of the quaint and original explanations with which he enlivens them.

A MEETING of the Publishing Association was held in the Chapel, Dec. 20th, Miss Ferguson, president, in the chair. The principal object of the meeting was to elect a new Editor for the LEAVES. The burden of the paper having proved too great for one person, the plan discussed in the December number—that of having three editors, to serve in rotation—was brought before the meeting. After some discussion it was partially adopted, Miss Le Huray being re-elected, with Miss Fuller as Associate Editor. Miss Corey was re-elected to fill the office of Publisher. Miss Peabody was chosen President; Miss Morrison, Secretary; Miss Phelps, Treasurer; and Miss Garfield, Subscription Agent.

UPON the opening of school in January, Miss Fuller and Miss Le Huray, chosen Editors at the close of the preceding term, handed in their resignations, giving as their reason want of time, in connection with their other work, to attend properly to the editing of the paper. After the loss of much precious time, a meeting of the Publishing Association was called, which accomplished nothing toward the solution of the difficulty in which the "LEAVES" now finds itself, without an Editor, in the middle of the year—a rather discouraging dilemma. In a school of one hundred pupils, some literary talent ought certainly to develop itself, and there is no pleasanter way to employ it than in conducting the school paper. Girls, do not let it languish for want of support. It is a matter in which each one should feel a strong personal interest.

OUR students of music have been made happy by an entire change of pianos. They have been selected with great care, and are from the best manufactures—Steinway, Chickering and Knabe.

THE Junior Class, consisting of Miss Bragdon, Miss Peabody, Miss Stedman and Miss Wallace, met the other day, organized, selected their class color, and chose Miss Wallace president. The Junior Social is to take place at the end of the present term.

IN our last number we mentioned an accession to our library, and are happy to announce a still further increase. Among the latest additions are Longfellow's and Carey's translations of "Dante," Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante," Motley's "Dutch Republic," Robertson's "Charles Fifth," Thackeray's complete works, and, best of all, Johnson's Encyclopedia, which will be much appreciated by the girls in preparing recitations, the one already in the library being so well used as to be often inaccessible when most needed.

MISS PARLOA, during her lessons, tells many pleasant little anecdotes and jokes; and last time made us all laugh by telling us a saying of one of her pupils, apropos of her famous puff-paste, which must be patted and manipulated with marvelous quickness and dexterity, to bring it to a state of feathery lightness. This maiden, who had an observing eye, said, "I notice that when Miss Parloa makes her paste, her cheeks shake!" After that a hundred pairs of eyes were immediately fixed upon them, until they blushed "celestial rosy red," and their owner was obliged to beg our attention to the matter in hand.

PROF. R. R. RAYMOND has begun his long-anticipated course of readings from Shakespeare. It was opened on Jan. 12th, by "Hamlet," which was given in a deeply interesting manner, holding the audience fascinated until a late hour. We think, however, that Mr. Raymond is less excellent in tragedy than in comedy, and in "Hamlet," we enjoyed more his personation of Polonius, and the scene with the Grave-Diggers, in which he was imitable, than his rendering of the madness and misery of the unfortunate prince. The course includes, also, "The Taming of the Shrew," "King Lear," and "The Tempest." We are certainly highly favored in having two such interpreters of Shakespeare as Prof. Raymond and Mr. Hudson.

To the Members of the Lithogram Committee.

DEAR GIRLS: I never was, and never can be funny. I was born without the necessary bump, as all who know me can certify. This fact, impressed so carefully upon me from my earliest youth, I might, perhaps, have forgotten, had it not been for the lamentable failure of my recent attempt in the matter of the badges. When Mr. Bragdon said, "I should like to have those badges; couldn't you give a hint to that effect in the LEAVES?" Tell the girls I'll give them this time to somebody who will make use of them," I forgot entirely that I couldn't possibly be funny, and expressed his wish in what I supposed a very graceful and airy manner, which would call from each girl a smile, a sigh for the happy old times, and the desired bit of blue ribbon. The ribbons came, to be sure, but accompanied by letters so freezingly polite, or so coldly ironical, that Mr. Bragdon was grieved to the heart—and all because my funny bump was forgotten! Girls, how could you? For my part, to tell the honest truth, I felt a little indignant. Couldn't you old Lasell girls read the kindly feeling behind the clumsy joke? Were those stiff notes the "good long letters" asked for? Well, it isn't too late; you'll write them yet, won't you, now that you know the mistake came through my foolish attempt to do that from which nature has forever debarred me. Yours contritely,

L. L. H.

De La Maison Française.

NOTRE maison est enfin pleine. Nous sommes huit. Mademoiselle Gray, de l'état de Maine, est la dernière arrivée, et nous lui souhaitons beaucoup d'amis à la maison et à l'école.

Nous n'avons pas beaucoup à dire sur la vie d'école à Lasell, qui coule si paisiblement et si vite. Un orage de pluie ou de neige en est le plus grand événement, parce que notre voyage quotidien à l'école devient alors une aventure, et nos malheurs sur glace et par boue nous donnent un sujet de conversation. L'hiver est roi, et nous ne l'aimons pas en ses jours de froid et d'obscurité, mais il nous a donné récemment un jour beau comme le paradis—un jour de neige. Chaque arbre, tendu de blanc, dessinait les mille rameaux emplumés sur le fond d'un ciel d'azur pur, et la terre s'était revêtue d'une robe d'une blancheur éblouissante, aux lignes exquises. C'était un doux sourire de l'hiver, charmant après ses longues rigueurs.

Personals.

MR. BRAGDON received a pleasant letter not long since from Jessie Boone, who asks to be remembered to all the old girls.

Two honored representatives of the classes of '79 and '80, the Misses Carrie and Annie Kendig, made us a flying visit the other day.

AMONG the new faces at the beginning of the term, we were pleased to see the familiar one of Minnie Watts, who looks just the same, except that she has been busy growing while she was away.

MISS ALTA DRESSER, after having a hard fight with an old enemy of hers, the rheumatism, to the sorrow of all her friends, was taken home to get well. We hope she will make haste, and come back as soon as possible.

WE sympathize deeply with our friends Miss Lizzie Frost and Miss Blaisdell, who are sorrowing for the loss of their fathers, both of whom died very suddenly, before their daughters were able to reach them. Miss Frost does not expect to return to school, and is very much missed.

MISS CHARLEY PHELPS, who left us the picture of health, is also an absentee for the present, on account of sickness. We hope to see her again, however.

THROUGH the kindness of Hon. E. C. Wadhams, of Wilkes-Barre, our library has been presented with a large number of valuable reports of the Pennsylvania State Geological Survey.

MARRIED, — At Rochester, New Hampshire, January 12, 1881, Harriet B. Hargraves to James L. Tebbets. We have heard no further particulars, but we wish the bride much happiness, in the name of her old principal and Lasell friends, wherever they may be.

MARRIED, — At La Fayette, Indiana, December 15, 1880, Miss Anna Howe to Mr. William A. Shipley. We have fortunately obtained an account of this wedding, which we are sure will be interesting to all the bride's school-friends. We quote it from a La Fayette paper.

"The ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. Howe, No. 120 South Street, and was performed by the Rev. Dr. Dickinson, of the Second Presbyterian Church. The bride was attired in an elegant dress of white satin and brocaded velvet, the satin front richly embroidered in silk and pearls, and edged with marabout lace, also embroidered in pearls; the veil of tulle

was tastefully arranged with sprays of lilies of the valley. Jewelry — diamonds. All was gayety. Supper was served about eleven o'clock. A fine band was in attendance, and both old and young participated in the merry dance. The bride received a very large number of handsome presents, comprising both the useful and the ornamental. Miss Howe is a graduate of the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, of the class of 1879. There were twenty-one graduates in the class. They agreed that whenever one of their number was to be married, each should send a silver spoon to the coming bride. Miss Howe received twenty spoons, of different styles and workmanship, among her wedding gifts. This was truly a pleasant episode of the occasion. The newly wedded pair left at an early hour in the morning for Chicago. Before their return they will visit the principal Western cities.

A Pleasant Evening.

ON Saturday, January 15th, the members of the school were invited to spend the evening in the parlor. As these social evenings, thrown in among our school-work, are not new to us, the invitation was hailed with rejoicing, and at an early hour we assembled in the brilliantly lighted reception-rooms. The smiling faces of the Reception Committee, consisting of Misses Ransom, White, Wallace, McDonald and Peabody, greeted us as we entered, and assured us of a hearty welcome and a good time.

The entertainment consisted of music, both vocal and instrumental, reading and games. The latter were heartily participated in, and enjoyed by all. Even Professor laid aside his dignity, and went to Jerusalem with as much vigor as our youngest sister Blanche.

The young ladies who favored us with recitations were Misses Ransom, Bragdon, Hax and Jones. They all did extremely well, and reflected great credit on their teacher, Miss Eager.

The instrumental music was furnished by Misses Higby and Mason, in their usual charming style. The solos by Misses Cheney, Russell and Jones, and the duet by Misses Higby and Jones, were rendered in their usual graceful and bewitching manner.

The evening's entertainment was closed by refreshments, and we retired to our rooms expressing the wish for the sociables to come oftener.

One of Miss Parloa's Saturdays at Lasell.

READERS of the "LEAVES" cannot fail to know that the Lasell girls are learning to cook. We are rather proud of that accomplishment, and haven't failed to give many and vivid descriptions of the good things we are learning to make for the benefit of our fathers and brothers. But perhaps some of our friends are curious to know just *how* we learn all these delightful things, for the *modus operandi* seems to be quite a puzzle to a great many. We invite all the curious, then, to honor us with their presence at one of our Saturday afternoon cooking lectures, and we hope they will be pleased with what they see and hear.

At half-past two the bell rings, and the girls, provided with note-books, pencils and spoons, flock rapidly down-stairs, eager to get the best possible seats. The lessons are given in the Gymnasium — a large room, fitted with a high platform at one end, furnished with a stove and table. Upon the table we see the ingredients for the lesson, which, on this day, happens to consist of puff paste, chicken *vol au vent*, Richmond maids of honor, and oyster patties. The girls bustle about, find their seats, and take out all manner of pretty fancy work, to keep their fingers busy while their eyes are watching Miss Parloa. Ah! there she comes! and a pleasant sight she is, plump and comfortable looking, as if she had flourished exceedingly on the delicious food she knows so well how to prepare. She is simply and appropriately dressed in a pretty blue-and-white cambric and spotlessly white apron. She looks so cheery, fresh and wholesome that, were we able, we should paint her as the genius of the kitchen, — a busy domestic goddess, bringing peace, plenty and contentment wherever she goes.

She takes her place behind the table, and begins to speak in her pleasant, even voice; but had we foreseen what she was going to say, we are afraid, friends, we should not have invited you to-day. It is a little lecture on the very unbusiness-like way in which women act, scarcely seeming to have any idea of the value of other people's time and money. She says, as there are no gentlemen present, she will take the opportunity to give us a friendly hint on the subject. By way of illustration, she tells us a story of her class in Boston, to whom she proposed to give a lesson on buying meat, involving the procuring, at great expense, of a whole side of

beef. Eighty ladies expressed a wish to attend. It was arranged, then, that the ladies should hand in their names, and that the price of the lesson should be seventy-five cents, instead of fifty. The result of this coming to actual business, was, that but *four* ladies gave their names, of which one was afterward withdrawn; and of the eighty, but *two* paid! We are really sorry that you, our visitors, should have heard this sad story. We almost feel that Miss Parloa is in league with Mr. Bragdon, her business lessons are so much like his!

But now begins the grand affair of the afternoon — the making of puff-paste. The eyes of the old housekeepers present — ladies of Auburndale who come to these lessons — turn anxiously upon Miss Parloa, and their faces assume a look of care as she unfolds the mysterious art of making paste light and delicate as the snowflakes sparkling in the sun outside the window. It is really an esthetic pleasure to watch her. Rolling her sleeves back from her shapely, vigorous wrists, she pats the butter, sifts the flour, and flourishes the rolling-pin with a grace, dexterity and evident enjoyment which is the very poetry of kitchen work. First giving the receipt, which the girls copy into their note-books, she addresses herself busily to her work, and chats pleasantly in the meantime, giving many an enjoyable little anecdote which we wish we had time to repeat. But the time slips away, and before very long, savory odors, rising from the stove, give promise of the pleasure we shall have in the “tasting,” the final ceremony of the afternoon. All is ready, at last; some of the girls act as waiters, and carry around the good things. Each one has but a taste, but that taste makes every girl wish that she might have Miss Parloa for her own private and particular household fairy when she sets up an establishment of her own. That charming idea, however, has to be immediately banished. Miss Parloa is going West, next year, we hear, to scatter her knowledge as widely as possible, and the best we can do is to try to catch as much of her magic as we can while she is with us.

We hope, ladies and gentlemen, that you have enjoyed the cooking lecture. We have been pleased to have your company, and shall be glad to see you again some other day.

“He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal.”

Exchanges.

Quemque nullo discrimine habeo.

The Vassar Miscellany takes precedence of all the rest of our exchanges this month, as it is a new-comer, and a most welcome one. We are deeply interested in the literary productions of our sisters, and have read this number of the *Miscellany* with the greatest pleasure, enjoying that indefinable something, a kind of airy brightness, which betrays the feminine hand. The leading article, on Horatio, Hamlet's friend, is written with much simplicity and grace; and there is, besides, an amusing account of a “Loon Hunt,” during a summer's stay among the mountains; and some sparkling letters from England,—all of which are very pleasant reading. The editorials, college notes, etc., are full and interesting.

We next take up the *Crimson*, as yet, we presume, entirely managed by members of the sterner sex, though there is no knowing how long the “Annex” will leave them in peaceful possession of it! It is amusing to notice the feeling of aversion and dismay with which the *Crimson* regards the slowly rising tide of femininity which threatens to encroach so destructively upon Harvard's most cherished traditions. Just listen to this masculine growl: “When the Annex was first started, it was said that the young ladies were coming to Cambridge simply to be instructed by our Professors; and so intimate a connection between the College and the Annex as has come into existence, was not a part of the ostensible scheme. To check this tendency of degeneration into co-education, the first step has been taken; and, if need be, the authorities ought not to hesitate to take the second.” Another writer, trying to look upon the disagreeable fact from the comical side, draws a truly deplorable picture of “What are we coming to? or, Harvard in 1981.” Poor youths! We truly pity you, thus ruthlessly invaded in your own domains, but we hope you will be as pleasant as you can over it; for, depend upon it, those wily girls will never cease their machinations until historic Harvard becomes a co-educational institution. For the rest, the *Crimson* is bright and interesting—just the thing to drive away a fit of the blues, and bring back the sunshine on a dull day.

We haven't looked much at the *Cornell Era*, since a slight falling out we had with it some time ago; but our vexation has all been forgotten, and we must see what the first number for '81 has to show. Pictures, to be sure! Several of its exchanges

are characterized pictorially, in distant imitation of Nast, and the various departments have appropriate head-pieces. This is only a beginning, however. The attempt is to be continued only on the condition of receiving fifty new cash subscribers at \$1.25 for the rest of the year, to cover the additional outlay on engravings. We certainly wish it success in its new effort. With regard to its matter, the *Era* is a true semi-monthly, consisting chiefly of local odds and ends, of but little interest to outsiders. Very many of our exchanges come under the same class; and to us who look on them all from an outside point of view, they are as like as peas, and almost as uncriticizable. We should judge, however, that such papers—the *Era* among them—must be of interest to their readers, thus perfectly filling their destined place in the world.

The *Tuftsian* for January is unusually interesting, and we have found much to enjoy in turning over its handsomely printed pages. There is not one dull or heavy article; the paper, from cover to cover, is fresh and readable. It has lately been relieved of a heavy debt, under which it has been struggling for three years. We offer our congratulations on its good fortune, and wish it a long and prosperous career.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

ITS list of contributors embraces such names as Prof. AUSTIN PHELPS, D.D., ROSE TERRY COOKE, Rev. J. T. DURYEA, SUSAN COOLIDGE, President S. C. BARTLETT, MARION HARLAND, Rev. L. W. BACON, D.D., GEO. E. WARING, Jr., and many others who have attained a notional reputation.

Our Sabbath-School Department for 1881 is under the charge of Rev. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, of New York, who is known as one of the most suggestive writers and thinkers on this subject in the country. Our Children's Department is sustained by such writers as Mr. C. C. COFFIN, ERNEST INGERSOLL (on Natural History), W. J. ROLFE, and others equally eminent; and it will be found entertaining and instructive to all, both young and old.

In all its departments, Literary, News, Poetical, Household and Selections, the reader will find the *Congregationalist* fully abreast of the times. It touches subjects of current interest to the religious public every week, not only by its editorial articles, but by a great amount of paragraphs and short matter, such as all are glad to read. We offer no premiums, but are now expending upon the columns of the paper itself what otherwise might be required for that purpose. The amount of money paid out, sometimes, in a single week, to writers for the *Congregationalist* now, exceeds the sum expended in this way for six months or a year, a quarter of a century ago.

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VOLUME VI.

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NUMBER 5.

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BOSTON.

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
If our hours were few!
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher
power
To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton wills
To the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one—
If what we remember and what we forget,
Went out with the sun.

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Selected.

Georgetown, D. C.

"SLEEPY HOLLOW"! Dear old town! thy narrow, moss-grown streets and quaint, dark houses well speak to us thy prosperity in other days—in days when the shores of our wandering Potomac heard not the sounds of life's present conflicts—when its sweet waters were parted only by the slender keels of gentle row-boats, pushed swiftly with or against the current by the bronzed hand of some longshore-man, and some bearing often the beloved form of him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It was upon thy decaying wharves that, a century ago, were placed the simple staples which found their way to thy sister city, Alexandria, and also to the wharf at Mount Vernon, whereon now land, annually, ten thousand pilgrims journeying to the shrine of patriotism.

The low, square tavern at the foot of Washington Street, long since crumbled away, saw gala days at the close of each week, when, from far into the jagged hills and mountains that frown their snowy or verdant brows upon the little village at

their feet, came the rude mountaineer and teamster, whose many years of service on the road had given him the air of a traveled man. Gathered about the inviting porches, they told their jokes, amid frequent tipplings of home-brewed ale with "droughty neebors," thinking fearfully, perhaps, of only their "sulky, sullen dame, gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm." Those days have been supplanted by customs and manners so different from the old times! Though the Capital has recently annexed and assimilated the old landmarks, still, they preserve, to the visitor's eye, their individuality, and to such a degree that, after crossing Rock Creek, he will find himself among such voluminous mute testimony, that an entrance to the hallowed ground of Oak Hill Cemetery needs only to complete the spell of a transition to one hundred years ago.

The city inclines to the river. Tall trees, whose huge limbs intertwine, shade the streets for miles. The town is in a vale of natural beauty, and its people are, by a great majority, duplicates of the old aristocracy that flourished at Washington's court. Two noted authors reside in this quiet city. Mrs. Southworth is spending her days of literary rest in a sequestered, modest brick house, hidden by giant trees and clinging shrubbery. I often see her at Christ Church, and, with many others, I turned to gaze a second time into the face of such wonderful sweetness that the crown of white hair above it seemed a glory-halo.

Who does not love Mrs. Burnett? Not long since I saw her in her own happy home. Hurrying in to greet us, she found herself among a company that repeats itself almost daily. Her bright, animated spirits were mirrored involuntarily in our own. The little woman with such bonnie brown hair and eyes, though exceedingly small, managed to be ever present with each of us. There are features not striking in themselves, only as being luminated by her cheerful, winning smiles and manners. She took our expressed infatuations with her pen-characters very graciously, and in answer to our question of poor Haworth's untimely farewell to us, she averted her head with a blush and half-sigh, as though the

disconsolate man of her own creation had her sympathy. She is devoted to her husband, and their home is a model of ease and comfort, displaying to advantage the decided æsthetic tastes of its occupants. I imagine she is the manager of that cozy domicile and her co-partner, yet did not pity the subject of such a queen. Am told Miss Fannie Hodgson formerly lived near Knoxville, Tennessee, and that during school-days, years ago, the attachment was formed for her flaxen-haired Scotch companion. For many years during his study in Germany, when he became an accomplished auscultator, she remained faithful to her early love, and immediately upon his return to America they were married, and settled in Georgetown. Here she has written her stories which, like Mrs. Stowe's, have found their way into so many homes, and, like rain upon the sand, have sunk deeply into our hearts, and we thirst for more.

Conversation.

A WRITER says: "There is one rule that should ever be kept in mind: never talk of yourself or your enemy. The one leads to egotism; the other to injustice." Women are often called the worst of gossips. Is such a remark entirely unjust? How frequently among women the principal themes of discussion are dress, their neighbors' defects, servants, beaux, etc.

Often, among young people especially, conversation is a mere volley of words, which, when summed up, contain no real meaning. Then the question arises, How can conversation be made enjoyable, and at the same time profitable? There are many current topics in which all, with a little attention, might be interested. Then there is the general literature of the day. Surely there might be some pleasure, as well as profit, derived from a conversation on such topics as it furnishes. There is art, music, travel, to be talked of; and the many amusing anecdotes which are daily occurring, if told in an original manner, and at the right time, add greatly to the general enjoyment. How very tedious it is to persons of culture, to listen to the conversation of those who talk only of personal matters, outside of general knowledge. Personal matters are not to be prohibited from conversation, except on occasions when others present would not be interested. A habit which is very common among young people, is to talk very loud when especially interested. This does not add at all to the pleasure of the listener, and therefore should be guarded

against; also the conversation of school-girls is too often interspersed with slang. Slang is admitted to be exceedingly vulgar; and surely vulgarity should not be allowed in good society. It is a very bad habit to indulge ourselves in the use of slang among our particular friends, for it is so easy to forget when the occasion comes for especial care. It is often said, "Children should be seen, and not heard." If that is the case, when is a child to learn the art of easy conversation? If, as soon as children are capable of conversing at all, they were talked to on an interesting subject in a simple way, and were encouraged to express their views, the world would not contain so many poor conversers, and there would be fewer girls and boys afraid of their own voices. A person who has a pleasant, easy flow of conversation is always good company. How eagerly a good converser is listened to, and how soon he or she is surrounded by admirers. After spending some time with a friend, the thought often comes, "What has been said?" and after trying to recall the thoughts expressed, you are obliged to confess that nothing has been said worthy of repetition; while on another occasion the cheerful, witty and spicy conversation leaves an impression that cannot be forgotten.

Nostalgia.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

NOSTALGIA is a quite common disease, sometimes contagious, but only dangerous when it takes the form of hypochondria. This complaint is caused principally by a disseverance from the parental mansion; for this reason it is apt to be prevalent during the month of September, when young people are sent away to our institutions of learning, for the purpose of developing and cultivating their various physical, moral and intellectual faculties.

The symptoms of this malady are easily distinguished. The first one is a deep concentration of thought on the one subject—home. Then follows a partial paralysis of the tongue, and it is almost impossible for any one to enter into conversation with a person suffering with this disease. The patient is often querimonious, finding no pleasure whatever in his surroundings. The lachrymal glands are filled to overflowing, thereby giving to the visionary organs a somewhat dewy appearance; and the expression of the face is sorrowful in the extreme, as everything to the mind of the

sufferer seems to be enveloped in a cloud of darkness.

During our life-time we have witnessed several severe cases of nostalgia—none of which, however, have proved fatal.

They say "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure": certainly it is in this case, for there is one sure preventative to nostalgia; namely, always to stay at home.

But if one does happen to have an attack of it, we can give a panacea for it which has been tried with success by several persons within our sphere of knowledge. It is this: two ounces of will, half-a-dozen drams of cheerfulness mixed with a grain of thankfulness, an ounce of mirth, a pinch of energy, and one of industry. This must be thoroughly stirred up in a glass of common sense, and taken as soon as the attack is felt coming on.

Warranted a sure cure.

A Fair in Germany.

"Go to the Fair? Of course we'll go! Everybody will be there!"

And this is what we saw, according to the programme published weeks beforehand. We "assembled ourselves" in best bib and tucker at the grave and venerable court-house, from a window of which flared out the red and black stripes of the commonwealth. As the old clock, with its three queer faces, says nine, we enter the hall, whose thick walls, small windows and heavy rafters suggest the days when things were made to last. Evidently no one thought of gatherings of the people such as America sees, for the room is not more than twenty-five by thirty-five feet in size. On a table is a bust of the king, surrounded by so many leaves and flowers that the poor gentleman has hard work to see what is going on. Behind the table walks the president of the association, thinking over his speech. Those queer-looking men, who resemble so much (except in the face) the prints we used to see of George Washington and the Federal Congress, are German peasants. They wear cocked hats with feathers in them, coats whose skirts commence just under the arm and reach nearly to the ground, and whose front is decorated with rows of metal buttons set as closely together as possible, and knee-breeches, which are met by black stockings half-way down the legs. A wonder are their wives. You may know them as peasant women by the queer head-dresses, which look like bead pin-cushions in black nets on the back

of their heads, where most women have a knot of hair. These are the farmers — they and the men. I put it so purposely, for in work the woman seems the better half of the team.

The men, as they come in, are attacked by a jolly little old woman, who fastens among those buttons pieces of ribbon, some red and some white. Is everybody an officer to-day? for she is impartial. She offers to put one on us, but we decline, with earnest thanks. Our refusal doesn't hurt her feelings in the least; she goes just as cheerfully to the next. Now the president delivers his speech, which is the usual glorification of agriculture in general, and of this association in particular, telling the good it has done by disseminating useful knowledge, good seeds, agricultural books, etc. Then comes the strangest part of all, and I respectfully call the attention of political economists, especially feminine, to this proceeding, as furnishing a means of solving the vexatious question, "How shall we manage to keep our girl?" With words of commendation, the proper officer mentions the names of forty-seven servants, each of whom had lived over five years in the employ of one master, to twenty of whom he gave prizes in money, and on the heads of the other twenty-seven he showered praises and honors in unlimited measure. As a curiosity, I submit a few of the facts. One man has been thirty-six years in service at a tavern; another, twenty-eight years at a post-house; this one eighteen years, the next ten, then eight and three-quarters, and so on. Now catches my eye that which gives hope for America. Josephine Peterler (she'll never come so near fame again as she does now), twenty-one years at one house — and that the house of a literary man — a professor! Barbara Walker, sixteen years in a guest-house! What an amount of hard work she has done! Then follow terms of fifteen years, thirteen, eleven, ten, and so down. Can any county in the United States show such a record?

Now we go in procession to the Fert Platz, in the outskirts. Here we look for the real fair, remembering the fairs of our youth. But where is it? About ten square feet of table contain the following: A dozen corn-stalks and a dozen rabbits; about two dozen each of ordinary enough apples, pears, plums, potatoes and grapes; a few cucumbers, tomatoes, beans, beets, squashes and pumpkins; some models of machines, and some photographs. Near by are half-a-dozen plows, and away out

yonder, tied to the trees, a like number of bulls. Looking carefully about, we find no more. Oh, yes! three fruit-stands, two beer-wagons and a circus tent, of which a serious study decides that the circus attracts the greater number of people, counting the small boys. Indeed, one would have thought that the people came to get beer and see the circus, and that the few vegetables were somebody's private and unsuccessful venture, rather than that the former were only side-shows.

The oddest sight for us, and, we confess, the most like home, was a huge live African, the first we had seen in Germany. There he stood as natural as life, as much at home as in Virginia, and feeling his importance, too. When he opened his mouth, lo! he spoke German. He acted as caller-in at the door of the tent, and was as much of a curiosity to the natives as the girl with the blue and gilt apron and the bells in her hair. So much for the fair. We concluded, as we turned sadly away, that these people don't care so much for displaying their big potatoes, in saucers, labeled, as they do for getting a big price for them.

Sunshine in Winter.

How pleasant and cheerful is sunshine in winter! — pleasanter even than in the bright summer season, for then its rays are a little too ardent, and we wish to hide from them, and refresh ourselves beneath the cooling shade of the trees. But in the winter we court the rays of the sun, they shine so sweetly and delightfully then. They temper the severity and sharpness of the air, and give to the desolate aspect of nature a kindling glory born of the light which is shed over all. A really bright day in mid-winter is a luxury. Even if the air is somewhat bracing, it imparts a healthful glow to the cheeks; and the quick respiration and steaming breath denote that the life-forces are actively at work; and there is a vigor to the step, an elasticity, which the languor of summer entirely subdues.

Then, too, how dazzling is the ice-crested herbage, as it glitters and sparkles in the early morning! To travel adown a foot-path in the country, and behold, looking eastward, every grass-blade transfigured with glory, standing out on the background like a silver-tipped feather, so pure, so white, so radiant — what more beautiful sight than this? The solemn pines in the darkened forest emit a flashing radiance

from their needles, each clad to its very tip with its crisp frost-armature; and as the branches droop earthward, almost breaking beneath the weight of congealed vapor, how like a scene of fiery enchantment do the broad arches glisten, as we gaze through them rapturously, and catch the distant gleaming light! Not a cloud is to be seen. All is bright, and fair, and calm. Not a sound breaks the stillness — not the twitter of a bird — not the chirp of an insect! There is a haziness to the atmosphere, an air of luxurious repose without, which is doubly attractive from the half-felt consciousness that the comforts of home, the freedom from care, the rightly tuned spirit, add to the cheerfulness of what we see. For not only must the eye be trained to detect beauty, but the heart must feel it, else its power will be lost upon us.

Yes! Nature is beautiful, even in mid-winter. The blessed sunshine, how it gladdens the face of nature! — how it calls out notes of joy! The frosts of the heart are thawed by its warmth, and the life-blood circulates genially through the veins. It is the healthy spirit which enjoys such scenes; at peace with God — at peace with itself — at peace with the world. This "heart-warmth" is necessary to vivify the soul. It kindles beneath the majesty of God, adorning this earth, which is full of his glory, and making winter the emblem of changeless, infinite love.

Farm-Schools for Girls.

FRANCE has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have begun with a capital of one franc, by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prison-girls, and to be now worth \$160,000. The establishment has now three hundred girls, from six to eighteen. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over four hundred acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetal, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy, on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm-managers, dairy-women and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home, they can always return to Darnetal, which they are taught to regard as their home.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

THE last issue of the LEAVES went forth editorless, and it seemed, for a time, that it must forever remain so; but the Fates had decreed otherwise. The class of '81 could not suffer the paper to drift into oblivion from any lack of enthusiasm on its part, and so, like the "good Samaritan," while others passed by, it came to the rescue.

We have been thinking, for some time past, of the necessity of having a larger corps of editors. We think there ought to be a managing editor and six associate-editors; and these should be chosen by the Lasell Publishing Association, the managing editor for one year, the associate editors for one term.

In this way the work could be made easier, and more of the girls would be willing to be on the editorial staff. Under the present system it requires more time than any one girl can afford to give.

We take this opportunity to thank our ex-editor for the ready and cheerful way in which she took the last issue under her protecting wing. It is all owing to her will-

ingness to be deprived of sleep for a few more nights, that the January LEAVES put forth.

THE agitation in regard to the self-governed list has not abated in the least. It was decided that an appeal could be made at the end of four weeks by those who thought they were not in their merited place on the lists. Some, therefore, have taken advantage of the opportunity offered, and have appealed to the Faculty; but even after it has been decided by this august body there seems still to be a number of dissatisfied ones among us. If some plan could only be devised to meet the approval of these exacting girls!

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have a committee of six, chosen by the school, to make out the lists, and submit them to a jury of twelve, appointed in like manner, for final decision. If any name should not meet with unanimous acceptance by this jury, let it be referred to a court of appeal, the presiding officer of which should be one of the Faculty.

At a meeting of the Senior class, the matter of having a class color, as has always been the custom, was discussed. We only discovered a short time ago that Lasell had a color, and the only objection that we find to this color is that it is identical with that of Yale.

We know how bitter Yale is on the subject of co-education, and we fear that by wearing this color, we might convey the impression that Yale had finally yielded, like Harvard, to the inevitable.

After strong arguments on both sides, we have at last resolved to adopt the school color of light blue, regardless of consequences. It is to be hoped that the coming classes will follow our example, so that the notion of having a "class color" may be regarded as a thing of the past.

LASELL has taken another new departure from the conventional routine of boarding-school, and has established a livery-stable in connection with the Seminary. "Old Fan" has reached that age of maturity when she can safely be driven by any of the girls who possess the necessary articles, presence of mind and muscle.

The girls start out full of suppressed excitement, and return ruddy with exercise, — vigorous exercise being requisite to persuade "old Fan" out of her usual gait — a

walk. But, in spite of all this hard work, the girls enjoy it. How fortunate that they are endowed with the nature to enjoy "simple pleasures."

Miscellany.

It would not be surprising if some of the colleges should receive a challenge to compete with the Lasell crew in a boat-race on the Charles, as the new rowing-machine recently added to the Gymnasium seems to be in great demand.

WE rejoice to say that the measles have not slighted Lasell in their tour over the country, but we regret to say that they were introduced by a Harvard student who had a sister (?) here. T'was always thus! What calamity cannot be traced to Harvard?

THE Seminary has added to its facilities fifteen entirely new and carefully selected pianos, from the best makers: four Chickering, one grand, one square and two upright; three Knabe, square; two Emerson, upright; two Hallet & Davis, upright; one Miller, upright; two Steinway, upright; one Decker & Sons, upright. The variety is with a purpose to test the relative merits of the various manufactures for the hard work of a school, the pianos being in almost constant use from 8 A. M. to 8.30 P. M. The girls heartily appreciate this change, and avail themselves of every opportunity to practice.

As Prof. Bragdon, owing to the "new wing," will not travel in Europe the coming summer, he advises all the girls who wanted to go with him to avail themselves of the opportunity to go under the personal care of Miss Jane Bancroft, Dean of Woman's College of the North-western University, Evanston, Ill., who is desirous of taking charge of a number of young ladies. She will form a portion of the party of Dr. L. C. Loomis, of Washington, D. C., with whom Lasell's party of fourteen made so delightful a trip two years ago. The party will leave New York on or near June 18th, and return about September 1st.

THE dress-cutting classes have begun work in the Taylor System, under the instruction of Miss Church. This is a most valuable accomplishment, and we are pleased to see so much interest shown in the work.

There also seems to be an increased enthusiasm in the cooking-classes, there being a larger number taking private practice

lessons than ever before. This tendency to become proficient in the useful, as well as ornamental, branches of education can but exert a great influence on the coming generations.

THOSE dreadful Monday questions have begun again, and as *impromptu* answers are required the result would be somewhat startling to persons not familiar with the blissful ignorance of school-girls on the most common, every-day questions. Notwithstanding the flourishing condition of the spelling classes, the report shows a deficiency in that useful branch, and also a prevailing desire to adopt the phonetic method. We will give a few of the different ways in which some of the hard (?) words in the "Lord's Prayer" were spelled: "Temptation," "kindom," "deliever," "hlowerd," "hallowid," "hollowed," "hallo would," "trespes," "eval," "evill," "aman."

WE think Beethoven and Washington would have been very much surprised could they have heard their names read in the report of the answers to the question, "Who wrote 'The Star Spangled Banner?'"

OUR usual Cooking Lecture was varied, on Saturday, February 5th, by a lesson on buying meat—a lesson of great practical interest to housekeepers, many of whom attended the lecture anxious to learn the best and most economical methods of buying. A huge side of beef lay on the table, and two butchers, in their white frocks, were present to cut it; while Miss Parloa gave the names and situations of the various parts, showed why some are higher-priced than others, told the most advantageous methods of cooking the various cuts, etc. All were much interested, especially the old housekeepers, who are called upon every day to put their knowledge into practice. Miss Parloa considers this the most important of her lessons, and, by Mr. Bragdon's permission, her Normal Class, from Boston, was present to share its benefits with us.

DR. SAFFORD'S last talk on "Colds and their Causes," was very appropriate at this season of the year. She spoke of the various causes, and the proper treatment, of colds. If the girls followed her advice in this as in other matters, they would suffer less from such annoyances.

NOT long ago we were much surprised at receiving formal invitations to a wedding reception for Feb. 5th; but our amaze-

ment was somewhat lessened on finding it was to be only a mock reception.

Misses Hax and White assumed the respective characters of bride and groom, under the good old English name of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. Misses Peabody and Converse acted as host and hostess, and boasted of the title, Sir and Lady Montague.

The reception was held from 7.45 to 9.30. The company was formed of more talented and titled persons than one often meets at one time. Among the most distinguished guests we mention Lord Bolingbroke, Sir Walter Clive, Mr. Joseffy.

The bride's dress was cream satin (?), richly trimmed, and having a court train of point lace (ingeniously made out of a lace curtain). The groom might well be proud of his wife,—as we judge he was, from various shy looks and acts of his; for we are sure Miss Hax could have looked no better or happier if the occasion had been of reality, instead of mere pretense.

The evening was pleasantly spent with dancing, promenading, refreshments, etc., and at an early hour we left the blissful couple, wishing them a long and happy matrimonial life. We can assure the hostess that the occasion was the most brilliant one of the season. It may be well to mention here that the bride is at home Saturdays, from 5 to 6 P. M.

TEACHER, having told the young women interested in astronomy that the Star of Bethlehem, which appears every 315 years, will be visible in 1887, is asked by an absent-minded, though well-meaning y. w., if she has ever seen it.

A TEACHER in a public school gave a sentence to be written and properly punctuated. A boy gave the following as the result of his effort: The quality of mercy says, "Shakespeare is not strained."

PHILOSOPHY STUDENT, anxious to display her learning.—"Isn't it wonderful, how rapidly light travels? Just think, while I say 'One,' light goes around the earth eight times!" Friend, fond of quizzing.—"How many times will it go around while you say 'Two?'" Student.—"Why, sixteen, of course!"

THE following appeared in the *Boston Transcript* at the time of the Christmas vacation:—

"Now do tell me all about your business," said a Lasell young lady to an Albany director in the cars, this morning; "I so

want to know all about railroads." "Well, what shall I tell you?" asked the old gentleman, with a benignant smile. "Oh, tell me anything. Tell me about your reticular influxes." The old gentleman fell back in a faint. How, pray, was he to know that she referred to "net earnings"? He had never had the advantages of a seminary education, you know.

"Great Oaks From Little Acorns Grow."

COMPETITION stimulates to many exertions that otherwise would lie forever covert. Some three weeks ago, owing to the enterprise of a number of our girls who were outside the "S. D." fold, a club was organized with a few members. The little association has grown in a most flattering degree, and under the supervision of our efficient President, Miss Marie Higby, and a corps of earnest workers, as the several meetings have testified, bids fair to keep no latent pace with its illustrious "Sister" society. The enjoyment in the Lasell parlors Friday evenings cannot well be condensed into few words, so I shall not attempt a description of those happy moments that crown our week's work.

Orders for the "pins" have been consummated, and in a short time the little emblems, marvels of daintiness and workmanship, will be forthcoming. Hoping that our future may be as bright as the present foreshadows, we shall be content to remain, for awhile, "LITTLE ACORNS."

THE new society has christened itself the "Lasellia Club." The officers are: President, Miss Higby; Vice-President, Miss A. Lowe; Secretary, Miss S. Mason; Treasurer, Miss Thomas; Critic, Miss Orrell; Guard, Miss B. Hax. Long live the "Lasellia Club"!

"ABOVE all things in this world," said a youth who stands on street-corners for a living, "do I value the love of my dear mother." "God bless you, young man, for these noble sentiments," said a missionary. "Having so much love and respect for a mother, you need no other recommendation to successful men who will aid you." "Yes," continued the young man, "mother feeds me, clothes me, does my washing, and has been doing it for twenty-five years. I don't know what I should do without her."

Correspondence.

DEAR LEAVES: Reading in your January issue that the dear school-paper I love so well is "motherless," and remembering the days "lang syne," when, for a time, you were under my care, keeping heart and brain constantly employed in devising "ways and means" for your improvement, I cannot refrain from writing you a letter. You say "Lasell Seminary cannot do without its bright little *protegé*;" nor, indeed, can the girls who have passed forever from your halls, but to whom their *Alma Mater* must ever be the same, do without its monthly visit. Do boarding-school girls know what a letter from home, means? Would any amount of foreign correspondence, or an article written by the most profound thinker of our times, take its place? No more can *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, French and German periodicals or *Art Journals* take the place of the LEAVES, to old Lasell girls; simply because it is a "letter from home," our school home! Your racy accounts of sociables, excursions, etc., with various school items, remind us of similar incidents and experiences in years gone by, and make us laugh and cry in turn. Then your "letters" from abroad, your criticisms and weightier articles, are always interesting. But you must know that we love you, and would gladly prove ourselves "friends indeed" if the "need" were great enough to demand our help.

I have thought for some time that you girls might like to learn something of the Temperance work in Boston as it is carried on by the "Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union." We are still in our infancy, having organized only last October, at the time of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention in this city. We have a large number of members already enrolled, including quite a number of gentlemen, who become honorary members by paying the admittance fee and signing the pledge (which, by the way, includes *cider*).

Dr. Cullis' daughter is our president, and besides the other officers, we aim to have a vice-president from each church represented in the Union. At our regular meetings, which occur every two weeks, we have papers read bearing upon the different phases of our work, thus educating the members on the subject, and making them intelligent workers in this great cause.

Our monthly sociables afford opportunity for mutual acquaintance, and also increase

our finances, as we make a slight charge for outside friends. A grand effort toward financial aid will be made on the 24th of February, in the form of a "Lucy Hayes Reception," when we hope to clear several hundred dollars. Members will dress in costume, the ladies, as far as possible, to represent the Presidents' wives. Refreshments will be served, as well as entertainment of a higher order—musical, literary, etc.

Practical work is, of course, the object toward which our funds will go. We intend, as soon as able, to open reading and coffee-rooms for young men and boys, making them so attractive, by our presence and help, that these young lives may be lured from the paths of sin, and saved to long years of honor and usefulness. This is a work for which woman is eminently adapted, and in which she has had marked success. Don't forget it, girls, when you leave school and have more leisure than your studies now permit; there is nothing comparable to the luxury of "helping some one else." Try it, and see! With congratulations on your past success, and wishing you a prosperous future, I remain, as ever, your friend and patron,

C. K., '79.

Keep an Aim in View.

THIS "fast age," proverbial as it is for its persons of activity and enterprise, has also its full proportion of lookers-on, who contentedly drift about wherever the tide of circumstances may chance to carry them. It abounds, too, in persons of latent genius, who go wandering to and fro vainly searching for their legitimate sphere—persons who have but one abiding conviction, which is always that their present position is the wrong one. Of this latter species there are two varieties: one including the doleful class, who sullenly berate the world for not understanding them; and the other embracing the hopeful, Micawber-like spirit, who always rest cheerfully in the belief that "something will soon turn up."

Every one knows that the history of such people is but a record of weakness and indecision. Their wisely laid schemes and sanguine expectations have, somehow, the unfortunate habit of falling through just before the long-looked-for event turns up. These uncertain persons never accomplish anything valuable, because, if opposition frown, or fancy beguile, their half-

completed purpose is abandoned for one newer and more promising. Always suspended between old and new expectations, they vibrate back and forth, never quite reaching either. And so, for lack of a fixed and definite aim, the life that was given them for discipline and useful labor is fretted away in inefficient and spasmodic attempts. The powers that were made to lay hold on the real beauty and substantial good of life, are exhausted in feebly grasping after shadows. The world suffers almost as much by these people, who work with no aim in view, as from the multitudes who with folded arms sit in listless indolence.

The aim we keep in view cannot be independent of, but it should be above and beyond, mere self. In proportion as our aim is high, we are ennobled; and just so far as that sinks, does it drag us down to its own low level. Surely, over all this wide universe there tower objects about which it were worthier to converge our aims than to center them all in our pigmy selves. Yet, so urgent and plausible, so omnipresent are the claims of self, that without watchful examination we shall often make them our paramount object.

Our aim should be practical. The age of visions and day-dreams has gone by; the "Sword of Chivalry" was long ago beaten into the useful plowshare; the "Philosopher's Stone" is left to slumber in its bed of mystery; and human lips thirst no longer for the "Fountain of Immortal Youth." What we want now is patience, intelligent labor, hope and faith. To evolve theories of mere hair-splitting distinctions, or to devise plans for the regulation of society when the millennium shall have dawned, may furnish very good amusement; but are such visions and vagaries worthy to engross the powers given us for benevolent use?

Have we not been placed where duty and society demand that our aims should be practical? And have we not been given objects enough about which such aims may center? Everywhere the avenues of science and literature are open; everywhere there are mental, moral and physical fields barren, for lack of culture; everywhere in the universe there are unoccupied stations worthy the highest aim of an earnest spirit.

Our chief aim should not be so distant and absorbing, that we overlook present and home duties. Much valuable talent is wasted by being thus directed into the wrong channels. Let one fixed and worthy

purpose run, like a silver thread, through all the web of life. Let one noble aim be our guiding light through all the mists of time, and haply it may lead us out into the sunlight of a long and blissful hereafter.

Personals.

ONE of the girls who was with us in '79 — Miss Fannie Dillrance — has gone to Leipsic, Germany, to study music. She intends remaining abroad three years, in pursuit of musical knowledge. We who knew her cannot doubt that the most brilliant success awaits her.

THE bright faces of Mrs. C. C. Bragdon and Mattie Ransom have been missing among us for a few days, and we shall all be glád to welcome them back. They have gone to Williamsport, Penn., to attend the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, who were here during the holidays. We wish them a happy time and speedy return.

MISS LINA MAYNARD was made happy, a Sunday or two ago, by a visit from one of her Lowell friends. Miss Lamson has been here before, and we were glad to see her. Come again!

MISS CORDIE GILBERT paid us a visit not long since. We are always glad to see the old girls; only, why don't you who live so near, come oftener?

MISS TAPPAN was favored with a call from one of her class-mates of Vassar, a few days since.

THE measles are still in attendance at the Seminary, Misses Young, Ellis and Stiles having been favored with a call during the past week. They are doing nicely, however, and we hope soon to see them about again.

MISS IDA YOUNG was more fortunate than some of the other girls, for when she was affected by the measles she went home, to be taken care of. We miss her, though, and hope she will not be detained long.

MISS BLAISDELL is back again, much to our joy; for we missed her familiar face, valuable instruction and genial ways.

DR. SAFFORD was detained, on account of illness, from making her usual visits to us the first of the term, but we were glad to see her again a week ago last Wednesday.

MISS CORA PUTNAM is once more among us, after her protracted illness. We are glad to see her, and hope she will not be obliged to leave us again.

MONDAY and Thursday mornings, of late, we have had an addition to our Chapel singing, in the way of a tenor. How nice it does seem! We wish Prof. Rich could be with us oftener.

CARDS have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Georgia L. Hatch, of Denver, Col., to Mr. M. M. Jones, Jr. She was formerly one of our girls, and we wish her all happiness in her new life.

THE sad news of the death of Jennie Smith's father, comes to us from the West. She was one of our number last year, and we well remember the affection with which she always spoke of him. She has our sincerest sympathy.

MRS. LUQUIENS has been detained at home for the last few days, on account of Freddie's illness. We have missed her, and hope soon to see her. Miss Louisa Le Huray has very ably filled her place.

ONE of the graduates of '80, Miss Gertrude Benyon, is learning dress-cutting with Mrs. Cook, of Auburndale.

WE have a model young man in our midst. A few nights since the girls were singing in the parlor, the room being lighted only from the gas in the hall. Some one shut all of the doors, and no sooner was this done than we heard the voice of Johnnie, who, at that point, was reclining on one of his "girl's" laps, saying, "Open the door, it is so much nicer."

EMMA HOWARD, of North Sandwich, Mass., here in '77, '78 and '79, has for the past four months been with Miss Burbeck, in Boston, adding to the work in dress-cutting, which she learned here, the other branches of the art of dress-making. She goes home this week. The only fault that we have to find with her is that she worked so closely that she had no time to visit her old friends here.

MISS JULIA BUTLER, sister of Clemie Butler, one of last year's girls, spoke at the Methodist Church on Sunday, February 13th, on the subject of Missions. She is young, but has been in the work all her life, having been born in India, and having afterward lived in Mexico. She spoke especially in behalf of our own sex, so wretched without the gospel's influence, and we were much touched by the sad facts told in her clear and artless manner. The Woman's branch of the Foreign Missionary Society does much good by sending women out to work for their heathen sisters, who are hopelessly shut away from access by

any other means. Why should not we establish a missionary society at Lasell, and help on the good work?

AT the recent Boston Art Club Exhibition, Mr. John W. Dunsmore, brother to Alice, class of '78, contributed a piece entitled "Marguerite." It was the full-length figure of a young girl clad in a robe of cream-colored satin, or some sheeny material, tightly fitting the waist, but falling in graceful and ample folds about the limbs. In her right hand she held a spray of crimson flowers, while one daintily slipped foot just peeped from beneath the border of her garment in the act of stepping down from the terrace on which she stood. Her robe, open at the throat, displayed a neck of snowy whiteness, and the flesh-tints of the face were so natural that one involuntarily looked to see the maidenly blush deepen under the earnest gaze of her numerous admirers. The background, a stately mansion bordered on one side with a deep, dark forest, was well calculated to set off this charming figure. The picture attracted much attention, and we prophesy a most successful career for the young artist.

S. D. Society.

AT a meeting of the S. D. Society, held February 4th, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Peabody; Vice-President, Miss Ransom; Secretary, Miss Macmillan; Treasurer, Miss S. Wadhams; Critic, Miss Libbey; Usher, Miss Jones.

ONCE more the Society-room has been changed from the Gymnasium to the Chapel, owing to the formation of a new society, which includes nearly all who are not members of the S. D.

THE S. D. monogram paper, which has caused so great a war of words, is now on sale. There are two styles — black, for forty cents a quire, and gilt, for seventy cents. We give the prices for the sake of the old girls, who may like to order some. If orders are sent to the Treasurer, they will receive prompt attention.

AT a meeting of the S. D.'s, it was decided to give a public entertainment about the first of March, to consist of music, readings and debate, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the furnishing of the new Society-room, which is to be set apart in the "new wing."

WHAT may be done at any time is never done.

Selections.

BE what you are. Ape no greatness. Be content to pass for what you are worth. A good nickel is better than a counterfeit dollar.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness: and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

"To desire to know—to know, is *curiosity*. To desire to know—to be known, is *vanity*. To desire to know—to tell your knowledge, is *covetousness*. To desire to know—to edify ones' self, is *prudence*. To desire to know—to edify others, is *charity*." — *St. Bernard*. "To desire to know—to glorify God, is *religion*." — *Added by a saint seven hundred years afterward*.

Exchanges.

ALONG with our regular exchanges this month we are pleased to see several newcomers—*The Lantern*, *Acta Victoriana*, *'Varsity*, *College Journal*, *Alabama University Monthly*, *Rex Academicæ*, *Williams' Athanæum*, and the *Amherst Student*.

The *'Varsity* and *Acta Victoriana* are from Ontario, and are, on the whole, interesting papers. The *Acta Victoriana* has one prominent fault, which is common to many of our exchanges, that of clipping jokes from other papers. We read in the *Acta*, witticisms we laughed over years ago. Perhaps way out in Toronto, the students do not have the privilege (?) of seeing jokes worn threadbare by being copied from one paper to the other; but, editors of the *Acta*, can you not have a little pity on us less-fortunate individuals? We do not care to repeat some of the conundrums that we saw in this paper, but we should like to give an example, so that our criticism will not be thought unjust. The following was found on the first page of the *Acta*: "Why are two women kissing each other"—Our pen refuses to go further; but "if there lives a man with soul so dead," who never has this conundrum read, he can satisfy his curiosity by reading the *Acta Victoriana*. The essay, "Public Opinion," is too well written to be marred by the presence of "old chips."

The *Alabama University Monthly* is another of our new friends, and comes from Tuscaloosa, Ala. We have read it with interest, and find it contains many good things. The biographical sketch, "Samuel Johnson," is well written, but the article on "Tennyson's 'Flower'" we could scarcely appreciate. The Exchange editor's bump of advice is fully developed, but, as we are not acquainted with the papers he advises, we cannot tell whether his bump exercises itself in the right direction, or not.

Our hands have been ready, for the last five months, to give the *Williams Athanæum* a welcome shake; but if our hands have grown a little tired, and our patience a trifle worn, our welcome is none the less hearty. The *Athanæum* impresses us favorably, and we hope that, as it has crossed the Rubicon, it will be seen regularly among our exchanges.

The "*North-Western*," formed by the union of the *Tripod* and *Vidette*," combines the excellence of both these papers. "One new feature of the *North-Western*, which we hope will prove of interest, is that we shall publish, from time to time, communications from graduates and former students of N. W. U. who are now in foreign lands or in distant parts of our own country, upon notes of travel, concerning the moral and intellectual condition of the people of other lands, description of places of interest, etc., etc." This departure from the regular reading matter in college papers cannot help being a valuable addition to the *North-Western*. We wish long life and prosperity to the *North-Western*.

The *C. C. N. Y. Free Press* and *Mercury* were, at last accounts, at swords' points. Both of these papers are old friends of ours, and we trust the difficulty, although it is no slight matter, will soon blow over.

"Life is too short to waste
In Critic peep or Cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand."

The most dilatory of our new exchanges is the *Amherst Student*. During the fall and winter our paper has been sent to the *Student*, but not until this month have the editors reciprocated. The articles in this new-comer, though not abounding in wisdom, are bright and witty, and successful rivals of "dull care." The *Student* is edited by the Senior and Junior classes, thus making the responsibility rest on many, instead of only three or four. We are much in favor of having a goodly number on the editorial staff, for the task of being editor with only a "chosen few" is altogether too difficult.

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VOLUME VI.

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NUMBER 6.

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BOSTON.

A Strip of Blue.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine, —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine, —
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free:
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity, —
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew, —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
The people of the sky, —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity, —
God's sweeping garment-fold, —
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones, —
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement-walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I as a little child:

The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of ehrysoprase
Now the vast temple floor;
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need,
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

The Bells of Limerick.

THE old bells that hung in the tower of
Limerick Cathedral were made by a young
Italian, after many years of patient toil.
He was proud of his work, and when they
were purchased by the prior of a neighbor-
ing convent near the Lake of Como, the
artist invested the profits of the sale in a
pretty villa on the margin of the lake,
where he could hear their *Angelus* music
wafted from the convent cliff across the
waters at morning, noon and night. Here
he intended to pass his life; but this hap-
piness was denied him. In one of those
feudal broils which, whether civil or for-
eign, are the undying worm in a fallen
land, he suffered the loss of his all; and,
when the storm had passed, he found him-
self without home, family, friends and for-
tune. The convent had been razed to the
ground, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of his handi-
work, the tuneful chime, whose music had
charmed his listening ear for so many
happy days of his past life, had been car-
ried away to a foreign land. He became a
wanderer. His hair grew white and his
heart withered before he again found a
resting-place. In all these years of bitter
desolation the memory of the music of his
bells never left him; he heard it in the
forest and in the crowded city, on the sea
and by the banks of the quiet stream in
the basin of the hills; he heard it by day;
and when night came, and troubled sleep,
it whispered to him something of peace
and happiness.

One day he met a mariner from over the
sea, who told him a story of a wondrous
chime of bells he heard in Ireland. An
intuition told the artist that they were his
bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither,

sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat, for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed: "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of greeting, O bells! and my pilgrimage is done."

It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the towers and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past—home, friends, kindred, all. At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to rouse him his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chef-d'œuvre* had rung his "passing knell." — *Emily V. Batley*.

Buried Talents.

EVERY one is supposed to have, at least, one talent, however small. We can easily believe this of some people, and that they are not only possessed of one, but such a variety of talents that they can turn their hands to anything and everything. Many find their own especial talent, and by cultivating it assiduously, raise themselves to high positions,—perhaps become stars, and find themselves the "observed of all observers." All animals seem to recognize their true position; their object in life seems clearly marked out for them, and they do not need to stop and question whether such a thing is suited to their particular situation or not. The birds all live their busy lives, build their nests with happy content, seemingly without a care or outlook for the future. But what shall

those do who cannot simply exist without thought or plan,—whose one talent either exists in fancy, or lies buried deep beneath the rubbish of their unformed lives. They are good enough and smart enough, and their lives flow along in a quiet current; but they have no marked ability, no brilliant talent, no signs of unmistakable genius. What shall they do? Have they a talent, but so microscopic that the eye cannot discern it? Are they to go forever groping for something to satisfy, something to work for, some object to make their lives noble and grand, as all lives should be, in their way? All have, or should have, some high ideal before them better and nobler than they are, that they may strive to reach, even if they never attain it. Perhaps in striving after that better life, glimpses of which, at times, pulse through us, we shall find the one promised talent.

We do not stop often to think of the life we were originally intended for. All were made to be perfect workings-out of a mighty plan, not passive failures. Our busy, eager strife takes away all thought of anything beyond the mere present moment; and the moments slip by so rapidly that life is half over before we realize it, and we find nothing accomplished. In this age of reform, women are beginning to raise their standard, and more is demanded of womankind. The women of to-day are bringing out the long-buried talents, and transforming the weak creature of yesterday into the reasoning women of to-day, who are trying to make their lives mean more and be more,—trying to make the most of their possibilities, rounding out their lives to full completeness. Let us give up the search for the one great talent, and do our best, in a quiet way, even with no talent, letting "who will be clever."

The Daughter at Home.

Do not think that because there comes to you no great opportunity to perform a wonderful work, you will let the thousand little ones pass you unimproved. It is no small thing to be the joy of the domestic circle,—the one whose soft touch and whose gentle, fitly spoken words avert disturbances and disagreement, conciliates the offended, and makes alien natures understand each other. It is no small thing to possess the happy tact which makes people pleased with themselves, and which insensibly urges them to appear at their best. The young woman who is gifted with this

grace of touch, this swiftness of sympathy and this beautiful unselfishness, may not have a fair face nor a trim figure, but she will be endowed with a dignity more winning than either.

The Pigeons of Venice.

THE pigeons in the piazza of St. Mark's, which every one who has visited Venice will remember, are said to be particularly fond of the English girls, who, with their gentle ways and sunny hair, contrast so strangely with the languid, dark-eyed Venetians. The birds will only approach within half a foot of a man; but, dove-like as they are, they perch for consolation—and corn—upon a woman. Early one morning an innocent, fresh English girl came unsuspectingly to feed the pigeons. She had bought her donation from one of the bright-eyed, shoeless Bohemians who live in the sunshine; but scarcely had she opened her little packet before a cloud of birds environed her. They settled on her shoulder, on her hat and upon her accommodating hand. They fed in couples and triplets out of her palm; they would have taken their breakfast from her mouth had she desired it; and perhaps no one was more astonished at her powers of fascination than the fair-haired maid herself.

Two Years After.

You have not changed, my Geraldine;
Your voice is just as sweet and low,
You are as fairy-like in mien
As four-and-twenty months ago.
Since Hymen tied the fatal knot
I've basked within your glance's beam;
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot;
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love,
And beauty of the first degree;
I'd do with less than that, my dove—
I'm much more moderate than he:
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
The witchery of tone and look,
I would forego, to some extent,
My Geraldine—if you could cook.

Austrian Cookery.

LADIES COMPLETING EDUCATION BEFORE
MARRIAGE.

THE Austrian lady of station who does not know how to cook, one may almost say does not exist. Every detail of the cuisine she is acquainted with. A story is told by Austrian ladies of another, who, having neglected her education, allowed, at a certain

great dinner-party she gave, two dishes of the same color to be served in succession, — a fault for which she was hardly to be forgiven. The princesses of the royal households attend a course of lectures, from a *chef*, entirely upon the art of serving. Young ladies do not learn the art of cooking at cooking-clubs, or from public lessons, as here in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house, the house of a princess, or at a very rich banker's, where there are famous *chefs*, from whom they learn. When a *chef* engages to cook for a great house he stipulates that he is to have the privilege of teaching as many young ladies as he chooses. These young ladies need not even know the mistress of the house, and they make their arrangements with the cook only. For a course of lessons lasting through the winter, each pupil pays the cook 30 gulden, or about \$15. This includes instruction in every particular. If a banquet is to be given, a grand breakfast or an elaborate supper, the young ladies are notified, and are there to see the dishes decorated, and to learn the order of serving. They watch every process. Were you to descend to a kitchen at such a time, you would no doubt find these girls suffused with blushes; for these lessons always foretell marriage, and are the last and finishing touches of a maiden's education. But it would be a breach of etiquette for any member of the household to trespass in that department, which belongs to the cook and his noble young pupils. This is very much the same as if the cooks of the Astors and Vanderbilts were permitted to receive a half-dozen young ladies from Fifth Avenue, on the occasion of a very grand dinner-party, and explain to them the mysteries of each dish as it left their hands. Since young ladies must be in the dining-room themselves on such occasions in their own households, it follows that these processes they cannot watch at home, never mind on how grand a scale things are. And so in Austria, all noble young ladies learn these things in another kitchen than their own.

Dashing it Off.

THE first and most prevalent misconception of tyros, is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be "dashed off." They have heard, of course, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a week; that Byron was only thirteen days over "Corsair;" that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of "Waverly;" and that

Burns composed "Tam o' Shanter" between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumes; Byron had already spent the best of his years in the constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was as expert and practiced in verse-making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the super-eminent genius of all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celerity all at once. They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of new clothes. It was in each case the result of the unwearied practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early, and where the first work was the best; but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule in these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labor in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and re-wrote the first of their productions three or four times over; and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over yet again! It may be taken, therefore, as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence, to spare no labor in perfecting and polishing, and to leave no word or sentence or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointment.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A good story, which may or may not have about it the flavor of age, is wafted into the editorial room of the *Post*, from the sunny shores of France. A young American, whose knowledge of the French language was confined to his careful study of a conversation-book, was being shown through one of the old churches of Paris, the objects of interest which it contained being pointed out by an *attaché* of the buildings. A richly decorated altar attracted the attention of the American, and pointing to the white marble figure of a dove or pigeon which adorned the archway over the altar, he inquired, in alleged French, what one ought to call it in French. That, said the attendant, "*est le saint esprit*" [the Holy Ghost]. Immediately

the American drew from his pocket a notebook and pencil, and, as was his custom, noted down his newly acquired knowledge in this manner: "Pigeon, in French, called *saint esprit*." Now, our American youth had an object in asking the French word for pigeon. He wanted a pigeon for his supper; and now that he knew what to call it in French, what was to hinder him from having one? That night, at the restaurant, he beckoned to a waiter, and said: "*Gargon, donnez moi, s'il vous plait, deux saint esprit roti, avec pomme de terre Lyonnaise.*" The waiter looked at the American at first in astonishment, and then burst into hearty laughter. "Two Holy Ghosts, with Lyonnaise potatoes," was a dish that even the famous Café Anglais had never placed upon its *menu*.

One of our Western Exchanges indorses the following

Sensible Advice to Girls.

GIVE them a good education. Teach them to cook a nourishing meal, darn stockings, sew on buttons, to make their own dresses and a decent shirt.

Teach them that a paid-for calico dress fits better than a silk for which they have to run in debt.

Teach them that a round, full face is worth fifty consumptive beauties; teach them to wear good strong shoes.

Teach them to make purchases, and to calculate whether the bill corresponds. Teach them that they only spoil "the image of God" by tight lacing. Teach them simple, sound sense, self-reliance and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in shirt-sleeves and apron, even without a penny, is worth more than a dozen richly dressed and aristocratic idlers. Teach them to cultivate gardens and wild flowers,—the joys of free nature. If you have the means, teach them music, drawing and the fine arts; but, remember, this is not necessary.

Teach them that happiness in matrimony depends neither upon outside appearance nor upon the purse of the man, but upon his character.

Have you taught them all this? and do they understand it? Then, when their time comes, let them marry in good faith, and they will get along by themselves.

Our lives should be like the days — more beautiful in the evening; or like the spring — aglow with promise; or like the autumn — rich with golden sheaves, when good works have ripened on the field.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

JUST now we girls are elated with the prospect of spending a few days outside of school life. For most of us this is well merited; for have we not been faithful to the aggressive cares in which the weeks since the Holidays have involved us? and, too, with such tenacious steadfastness as has well-accorded with their velocity? Can it be that only one short term intervenes between the present and our last going home? Have not the associations and work of this term doubly endeared to us all the faces and dear old walls of Lasell? Then, in reviewing the days since Christmas, we feel a consciousness, however vain it may seem to assert it, that we have indeed accomplished much in laying up a store of that which is "more precious than rubies." Call it not pride, yet let that store be added to, yea, multiplied through next term.

Fully indorsing the ill effect of "all work and no play," we feel that with good grace we may accept the coming days of rest; and though not wishing a single thought of duty to overshadow them,

would it not be well to propose for our immediate consideration the necessity of forming another club in our midst. Let it be one whose mission shall be to unite a corps of earnest and indefatigable workers in that field in which Mrs. Hayes has so valiantly distinguished herself as in the front rank of the home-guards of America.

As girls whose future influence will doubtless be as illimitable as the ocean depths, shall we not ponder this question with due appreciation of our inevitable destiny? Can we not consolidate our temperance principles, and initiate into Lasell what shall hereafter be one of her most important features? Is not the question thus proposed of vastly more infinite consequence than the most flattering results of our already existing corporations?

You are certainly to be permitted to follow out your convictions; but will it not be consistent to ask that they be in keeping with the dignity and *factotum* of our individual future—with the anxious consideration of true morality and our influence upon a sphere of the public mind?

DEAR EDITOR: In the February number of the paper there were some amusing specimens of the girls' answers to the "Monday questions," which were really very ridiculous, and which must certainly have brought a smile to the lips of the most sober-minded of your readers. But it occurs to me that after the smile, a thought something like this might very naturally rise, "Well, for Lasell Seminary, that's pretty bad!" So it would be if the answers given were fair average specimens; but it seems to me hardly right to select the very worst of a hundred answers and put them in the LEAVES, without any word to prevent the reader from supposing that our ordinary knowledge of every-day topics is in so unsatisfactory a condition! For the benefit of the thinkers of the uncomplimentary thought above mentioned, and also as an interesting bit of information about one of our special "manners and customs," I will, if you will let me, say a few words about these "Monday questions" which may serve to explain how occasion is given for answers so remarkable as those which amused us so much in last month's paper.

These formidable questions, which, in spite of their name, are not always given on Monday, are selected by the different teachers in turn, and are invariably on little points of general interest which

everybody ought to know, but which the propounder feels quite sure that everybody *doesn't* know; such, for instance, as "Who wrote the 'Star Spangled Banner?'" Reader, I ask you, do you know who wrote it? No, I'm sure you don't; and your friend and your friend's friend are in the same predicament, if they will only confess it.

Well, these puzzling questions must be answered immediately, without much time for a search into one's mind for the knowledge that may possibly be there; and, moreover, everyone is obliged to go through the performance. No matter how hopeless her ignorance of the subject, each girl must say something. Now there are, at Lasell, over a hundred girls, all the way from thirteen to twenty-five, educated in all sorts of ways, most of whom have been with us but a short time to enjoy the training given by "Monday questions," and similar stern but salutary measures. Out of a hundred answers, while many are correct, it may easily be imagined that some must be mere random guesses; and it is not to be wondered at if the spelling is occasionally nearer the simple phonetic model than is authorized by the present usage of the English language! I think that if the same experiment were tried in any assembly as varied as ours at Lasell, the results would be rather surprising to one who had not thought about the matter, and quite as amusing as our own. We should like very much to have some other schools try the same plan, and let us have the benefit of some of the absurdities that we are quite confident would be elicited.

Certainly, these questions are good for the girls in more ways than one. Not to mention the training they give in writing, spelling and punctuation, they will be invaluable if they only give us a wholesome conception of the vague condition of our knowledge of ordinary subjects. But, dear editor, I claim that our little world at Lasell reflects the great world very faithfully in this, as in other things, and I hope the little speech which you have allowed me to make will remove any such delusion as the idea that it is peculiar to Lasell to believe that among his other undying deeds, the Father of his Country wrote the "Star Spangled Banner"!

L.

A YOUNG girl generally loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

An Invitation to Lunch.

How it breaks into the monotony of school life! Yes, we'll go. Regrets are not to be considered, though Horace sings,

*"Cum sale panis
Latrantem Stomachum bene leniet,"*

or Hamilton whispers that "Labor is the best preventive of tedium." No logic can convince us that a little fun is always a waste of time.

Then the invitation comes from the Cooking Class.

Punctual to the minute we entered the spacious hall where seven bright girls, in the tidiest of costumes, received us with grace and dignity.

We were soon seated about the table—well spread with most excellent viands, all prepared by the delicate hands that were extended to us at our coming, and now catered for our wants. Roast fowl that certainly was not foul roast; lobster salad that a king might covet; oyster patties that were pat to the occasion; Charlotte Russe that was no ruse; vegetables, rolls, Vienna coffee, ice-cream,—everything that one could ask or even think of, and not a failure!

I had thought this work a little out of place in school; but I looked about me. The cooks were leaders of their classes: the best in modern languages, the best in ancient languages, the best in history and literature, the best in music were there. Were they less fitted for any profession because of the few hours devoted to the physical?

I went to my room to reflect on George Eliot's saying, that no hungry man can be a wise one; and truly I know that I am wiser now than I was before that lunch.

Personals.

MISS IDA CLARK is teaching in Ohio.

EVA BRAGDON is visiting at Evanston, Ill.

MAGGIE NOYES is teaching at Cottage City, Mass.

THE last bit of gossip is that Mattie Lorimer is engaged to Mr. Griggs.

MISS SNELL enjoyed a call from one of her numerous Troy friends, not long ago.

MISS CORA FLINT and Miss Ida Cogswell paid us a short visit. The old girls are always welcome.

MISS BIGELOW and the Misses Shiffs have been made happy by visits from their sisters, this term.

MISS ALICE LINSKOTT, of '78, is teaching at Drury College, Springfield, Missouri.

WE give Miss Minnie Clark, who joined our number last week, a hearty welcome.

MISS MINNIE GILMORE, of '76, is living in a lovely home on the banks of the Charles, at Newton Centre.

ANNIE BRIGGS, one of last year's girls, is amusing herself by going back and forth from Newtonville to Boston.

WE are glad to have with us Misses Eaton and Luther, who have had rooms outside the building, this winter.

MUSIC has no longer any charm for Mabel Eager. She says she is tired of taking lessons of Professor Hills.

LOA PUTNAM and Mrs. Harvey, *née* Carrie Balch, whom she is visiting at Newtonville, made us a flying visit the other day.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN, our former preceptress, now at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., has been making a short stay here.

WE hear Carrie Colburn is taking lessons on the violin, in Philadelphia. We wish her success—but pity her next-door neighbor.

THE SEMINARY has advertised that no more students need apply for admission this school year, as there is not room to accommodate them.

LETTERS from Grace Garland, Mamie Moger and Annie Holbrook, describe delightful times, respectively, at Brooklyn, New York and Providence.

WE have recently heard of the marriage of Miss Rouette Bowen, of Plattsburg, N. Y., to Mr. Ned Baker, of the same place. They have our best wishes.

WE were sorry to have to say good-bye to Marie Higby. We shall miss her pleasant face and musical talent. Letters from her tell of her safe journey home, and of enjoyable times.

MISS WHEELOCK, former singing-teacher at Lasell, and who, as Guila Valda, has been singing in Italy, was recently married, at Nice, to Edwin Somerled Cameron, eldest son of the late Allen G. Cameron, of Scotland.

It is rumored that Miss Annie Lovering, who was here in '79, may return this spring term and graduate with the class of '81. The Seniors are much delighted with the news, and hope it may be something more than a rumor.

WE hear that Annie Bartlett, Emma Fernald and Carrie Lane, all New Hampshire girls, come to Boston, weekly, to take music lessons. We wonder why they do not come and see us.

WE rise to explain that Miss Gertrude Benyon is learning, not dress-cutting, merely, as stated in the last number of the LEAVES, but is acquiring skill in the whole system of dress-making, and will soon be ready to put out her shingle.

Silent Workers.

NATURE works silently. It is only men who make themselves seen and heard in what they are doing. Have you ever thought how quietly the fleecy snow-flakes perform their mission of comfort to the sleeping flowers? Picture to yourself some snow-storm that you have seen. Steadily, patiently, persistently, the tiny flakes come down out of the great, gray, inexhaustible gloom above, and fall rounding, not chiseled up and out, everywhere—the marvelous sculpture that is builded, and transforming common things into shapes of dreamy grace and splendor. Slowly, but surely, the work of atoms goes on, till the clouds, like artists, falling back before their finished work, part and let in the sun to see what they have achieved. Peaks, mounds and drifts glance in the rosy light. The trees hold their branches in breathless quietness, lest their perfect draperies should be disturbed. The world is muffled. It is a pause of pure completeness.

WE cannot imagine the motion of the planets, for they move so silently and with such tremendous speed. We are so used to making a stir about trivial things, that we cannot comprehend this grand system, moving in perfect harmony and making "less noise than a honey-bee coquetting among the clover-tops."

THE pulse of Time beats just as softly and swiftly: before we know it, the happy days of childhood are gone, and we have found our life-work. How eagerly and heartily we take up our task; but soon our weary feet begin to lag, our arms drop nerveless at our side, and we know, by our silvered hair and feeble frame, that we are old. Nothing remains of our long life but a few cherished graves and happy remembrances of heart-felt joys.

HOW bountifully, but silently, the sun sheds his warm light to gladden the earth! When his work is done, and twilight has let down her curtain of gray, the stars send down their cheering light. And the

flowers, — silent and wonderful is their growth. There is no problem in science so hard to explain as the development of of a simple, tiny flower.

Another silent worker is the smile. A tear often does more for the accomplishment of some purpose than an hour's argument. The purest souls are those nourished in solitude; and leaving the noisy, bustling world, how pleasant it is to turn to those whose quiet manners always rest us. They never seem hurried or overworked, yet they accomplish so much, and the willing hands are ever ready to help those in trouble. Everything is so quietly done, and we really depend on them in so many ways; yet we never seem to appreciate, till we lose those quiet helpers, then to find how hard it is to fill a vacant chair. Such lives as these truly show us that,

"Of all noble work, the silent part is best."

A Piano Tournament.

THE mystery in which the Centennial Exposition left the great question of piano supremacy, is about to be solved by a go-as-you-please match, to be contested at the Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale, Massachusetts. It is well known to the public that the Centennial Fair awarded to at least four of the American makers a first prize apiece, and to each gave a diploma stating that the pianos of that make were superior to all others in tone, touch and durability. This left the chief makers in such a bellicose attitude, that they have since that time shed a great deal of ink in exposing each other's shallow pretensions, and have sounded the whole gamut of vituperation, from the shrill treble of invective to the deep bass of profound contempt. It is now proposed by Mr. C. C. Bragdon, who speaks for Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts, to "test the relative merits of the various manufacturers." For this purpose he has laid in "fifteen entirely new and carefully selected pianos," which will be played upon "almost constantly from 8 A. M. to 8.30 P. M." The names of the manufacturers who are entered for this match we must decline to give. Let it suffice to say, that while, as was to be expected, the Boston makers have the first place and the largest number of entries, yet Baltimore is there, and ranks number two. In fact, Baltimore is already in training, eating its beef rare, and walking a few laps before breakfast each morning.

No sufficient explanation has as yet been offered as to how the time-keepers will

score the laps. In testing the durability of an instrument, other considerations than hours and minutes enter into the contest. For example: to one piano might be assigned the primary class, who would play with feeble touch the five-finger exercises; while to another might be given the heavy-handed graduating class, who aspire to playing Liszt and Schumann. A large and able-bodied Western girl can get more out of a piano in ten minutes than a *codfish-fed New England girl* can extract in ten hours. A Wisconsin girl, where the "O-rake-her-down-Sal" school of music is still popular, and who comes to Boston to be "finished," carries to the Hub the primitive culture of the prairies, and rarely can be tamed down until she has split the ivory of at least two key-boards, and broken her weight in strings. The second class — who, of course, play the "Maiden's Prayer" and the "Monastery Bells" — are very hard on the black keys, because that kind of music is always set in at least five flats. The more a student can't play, the more flats she plays in. This is an invariable rule. Now, how these inequalities of wear and tear are to be regulated, the Massachusetts "institootion" doesn't make clear.

No doubt, however, it will all go off very well at the start. The varnish will be so bright that the young ladies can see how to fix their front hair in its shining surface. But the trying time will be toward the close of the match. The Boston piano may at first lead off, and force the pace, or it may hold back for a brilliant spurt at the finish. The New York piano may simply "Monastery Bell" along quietly for the early part of the session, and then "O-rake-her-down-Sal" just before Commencement, and so pass Boston. Baltimore may skirmish along with the "Maiden's Prayers" and "Rackets," and save its wind for a grand four-hand rhapsody at the finish; but at the end they will all show signs of punishment. The trainers will have a great deal of trouble to keep them awake, and keep the joints well rubbed down and the legs from blistering, and keep them on the track.

If this contest would really decide the going qualities of pianos, the public might be grateful to the Auburndale Institute. But the great fear is that "fouls" will be claimed on all sides, and there will be at the end just as big a quarrel over the gate-money as there was over the Centennial award. It might still leave room for a difference of opinion as to which is the severest test — for a Boston girl to play Bach

for fourteen hours a day for eight months on a diet of pork and beans, or for a Baltimore girl to play Liszt for an equal period on oysters and wild duck, or for a Wisconsin girl to rake-'er-down-Sal on Limberger cheese and beer. Until this is settled, the match cannot be decided. — *Baltimore American*.

S. D. Society.

THE entertainment given by the S. D. Society, on the evening of March 9th, was a success both financially (?) and in a literary point of view. It was the first time the society has opened its doors to the public. On account of the unpleasant weather, the Chapel was not as well filled as had been anticipated, but we were favored with a very fair-sized audience. The programme consisted of the following selections:—

Instrumental Duet, Misses Foote and Snell; President's Address, Miss Peabody; Vocal Duet, Misses Rice and Ferguson; Reading, Miss Ransom; Instrumental Solo, Miss Converse; Debate, "Resolved, That all girls should learn to cook." — *Affirmative*, Misses Fibley and Macmillan; *Negative*, Misses Ellis and Ferguson. Vocal Solo, Miss Jones; Reading, Miss Bragdon; Vocal Trio, Misses Stedman, Rice and Ferguson. The instrumental music was finely rendered. The president's address, written in her usual pleasing style, consisted of a brief sketch of the history of the society, beginning at the first meeting, tracing its growth up to the present time, and closing with the suggestion that the audience be not too critical, as this was the first appearance of the society on the stage, and it was somewhat bashful. The vocal selections were very fine, and were given in a pleasing and artistic manner. Miss Jones, receiving an *encore*, responded. The debate, which was the principal feature in the programme, was well sustained. The arguments on both sides were good, and several excellent points were made. The question was to be decided entirely from the merit of the arguments, and for this purpose three judges were appointed from the audience,—Miss Chamberlain, Rev. Mr. Parkhurst and Mr. Eager. It was decided in favor of the negative. The readings by Misses Ransom and Bragdon were very good, and gave evidence of careful study with Miss Eager. Miss Bragdon being *encored* responded with a short and witty selection. The entertainment closed with

a trio by Misses Stedman, Rice and Ferguson. There have been several requests for a repetition of the affair, but lack of time has rendered it impossible to comply with the demands.

Miscellany.

AN inquiring mind was recently heard to ask if Maryland was in Virginia.

CHARACTER gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.—*Emerson*.

THE latest variation of spelling our much-abused name is "Lasl." Evidently our friend approves of the euphonic method of spelling.

TEACHER, to a crowd of girls.—"Which of the five senses would you prefer if you could have but one?" "Oh, the sense of sight, so that I could see myself," is the answer.

WE look upon the work of the "Slang Committee" as a kind of philanthropic idea, as by means of it the girls have been able to add about twenty new words every Saturday evening to their already copious vocabulary.

WE recently heard a very spirited discussion in the dining-hall, the subject being whether Sampson was a Greek philosopher or a Roman general. It was finally decided that he was a Roman general, as several members of the history class distinctly remembered studying about him.

To any of our friends troubled with palpitation of the heart, we would recommend four glasses of water with a spoonful of salt to each, to be taken three times a day. Warranted a sure cure, as it has been tried by a member of the Freshman class, and found to be efficacious.

Two young ladies looking through a book of quotations: First young lady.—"Who is Ibid? I see he has written a great many nice things." Second young lady.—"Ibid! why, that's another name for Shakespeare; but let's look it up, and be certain." They do so, and return from the search sadder, but wiser.

SEVEN of our girls have organized a boating club, and christened it "The Hoo Doos." A meeting will be called at the beginning of next term for the purpose of electing a president and treasurer. Badges will be procured, and the club will go into regular training. After that time all challenges for races will be accepted.

WITH three more lessons the class in Philosophy end a very pleasant work of two terms. The study has been made more pleasing and instructive by many interesting experiments, and much valuable information has been obtained in the delightfully informal discussions which Miss Blaisdell has so kindly allowed.

THE teacher had been giving a long and careful explanation about powers and exponents. As the class leave the room one young lady approaches the teacher with a look of profound wisdom, and asks, "Is four with the exponent one the same as four with the exponent *five*?" An appalling silence follows, and the y. l. becoming suddenly aware that something is wrong, makes a speedy exit.

At a meeting of the S. D. Society, held March 11th, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Wallace; Vice-President, Miss Snell; Secretary, Miss Alling; Treasurer, Miss M. Reed; Critic, Miss Converse; Usher, Miss Baker.

The proceeds of the entertainment given by the S. D. Society, on the evening of March 9th, amounted to about thirty dollars.

At a recent meeting of the S. D.'s, when the time for the debate arrived, it was discovered that the four disputants, owing to a slight mistake, were prepared on the affirmative. It is needless to add that, by force of argument, the question was decided in the affirmative.

At the public entertainment given by the S. D.'s, all the members wore the society color, cardinal, with the pin.

THE interest in cooking seems to have reached our Western friends:—

By the *Lansing Republican* we see that a club has been formed in that city by twelve young ladies for the purpose of learning the mysteries of good cooking,—Abbie Turner, who was with us last year, and her sister, whom we had the pleasure of meeting while here on a visit, together with Ida Longyear, here in '78, being members of it. The other evening they gave a party, seventy or eighty guests being invited,—Kittie Morrill, one of our last-year's friends, being among them. The refreshments were prepared by the young ladies, who showed that they were able to get up a first-class entertainment. If more of the Lasell girls who have had the benefit of Miss Parloa's admirable teaching would exercise their influence in this line, we think they would find it both pleasant and profitable employment. Try it, and see.

ON the evening of Feb. 23d we listened to the last of the four readings given by Prof. Raymond. During the term he has read "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," "King Lear," and "The Tempest."

His readings were always listened to with great pleasure by the students, and we deeply regret that the course is finished.

Prof. Raymond cannot fail to interest his audience, both by his perfect interpretation of the poet's thoughts and by his evident sympathy and appreciation of the characters with which, for the time, he mingles.

One of the most interesting things in connection with his readings are his facial demonstrations. His features reflect all the emotions on the page before him, and at times are indescribably droll and amusing. Many of his friends consider him to be superior in comedy; but his rendering of some parts in "Hamlet" and "King Lear" show his power in those emotions which touch the deeper feelings. At his last reading he mentioned the pleasure with which he always visited Lasell. We assure him that the feeling is warmly reciprocated, and he will always be gladly welcomed at Lasell.

Thoreau.

MARCH 16th Prof. Dole gave a lecture upon Thoreau. Although American born, his parents were eminently French. Thoreau was graduated at Harvard, in 1837, at the age of twenty. After this he taught for some years and traveled in his own country. He then built his hermitage, the total cost of which was \$28.12½. His house-keeping expenses were twenty-five cents per week. Here for two years he lived alone with Nature, and here he wrote. He died of consumption in 1852. His friends have recently published a new volume of his works, and they still have unpublished manuscripts, which they prize highly. Several passages were cited illustrating his quiet humor and grand appreciation of Nature. One from his visit to "Cape Cod, in 1849," was especially enjoyable.

Thoreau is a strange contradiction. He raised his club not only against wrongs and evils, but against everything Christian. He was entirely free from vice, and yet thoroughly selfish. He is intensely real in his descriptions of nature. There is some wheat to be sifted from the chaff, and some good wholesome fruit to be selected from the noxious.

Exchanges.

OUR exchanges this month are, on the whole, bright and interesting; though, of course, there are a few exceptions to this statement.

Our preference is most certainly given to the *Sibyl* — a paper which, we are proud to say, is edited by young women. The only fault we have to find is, that it is published only three times a year. One of its articles, "Work for Educated Women," is most interesting, and from it we clip the following: "Yet but a few women do their best to promote the highest good of their fellow-beings. Even in these days, when woman stands at the front, and possesses a greater influence in the world than man, there are girls who have no desire to use their education after their school-days are over, and who possess but one definite idea — that they must some day marry. This accomplished, they expect to be blissfully happy for the rest of their days. These are the girls who retrograde after twenty-five, and of whom their husbands soon grow weary, as they speculate in their uncomfortable houses — not homes — as to what virtues their second wives shall illustrate." There is "more truth than poetry" in this clipping, and it would be well for the members of the class of '81 to read the remaining thoughts on the same subject.

The *Lantern* bewails, in an editorial, the vacancies left by the "mighty dead." Croaking is bad for the mind. Did Carlyle, Bryant and others rise until occasion required? Our history is yet unwritten, and the present generation will rise to the demands of the times.

The following is from *Student Life*:—"The immense superiority of the *Student Life* over the average college paper can be seen by reading the two hundred and odd exchanges which are found monthly on our file. * * * * Of our quarter of a thousand exchanges, about three-fifths find a permanent repository in the waste-basket, as utterly unworthy to read; about two-fifths are worth glancing at in an idle moment; and we know of only one really good journal which deserves to be read by all. Modesty forbids us to name it." We are glad to see that there is a spark of modesty in the exchange editor, for we thought, by the numerous expressions of self-esteem found in the exchange column, that that much needed characteristic was wanting. "Self-praise; no commendation."

The *Dartmouth* is one of our many exchanges that does not extoll its own

merits. It relies on its true worth, needing no egotistical paragraphs to procure friends. The paper is edited by the Senior class, and reflects credit on that august body.

The March *Tuftsian* contains an article on "Women at Harvard." We have long entertained the same ideas which the writer so boldly expresses, and are glad to see one college paper differing from Harvard's opinions on the subject.

No Love Lost.

THE most disheartening feature in this present contest between England and Ireland (for it is a contest — a law court), is the evidence that the mutual, steady dislike of the two nations has not its basis on history alone. It has been attributed by observers to the long oppression one race has suffered from the other; and we hope this is true, for the hatred will die away at last, when the yoke is thrown off, though present evidence hardly points in that direction. On the contrary, it rather suggests the belief that the distaste dividing the people is not affected by justice, fair dealing or even sympathetic consideration. The Irishman, individually the most sensitive man in all Europe to the claim of gratitude, takes, in his corporate capacity, favors from the Englishman, tenderly though they be offered, without acknowledgment in his heart, and without surrendering his impressions that his occasionally obliging friend is, on the whole, a very disagreeable acquaintance, with whom he had rather not be on speaking terms. There is a dislike between the two peoples which all the legislation of the past half century — legislation directed only to reconciliation — has not removed, and scarcely even softened.

Publisher's Notes.

MUSICAL girls, notice the music books advertised by Oliver Ditson & Co. And after noticing, do the next thing — purchase.

WE wish to call attention once more to the Hektograph advertised on page 11. Having used one, and found it a great saver of time and labor, we recommend it to all.

SOME of you have not yet had your photographs taken. When you make arrangements for the trying ordeal, remember Hardy, 493 Washington Street.

Girls! do you know the *Centemeri* Glove Company have removed to 17 Temple Place? And if you want a lovely fitting glove and beautiful soft kid, be sure and buy them at *Centemeri's*, 17 Temple Place, where the prices are lower than for any other imported glove.

ALAS! It is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story which he would fain read over again.

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VOLUME VI.

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NUMBER 7.

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May-Flowers.

Ere the month, in glades and hollows,
Strung with leaves the alder's spray,
Or with bloom, on river shallows,
Tipped the wands of willows gray;

Ere her fingers raised the cowslip
In the meadow, sere and worn,
Or the bloodroot's caps of silver
Flickered where her steps had borne;

Whilst above the bluffs were hiding
Sullen brows in slouching snows,—
Through the leaves my footsteps, sliding,
Came where her first lights arose.

Underneath the dead pine-droppings,
Close entangled with the mold,
Gleamed a rosy chain of flowerets —
Rosy flowerets, fresh and cold.

Shadowed, unwarmed by a breathing
Softer than the northern air,
Conched the buds, their stars unsheathing,
Group by group, in darkness there.

Eagerly, yet half reluctant,
As the daylight lit on them,
Of its clinging tufts of odor,
Quick I stripped the trailing stem.

And their sweets, in cluster blending,
Dreary sounds and damp decays
Ceased, in summer murmurs ending,
And a smell of balmy days.

So, refreshed, and fancy solaced,
Through the arches on I passed;
While life seemed to throb and kindle
In the breath my darlings cast.

As I parted from the pine-trees,
Closing in a gloomy crowd,
O'er a swell above their branches,
From a whitening western cloud,

Sunlight broke into the valley,
Filling, with an instant glow,
All its basin, from the streamlet
To the dark edge touched with snow.

And by flowers and gentlest luster,
Summoned from his rock or tree,
Heavily about the cluster,
Hurtled the bewildered bee.

Thus, till round me stirred the village,
Welcome brightened in the air;
Where, from porch and vine-filled window,
Beamed a welcome still more fair.

Rosy maids, like wood-nymphs glancing,
Peeped amid the leafless bowers;
And the little children, dancing,
Clapped their hands and cried, "May-flowers!"

Easter in Some Old Churches of Boston.

THE recurrence of this festival, and a glance at a diary of some five or six years ago, reminds us of an Easter Sunday when we paid a long-deferred visit to some churches of Boston which are interesting, because of their old-time associations. We first bent our steps toward the Old North Church. Down Hanover Street we went, past the new brick church that marks the site of one built in 1721, down Salem Street, peaceful indeed and quaint, even the children looking old-fashioned, we fancied. Now and then a Dutch house, projecting its upper stories over the lower, narrowed the street yet more. We were slow to catch sight of that famous old belfry where, a hundred years ago, the lights burned as a signal to Paul Revere. The April shower will not allow us to linger to inspect the exterior. The communion is being administered, and we step softly up the queer old staircase into the queerer, stiff, high-backed pews of the gallery. How quaint is everything, from the frescoed walls, broken and weather-stained, and the big windows with tiny panes, to the floor worn, and broken, too, by the feet of many generations, and in the gallery quite uncovered. Candelabras, with candles long since useless, depend from the ceiling over pews which have been modernized, except two in each corner, which keep the square box-fashion, and the little sentry-boxes, where the senior and junior warden still do duty. In the olden times these officers kept order among the boys, it being customary to inflict a smart box on the ear to any refractory urchin. This was when, among similar laws, was one forbidding any young person (or old, for what we know) to spit in the face of another. Talk of degenerate times! Yet the young blood of to-day runs, perhaps, in similar channels. A quite youthful choir was rendering the chants sweetly enough, but quite mechanically, the girls in front finding opportunity even during the singing to throw back merry signs and glances, and receive the like from their male coadjutors in the rear. It was ever thus in all generations, we suspect. The

tenor *will* spark the alto, and the bass keep the soprano supplied with peanuts. Here, behind the carved balustrade, hidden by winged images blowing trumpets, who can detect the innocent manœuvres?

When the service ended we passed into the chancel, and saw, at the reading-desk, the big Bible, with an inscription showing that it was the gift of his Majesty to Christ Church at Boston, and the blazon G. R.; the date was obliterated by time. The book was published in London, in 1717. The church was built in 1723. The Liturgy was also a royal gift. Behind the altar are tablets for the Commandments and Apostles' Creed, and above are sculptured the sacred lamps of the Hebrew altar. A pictured Christ looks down on the communion-table; some cherubs, a dove and other devices fill the remaining space. The sexton and his assistants were taking down numerous and beautiful floral offerings, all made of small bouquets, to be divided among the children of the Sabbath-school. The bells were chiming "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and a pattering shower was falling as we left.

We glanced into West Church, which lies in another direction, not very far away, at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets. It has its Revolutionary memories, though now somewhat altered. It was nearly destroyed in the siege of Boston. The venerable preacher, Dr. C. A. Bartol, is almost as quaint as his surroundings. His is a sweet, serene, spiritual face, with no little sparkle and fire, kindling suddenly; a child-like face in a gray setting of beard and hair. The changes of the city have moved his people away from him; but a small and attentive congregation listens each Sunday to his poetic inspirations. He came from Maine, and we have heard him tell in his bright, racy manner of his school-boy days in Freeport, of making hemlock brooms to sweep the school-house, and sitting, a happy culprit, on the girls' side of the house.

We round the day with vespers at King's Chapel. This and Christ Church alone remain unchanged of Boston's many old historic buildings. The interior and exterior are almost identically the same as at the beginning of the Revolution, and its age and elegance are the pride of the aristocratic people who hold its pews. Its double pillars are very beautiful, and, unlike those at Christ Church, its arches are groined. The capricious April shower is just over, and the sunlight streams through the small window-panes full upon the crim-

son lining of the great square pews, lighting the stained glass of the chancel, and throwing into relief the lofty pulpit with its sounding-board.

The organ softly swells, while youthful voices give the Easter carol, the "*vox Angelica*," or "Jerusalem the Golden." This organ came from London, in 1756, and when delivered here cost £637 sterling. The pastor, Rev. Henry W. Foote, in his late sermon on the evacuation of Boston, one hundred years ago, gives the bill of lading in its pious formula:—

"Shipped, by the grace of God, in good order and well conditioned, by Thomlinson, Trecathick & Co., in and upon the good ship called the 'Pultney,' whereof is Master, under God, for this present voyage, Thomas Farr, and now riding at anchor in the River Thames, and by God's grace bound for Boston, New England," etc.

"And so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety. Amen."

Handel is said to have selected and played upon this instrument. Public prayers and a sermon announced its arrival here. It has, of course, been subjected to various repairs, but some of the sweetest stops remain unchanged.

The real congregation disappears to give place to a "shadowy" one of a century and more ago. The old governor's pew is gone, but three out of four of the royal viceroys sat yonder. Some of the prominent people of that congregation suffered from the mob after the Stamp Act of 1765. Those were the last of the stately, courtly days when, as Mr. Foote says, "These old walls saw the various costumes of that picturesque period gathered here. Chariots, with liveried black footmen, brought titled gentlemen and ladies hither, and the square pews were gay with modes of dress which live for us in Copley's pictures—the ruffled sleeve and powdered wigs, and swords, the judges' robes, the satins and velvets; and even since the passing of the Tea Act, in 1767, many a scarlet uniform was seen here, too; for the Common had been for nine years whitened with the tents of British troops sent over to enforce that law. In 1774," continues this writer, "a sermon was preached in Boston, at King's Chapel, before Gen. Gage, his officers and a numerous and polite assembly, from the text, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love.'" The commentary was written at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

That was a century ago, too long a time to hold resentments, especially by the conquering party. Responding to the service

read from a liturgy stamped with the blazon of King George, we join in the Lord's prayer—"Forgive us . . . as we forgive." They are our enemies no longer. Lovely flowers and wreaths lie scattered everywhere. They adorn the sculptured tablets that record in Latin the names and virtues of the dead. They twine about the monuments of the Tory of the last century, who fought vainly for the "lost cause," as tenderly as around the urns of the men whom the Church loves to honor in later times. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." The spring flowers are types of our risen Lord, whom friend and foe alike have gone to meet.

"Roumaunt of the Rose."

At first, I was only a small green bud, among countless other buds, in a great tangled garden belonging to a ruined villa in sunny France. Day after day the sun smiled upon me, and the gentle wind wooed me, whispering beautiful things of the fair south, until I longed to see it all. So I grew and grew, and one morning I became a rose—a beautiful Provence rose, so the people said who came often to wander about the great garden and explore the ruins of the villa. How happy we were! The beautiful garden, that was such a wilderness in itself, was our world, and we knew no other. We were a large family, hundreds of us swinging all day in the sweet fresh air; laughing up at the sun, living our gay, happy life under the sunny sky; never thinking that change could come to us. But one day a man came to the garden, and, one by one, he cut the fairest of us from our parent stem, and packed us in cool, damp moss, to be carried away.

How I wept. Should I ever see the beautiful garden again? or my fair sisters? And then came darkness, and a constant motion, and I knew we were being carried away from our home, and I grew faint and weary ere the journey was ended. When we saw the light again, we were in gay, beautiful Paris. I was given fresh water, and was then placed in a great window, with many others of my kind, where we could watch the crowds all day. I was quite happy again; this was the world of which my lover, the Wind, had told me. I was allowed to remain there only a short time. Very soon I was removed from the pleasant window, and, with a number of my sisters, was carried to a great house, and into a beautiful room. Soft silken draperies,

heavy with rare lace, subdued the light. Rare old paintings covered the walls; while here and there were scattered bronzes and dainty bits of china. Everything about the room was tasty and elegant. Suddenly a beautiful face bent over us, and a pair of white hands lifted us with loving care, and placed us in a big creamy bowl beside the open window. I loved this girl with the beautiful face at once, and all day long I watched her as she passed to and fro, and gave out my sweetest odors as she bent over us, now and then, to inhale the perfume. That night she was dressed for a grand reception; just before going out she came to our window, and gently taking me from my companions, she fastened me among the dainty laces at her throat, saying, with a sweet smile, "He bade me wear the fairest, if I loved him."

All through the hours of that night, amid the glittering lights, the flowers and the crowds of people, I nestled amid the lace on her bosom, and felt the beating of her heart, as she listened to her lover's words, until in the gray of early morning, as she was adjusting her wraps in the dressing-room, I became detached, and fell to the floor. Hour after hour I lay there, crushed and torn, longing for a drop of water. I was only a poor little rose, that no one cared for now my beauty had gone.

Late in the afternoon of the following day one of the servants, while putting in order one of the rooms, found me in a corner nearly dead. She took me to her room and put me in a glass of water, where I recovered my freshness. In a little while this new friend of mine visited her home, and took me with her. It was a home where the sting of poverty was felt, but everything was neat and tidy. In the corner of the room, on a low trundle-bed, lay her brother, little Johnny. Crippled by an accident in the street, for five years he had lain here suffering terribly, at times, yet always gentle and uncomplaining. The boy was passionately fond of flowers, and every stray blossom was brought to him; and so I was brought. He held me in his hands for a long time, gently touching the leaves, now and then, as if to assure himself that it was a genuine flower he held; then he requested that I be put in a glass, and placed where he could see me constantly. So I found my mission. I must not die, when, by living, I could give this child so much pleasure. So I gathered up my forces, and grew beautiful and fragrant. In about a week a tiny little green shoot came out at the end of my stem. I

was given earth, and although at times I grew sick and weary, and longed for the fresh air and sunlight, still I persevered, and now I am a little green bush, with many tiny leaves upon my stem. I have a bud, too — just such a little green bud as I was once. Sometimes I think of the garden that was once my home, and the gay, careless life I lived then; but when I look at Johnny, I would not go back to it had I the power. He loves me very much, and I have the best of care. I am quite content and happy now; for although only a rose, I have my place in the world, and the life of one person, at least, is made brighter by my presence.

From Across the Border.

SOME three years since, I was by chance a boarder at Lasell for a few weeks, and a glance at your neat LASELL LEAVES, brings many reminiscences. Being then unaccustomed to boarding-school, and, moreover, being somewhat afflicted with what you term "nostalgia," I did not enter into the pleasures of the place with proper zest; but I have pleasant memories of your genial Principal, and of Miss Carpenter, the Preeptress.

Thought is superior to space, and kindly feeling to party boundaries; will Lasell girls accept greetings from across the Border?

I am thinking that you will, perhaps, be interested in hearing something of the seminary where so many Nova Scotia and New Brunswick girls complete their education — Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. B. You may imagine that we know nothing of you there, but, until her marriage, this year, a graduate of Lasell, Miss Blanche Bennett, has been for some time on our staff of teachers. There have been others, as well, at Mt. Allison from Lasell. We may, then, claim a sort of kinship, though it might be called rather a one-sided connection.

All college classes are open to young ladies, so we may be said to have a Faculty of thirteen.

We have a course in Arts with degree of B. A., and one with degree of M. L. A., and also courses in music, in drawing and in painting. The musical department has been for the last three years under the direction of an accomplished German professor, Herr Wilhelm Jost, who for some time has been a resident of Reading, Penn., and may be known to some of your Lasell

girls, who seem to come from all four corners of Uncle Sam's domain.

The building is picturesquely situated on Seminary Hill, in the center of the village of Sackville. Near by are the College and Male Academy, and a few steps from our entrance is the hall — old Lingley — where Commencement exercises and lectures are held. It is similar to your chapel. To the front of the Seminary, stretch away the Lantramar marshes, through which runs the little streamlet separating New Brunswick from the United States. All around is historic ground. Beyond is Fort Lawrence, and nearer, on the right, is the old French fort the Beauséjour (the Beauséjour mentioned in "Evangeline"), once a stronghold, but now a ruin, — dark reminder of those troublous days when French and English and Indians ravaged the country so mercilessly, and committed such deeds of terror. At the base of the old fort the Intercolonial runs, and enrling around the moldering ramparts, we see in the distance a lingering riband of white smoke, as the morning express passes beyond the curve. The sun has just peered above the horizon, — and Sackville sunrises are beautiful. The leaden bands are parted, and the happy light breaks through the mist of the lowlands, and bathes "the purple tops of the mountains," and sparkles upon the waters of the Basin.

The close proximity of the college brings pleasant social intercourse, and every other Saturday evening a reception is held in our parlors. You need not to be assured that, though quite formal, these are very enjoyable. An hour or so of music and conversation, with new faces and new voices, is a pleasant break in any routine. A routine at school is and must be; and oftentimes the days seem long in going, and the lessons seem irksome. Have you not found it so? But how soon it is all over, *blue days* and all! Three years, four years, that, slipping from our grasp, are hallowed with the beauty belonging to the past, and that bear memories touched with a tender light that throws new power into every new aspiration and every achievement, and crowns anew all friendship and love.

You are very fortunate in being able to obtain such practical accomplishments as cooking and dress-making, and if you keep up your classes in these without neglecting your music and studio work, you are to be congratulated; in fact, you are to be congratulated, any way.

Let us shake hands. I wish you a happy last term.

L. R. T.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

WE have the pleasure of recording another valuable addition to our Gymnasium, in the shape of twelve pulleys, which we are glad to use. The boating season is rapidly approaching, for which the constant practice with the rowing-machine has, in a measure, prepared us. Now is the time for forming the Lasell Boating Club, as well as also the under-class crews. There is but a short time now before June, and we must

* * * "Be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,"

always remembering that "there's no such word as fail."

Acting upon the suggestion "from the Chair," in a late number, in regard to the Self-Governed List, a jury of twelve and a judge were appointed from and by the school. As the occasions of these meetings were in secret session, we cannot give the particulars, but as one of the jury, we may say that it was a trying ordeal. Of

the two methods which have been tried, that of each girl judging for herself and that of choosing representatives to decide the matter for them, the first seems more preferable to us, as it obviates the hard feeling which is sure to arise when a girl judges her mate. The jury appreciated the honor conferred upon it by the Faculty, and sincerely hope it had the desired and designed effect of disciplining the minds of said jury. If twelve girls, chosen from a hundred, were to tell everything they knew that had transpired in school-life, mighty secrets would be revealed; so, perhaps, the Faculty are disappointed in the large number on the Honor Lists. We cannot help noticing the dissatisfaction expressed by the face and conversation of the girls who were, by the judgment of this jury, deprived of their expected freedom for this term. This, however, is only an experiment, and from the general feeling we think it will not be continued. The jury earnestly hope that the many whom it has placed upon the Honor Lists may prove worthy of the confidence reposed in them.

ANOTHER vacation is over, and pale faces and slow steps tell of ten days of *rest*. But in this beautiful Auburndale, this "Queen of the Newtons," we shall soon find our accustomed health and happiness. This term seems to open propitiously for teachers and scholars. An able addition to our Faculty takes a little of the burden from the other members, and is pleasant for us all. The new girls seem to have dropped easily into the work, and everything goes on harmoniously.

A Trip to New York—Art Jottings.

WE availed ourselves of the late holidays to take a flying visit to New York City, resting there a few days—long enough to partake of the small-pox scare, and get ourselves vaccinated for the fortieth time, perhaps; long enough, too, to swallow a good deal of the dust and dirt which were freely drifting through the streets on every gust of wind. These gusts were frequent enough in that chilly weather. When we left Boston, in a furious snow-storm, on a night-train, we were confident that that city was the coldest we had ever seen. When we arrived in New York, at six the next morning, we decided that New York deserved the highest rank in this particular. When, a few days later, we found ourselves in Boston, we returned to our first convic-

tion. Probably, had we flitted back and forth each night in that sharp weather, we should have reversed our decisions at each alternate terminus of the journey.

There was little time for sight-seeing, but the Obelisk must be looked upon, since it is the largest and oldest art treasure of the city. The first glimpse was a disappointment. Was this stone, of decidedly gray hue, really the one we came out to see in this blustering weather? Had we not read all about it? And did we not know that it was composed of Syenite granite of a "most lovely rose color?" However, we pressed forward toward its base in a bee line, till sundry officials warned us to seek a more circuitous path, where we could look at it from a respectful distance. "Not tread on the grass!"—as if there were any!

As for pictures, we were too late for the collection of F. A. Bridgeman, so highly praised; yet we saw, here and there, one of his Oriental views, with their rich coloring. We missed S. R. Gifford's, also, which for light, air, breadth and color are said to be rare pictures. At Schauss's were two Corot's; and a new one of Rosa Bonheur's had just been sold. At Kurtz's gallery, Madison Square, the younger artists—rising men—are exhibiting. Abbott Thayer has some fine portraits, and a landscape with cows, which has his peculiar, tender charm. T. S. Dewing has some characteristic mythological pictures. Sebastian Le Page has a singular picture of Joan of Arc, surrounded by spirits in the air. There is a striking picture of "Floyd Ireson," just released by the women of Marblehead, a cloak thrown about his gaunt figure. We were disappointed not to find Miss Knowlton's head of "William Hunt."

We spent one evening at the Art League, where the pupils have an opportunity, on stated occasions, to examine the work of different artists in sketches and studies, to trace its progress. At the Academy, we saw George "Fuller's Winnefred Dysart," which has attracted so much attention. Fuller is from Boston. He draws over his pictures a sort of misty veil, which heightens their effectiveness.

On Sunday we listened to the fine music at St. Thomas', and then passed into Dr. Hall's Church, just above, at 54th and Fifth Avenue. This spacious church, finished in ash, gives an air of simplicity quite in keeping with the spirit of the minister and the people. The latter seem simple in dress and manner, like their minister. But the church is said to have cost over a million.

The people are very wealthy, though unpretentious, and their charities are very large and munificent.

Junior Social.

TUESDAY evening, March 29th, a select company assembled in the parlors, and was received by the four members of the Class of '82, Misses Bragdon, Peabody, Stedman and Wallace. About 8.45 the Chapel doors were thrown open, and all repaired thither. The walls were beautifully decorated with drawings and paintings, which have been all accomplished in these six months in the Studio.

Miss Nellie Brooks opened the exercises with a finely executed instrumental solo, which was followed by a little introduction of the Juniors, by Professor Bragdon. He said he had been requested to state that the literary productions of the evening were not "essays," but that two stories, with two chapters in each, had been written.

The first was a sketch of "Real Boarding-School Life," and the second, "Boarding-School as It Is Imagined To Be." He spoke of the supper which would follow, and that, as last year, it was cooked by the members of the class; also adding that the dresses, which were all of black silk, were not made by the young ladies.

The first chapter of "Boarding-School as It Is," was then read by Miss Annie Bragdon. Her school was situated near Denver, Col. Its rules and regulations were very similar to those of Lasell, and as she passed on in her story through the Junior year of the heroine, her experiences with teachers and scholars, we were forcibly reminded of our first year in this Seminary. The story was bright and interesting, and told the solemn truth of actual facts.

Miss Ella Stedman took up the thread of the narrative from the beginning of the Senior year. This year was not so eventful as the last had been, but was faithfully portrayed, and the picture of Commencement was very like to that of Lasell. Thus ended the second chapter.

Miss Ferguson then sang, in her rich, charming voice, "The Better Land"; after which Miss Carrie Wallace began her story, which was the recital of the thrilling events and hair-breadth escapes which are supposed to always happen in boarding-schools; and Miss Emily Peabody related the second chapter, in her cute way, which told the happenings of the Senior year. We all were entertained by this story, as it brought so vividly to our minds

the anticipations we had of life at boarding-school.

The company then descended to the dining-room, where twenty Sophomores and Freshmen were waiting to serve from the long and abundantly provided table. Here was a practical proof of the beneficial results of taking cooking as a fine art.

After supper, Miss Nellie Converse favored the audience with a piano solo, rendered in her usual brilliant style; and then, after a short promenade, the guests said their "adieu," and departed well pleased with their enjoyable evening.

Personals.

WE are glad to welcome Ella Morrison back again.

ELLA STEDMAN and Nelly Ferguson have resumed their vocal studies.

ANNIE WHITE, of Brockton, has been spending the winter in Washington.

WE have three girls from "across the border,"—Misses Louisa Savage, Ada Hibbard and Minnie Watts.

GENIE CONVERSE expects to accompany her father and mother to California on the Raymond excursion, which starts April 18.

THE members of the Lasellia Club no more carry saddened hearts or tear-stained cheeks, as their much beloved president, Belle Fitzgerald, whose return was not expected, is again with us.

AMONG the old girls who have made us flying visits, are Nellie Alderman, Ella Parsons, Anna King, Edith Pew, Carrie, and Annie Kendig. We wish that more would follow their example.

WE are sorry to lose any of our mates, and much lament the absence of Misses Bigelow, Bullard, Fuller, Norton and Grace White. Although their places are occupied by others, they are not forgotten.

WE can really say that Anna Lovering is back; and although we hear that she is only to be with us this term, we console ourselves by the hope that she may wish to take a post-graduate course.

A RECENT caller on Hattie Haskell, of Clinton, Mass., states that she looks no older than she did four years ago, when she was with us, and occupies her time in caring for the household duties of her home.

WE welcome the new girls, and beg them to believe us when we say that we were once as homesick as they, but that it don't always last. The new-comers are Misses Moore, Thompson, Weedon, Parsons and Merrill.

WE are safe in announcing the approaching marriage of Alice Linscott, class of '78, to her cousin, the Professor in Greek, where she is teaching. Her lessons may now continue *ad infinitum*.

Moral: Beware of Greek professors!

ALL girls wishing to procure a remedy for home-sickness, will receive great satisfaction by calling on Miss J. M., who resides in the Forum. It costs only one cent if you get the best quality, and if you are willing to take the article at second or third hand, it is free.

WE have lately heard, though indirectly, of the engagement of Alice Dunsmore to a Western gentleman. We advise her to come back and take cooking, as this art is most essential in procuring happiness. We regret to hear that she is going farther West, as she is already too far out of our reach.

De La Maison Française.

LE 21 AVRIL.

Nous avons maintenant le printemps. Les jours deviennent longs, les petits oiseaux sont venus, l'herbe commence à reverdir et dans les jardins on vit le pourpre et l'or des crocus, ces avant-couriers hardis de l'armée des fleurs. Il est vrai que dans notre climat sévère de la Nouvelle Angleterre, la Nature n'est pas trop généreuse; elle sait ménager ses dons, et pour reprimer notre ardeur, elle aime à nous donner de temps en temps de petites surprises, une tempête de neige, ou un jour de Janvier au milieu d'Avril. Il y a, pourtant de l'espérance, c'est assez pour nous rendre heureux après les longues rigueurs de l'hiver, et nous savons bien que "tant que la terre durera, les semailles et les moissons ne cesseront pas."

La famille De La Maison Française se rejoint avec tout le monde à l'approche de la belle saison. Nous pensons aux courses en bateau sur la belle rivière Charles, aux promenades à cheval, et à la recherche des fleurs dans les bois, desquelles nous espérons remplir nos moments de loisir. Il y aura aussi des excursions aux points d'intérêt dans les environs. Dans l'état de Massachusetts, ce "berceau de la liberté," il y a beaucoup à voir qui nous rappelle les faits héroïques d'autrefois. Mais il nous faudra bien remplir le temps qui s'enfuit. Nous avons à peine deux mois encore avant le jour mêlé de joie et de tristesse où nous dirons adieu à nos amies d'une année, et à nos livres, pour les vacances qui pour beaucoup d'entre nous dureront toute notre vie.

A Summer Squall.

A FEW years ago we were spending our summer vacation at the sea-shore. We had a very pretty cottage, with long piazzas running the whole length. It was delightfully situated on a little bluff overlooking the sea. One morning my father and I were sitting on the piazza; he was reading his usual morning paper, and I was watching the boats that went skimming the waves—some going up, some down. There was one which especially attracted my attention; it was a small row-boat, in which sat two sailors with fishing-lines; but they had either got all the fish they wanted, or else were tired of their work, for their lines hung idly floating in the water. It was a lovely morning, with not a cloud to be seen; and it seemed to me that there never could be one over so blue a sky. But perhaps an old sailor, with an experienced eye, might have warned us to look out for a thunder-cloud. If he had, I think we should have laughed in derision. However, we were soon to experience one of those sudden changes which sometimes happen at the sea-shore.

We had been sitting in this way only a short time, and the little boat had slowly drifted almost out of sight, when suddenly, and as if by magic, a great black cloud came tumbling toward us, followed by a gust of wind, which, had I not been leaning against the rails of the piazza, would, it seemed to me, have certainly taken me off. As papa's paper went flying fiercely past me, I glanced up and saw him grasping the arms of his chair tightly, as if in fear of being blown out of it.

We could hardly get our breath to utter an exclamation of surprise, when both of us turned our eyes toward the water. And lo! where was the little boat? Had it gone down? No, for now we spied it, and the two men only a short distance from it in the water; they were both striking out eagerly, in hopes to gain their boat before it drifted farther away. They soon reached it, and scrambled upon it—for the boat had been turned upside down by the wind. There they sat until a sail-boat came up and took them off.

This all happened within ten minutes, and then the sun smiled again as brightly as ever, and as if perfectly unconscious of having hid his face so completely for the short time which seemed an age to us.

THREE things to love—courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Come and See!

ONE April day, when the late snow had almost gone, leaving only here and there a little patch with the grass green around it, we walked across the fields a little way in the direction of Newton Lower Falls. The ground was soft and springy, the sun was warm, and the birds were cheerily announcing that spring had really come. Suddenly we heard a sound which has become familiar to us, by hearing it night and day for many weeks. We walked on, and soon stood on the edge of an embankment perhaps thirty feet deep. Looking down we saw a railroad, which is laid, rail by rail, as the sand before it is removed. About a hundred feet are staked off, and in the center is this track, which is double a short distance from the end. An engine stands at the end of a train of empty cars, and as fast as one is filled and passed on the side track, sends another down to be loaded. The object of this work is to procure sand to fill up the Back Bay in Boston.

Thirty years ago, an old resident tells us, one could stand at the United States Hotel and look off on to the water, so that all the land now lying between there and the Bay is "made land."

The machinery of the "sand-digger" is too complex for description here, and the general outlines must suffice. Steam is the motive power, working through chains and wheels. A large box-shovel, so made as to let out its contents when over the car, dips out a third of a car-full at a time. The process is deeply interesting, and any one, even if not versed in mechanics, will enjoy the sight enough to more than repay him for the walk.

THE Pupils' Musical Rehearsal for the winter term was held on Monday evening, March 28th, under the direction of Mrs. Edna Hall, voice, and Prof. J. A. Hills, piano. The number of performers was larger than usual, but the selections in many cases were very short; indeed, we were much disappointed when, to our surprise, the finale was given to two or three pieces, for we were just getting a taste of something good, when, as it were, the spoon was suddenly taken from us and left us longing for more. This is all the fault we have to find with the entertainment. Miss Sephie Mason's rendering of Weber's Rondo in E Flat, Miss Etta Jones' vocal solo, and the duet by Miss Lottie Snell and Mr. Hills, are especially worthy of mention. The following was the programme for the evening:—

1. Waltz in E Flat, *Loeschorn.*
MISS HALEY.
2. Song—"Cleansing Fires," *Gabriel.*
MISS BROOKS.
3. Etude in A Flat, *Wollenhaupt.*
MISS BURNEY.
4. Song—"Sing Heigh-ho," *Henschel.*
MISS JONES.
5. Bridal Song (four hands), *Jensen.*
MISS PEABODY AND MR. HILLS.
6. Song—"Marguerite," *Marston.*
MISS CHENEY.
7. Barcarole, *Mayer.*
MISS SCHULTZ.
8. "Ave Maria," *Luzzi.*
MISS BAKER.
9. Scherzo, *Mayer.*
MISS ORRELL.
10. Waltz—"The Lark Song," *Gounod.*
MISS FOOTE.
11. Leisure Hours, No. 6, *Heller.*
MISS JONES.
12. Song—"Oh, Lean thy Cheek," *Schumann.*
MISS HIBBARD.
13. Rondo in E Flat. *Weber.*
MISS S. MASON.
14. Duet—"Cheerfulness," *Gumbert.*
MISSES JONES AND FOOTE.
15. Polonaise (four hands), *Savan.*
MISS SNELL AND MR. HILLS.

WE advise the Seniors before making the final decision in regard to their Senior essays, to read the following "Advice to Authors," from Horace:—

"Choose, you that write, a subject of a kind
That suits the strength and stature of your
mind;
And ponder well, and scrutinize with care,
What they refuse and what they've nerve to
bear.
He that selects with this sound rule in view,
Will write with freedom, and with clearness,
too,
In words that shall with eloquence express,
His thoughts in easy flow and lucid dress.
In this the merit, for I know it well,
And beauty for arrangement mainly dwell."

Incomplete "Thanks."

BENJ. F. TAYLOR, in the *Examiner*, thus pays his respects to the graceless abbreviation that is current even in society that ought to set a better example: "A boy's ball flew over into the garden, yesterday; I tossed it to him, and he cried back, 'Thanks', from the top of the fence. The word has become one of the commonest coins of daily speech.

"A pleasant word, but then, cheap. It is shied at you from every corner. It is a vocal pebble, and the result of a pair of assaults and batteries. The inventor knocked out an 'I', and then finished the business by knocking 'you' out of time. It is the remains of the sentence, 'I thank you.' But lightning struck it through the telegraph line, and 'thanks', is all that is left of it. The hasty world has no time for pronouns—only nouns. Moreover, there is a saving in the United States of about thirty-six hours every day, just by putting 'you' and 'I' out of existence. But, possibly, this abbreviation had its origin neither in economy nor hurry. It is what the tinsel king in the play graciously says to 'my lords and gentlemen,' when he has been robbing them of something in a royal way,—'Thanks!' It is stagey. It *looks* as plain as a Quaker, but it *is* affectation. There are not less than four hundred 'thanks' flying in the air at once. What grateful beings we all are! 'Thanks'!"

Miscellany.

WE appreciate the humbleness of the members of the "Lasellia Club" in taking for their motto, "No cross, no crown."

WE are glad that Mrs. Noyes has joined our Faculty. Her pleasant smile and encouraging words help to brighten things wonderfully sometimes.

THE old girls may be glad to learn that we are to have some Lasell note-paper. The design has been selected, and the paper will soon be ready for use.

A FEW of us attended the Fourth Philharmonic Concert in Boston, at Music Hall. The "Symphony Poem," and the two solos by Georg Henschel were especially enjoyable.

WE have another valuable addition to the Seminary, a new engineer. Mr. Ferguson, with his pleasant face and willing hands, is an agreeable change from last term.

ANOTHER deserter from the ranks—another vacant place. Miss Nellie Stone has gone away, and is, we hear, to take elocution and vocal lessons in the city. We wish her success.

THE trying ordeal of having class photographs taken has begun. The camera of Messrs. McCormick and Heald have been heavily insured, in case of breakage;

but thus far no accident has occurred, and the work received has proved very satisfactory.

YOUNG lady much interested in the heights of different mountains: "Do they measure mountains as they do dress-skirts, with a tape measure?" The teacher explains, and the young lady departs with the consciousness that we learn something new each day.

DURING this term a course of four lectures will be given by Dr. John Lord. April 27th, "Madame Maintenon—Women in Society;" April 28th, "Peter the Great—Russia;" May 11th, "Napoleon Bonaparte—Imperialism;" May 12th, "Madame De Stael—Literary Women."

ONE Freshman was recently heard to inquire of another if an isthmus was land or water. After a period of deep thought, Freshman No. 2 replies, with a very knowing air, that it is water. To all such persons we would recommend the study of Geography, as it might prove beneficial.

A TELEGRAPHIC machine has been arranged between the Gymnasium and one of the recitation-rooms, thus affording to any one who may desire it, the opportunity of learning telegraphy. We understand that several of the young ladies are already deeply interested in the mystic dots and lines.

At a late meeting of the Hoo Doo Boat Club, Miss Helen Winslow was elected captain; Miss Margie Reed, Treasurer. An animated discussion followed concerning the badge of the club, but nothing definite was decided. They intend to row three times a week, regularly, and practice on the Charles River will be begun as soon as the weather permits.

A MEETING of "The Lasell Publishing Association" was held March 29th, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Cora Putnam; Vice-President, Miss Anna Beach; Secretary, Miss Stella Wadhams; Treasurer, Miss Nettie Libbey; Subscription Agent, Miss Susie Garfield; Editors, Ella Ellis, Nelly Ferguson, Annie Bragdon; Publisher, Miss Grace Fibley; Auditing Committee, Miss Carpenter, Miss Annie Seeley.

THERE is no small amount of boasting going on just now by the members of the Lasellia Club over their new pins. We cannot but say that there is good ground for their pride, for the design of the pins—a Latin gold cross with a wreath of burnished

gold around the top, is very handsome, and shows good taste in the selection;—yet as we have not been initiated into the mysteries of the Club, we fail to see the appropriateness of the design.

DR. MARY J. SAFFORD gave her first lecture of the term on April 13th. Her subject was "Care of the Sick," and her many useful suggestions were made more forcible by practical illustrations. The hearts of all the young ladies were filled with pity at the helpless condition and death-like paleness of the patient under care (a broom dressed in the most approved style), and at the close of the lecture were exceedingly solicitous in their attention. Dr. Safford's lectures are always listened to with a great deal of pleasure by the girls, as the subjects are always of practical interest.

One day during vacation, while at dinner, the girls were surprised by an invitation from Prof. Bragdon to visit Echo Bridge, in Newton Centre. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and at three o'clock the girls were all in the "barges" prepared for the pleasure-trip. Four o'clock found them all listening to the echoes, as some sang, some whistled (?), and others screamed at the top of their voices. This bridge has the second largest span in the world, and is interesting as a work of art. At times, it is said, seventeen echoes can be heard. The narrow wooden platform built out over the dark, still water is surrounded by a railing; and as one stands there listening to the clear repetition of every sound, it certainly seems as if spirits and fairies must be hidden in the solid rock.

WE clip the following from the Academy notes in the Poultney (Vt.) *Journal*: "The season for traveling is approaching, and we begin to look about us to see what is the prospect for 1881. We are pleased to learn that the lady principal, Miss Anna M. Thomson, is contemplating a trip abroad this season, and is now making engagements for a section of a European party under Dr. Lafayette C. Loomis, of Washington. These yearly parties are well known to the public, and are spoken of in the highest terms. Ladies and gentlemen going abroad this season, will do well to join this party. Mr. Loomis has been over the ground a great many times, and is perfectly familiar with it. He acts as guide and teacher, and his experience in this regard will be of vast importance to the tourist.

Besides the Doctor there will be Miss Thomson and other teachers; and those of

us who are acquainted with Miss Thomson, have learned to appreciate her worth as an instructor."

Those of us who were here at Lasell last year, know with what earnestness Miss Thomson, then our teacher in mathematics, applied herself to the forming of a European party, and we would recommend this section as a pleasant and instructive one, if we may judge from the careful preparation of its leader.

IN the rather monotonous round of a school-girl's life, such an event as a party creates quite a ripple of excitement. Through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Latimer, a pleasure of this kind was enjoyed by the Lasell girls on the occasion of the annual reception to the graduating class of Boston Theological Seminary. Occurring as it did in vacation, only those who "preferred to remain at school" were the fortunate ones. On the morning of the party, March 31st, such a dive as there was to the bottom of the school-girls' trunk, in a vain search for finery in the shape of light gloves, ruching and other necessary articles. Then a grand rush to the "large" dry-goods store of the village, whose proprietor was forced to fall back on the resources of the city to supply the increased demand.

There were a few words in the evening, when the finery failed to make its appearance until half-past seven. Judging from observation, the bandoline trade must have been unusually brisk!

The invitations were from half-past seven to ten, and eight o'clock saw the last load safely landed, out of the storm, into the hospitable mansion of Dr. Latimer, whose charming wife met us with a hearty welcome.

The pleasant rooms were nearly filled with the young theologians and a few people of the village. The young ladies behaved very well, considering they were school-girls, and it was quite astonishing how at ease the majority appeared. This was owing, doubtless, to the frequent social gatherings enjoyed by the Seminary girls.

The evening was passed very pleasantly in conversation with the young men, one of whom made such an impression that one young lady was heard to remark that we needed him at the Seminary. They kindly favored us, by request, with some delightfully stirring negro songs, one of which still haunts one of the girls, whose melodious voice breaks out ever and anon with "Roll, Jordan, Roll!"

This graduating class has the honor of numbering in its ranks a woman. The "flower of the class" is a sweet, delicate-looking little lady with a charming voice.

About half-past nine an elegant repast was served, Mrs. Latimer, doubtless, remembering the proverbially good appetite of seminary girls and *young men*.

At the unusually late hour of half-past ten, we said good-night to our kind host and hostess, and, attended by our escorts (?), wended our way homeward. The memory of that pleasant evening still clings around us, and our hearty thanks are due to our kind friends through whom it was made to pass so pleasantly.

ON Conference Sunday the pulpit of the Methodist Church was supplied by Miss Lent, a student in Boston Theological School.

Miss Lent graduates this year, and besides being the only lady in the class, has a very high standard.

It is a novel sight in these days to see a woman in the pulpit; but in spite of pet theories, prejudices, dogmatism and early training, no one could say but that Miss Lent filled her office with as much dignity, grace and ease as any minister could have done. Her sermon, from the text John xiii. 17, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," delivered without the aid of notes, and in a sweet, distinct voice, held the large audience in deep attention; and the truths let fall from her lips seemed none the less true and potent for coming from the mouth of a woman.

Exchanges.

SCARCELY a month passes without a new exchange making its appearance upon our table, and waiting expectant for our friendly criticism. It is not thought for a moment that it could be otherwise than friendly; and are we not excusable if we each think our paper a little superior?

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

The first paper we take from the formidable pile confronting us is the *Rouge et Noir*. We have looked the paper through carefully, and think the third page by far the most pleasing, unless we except the page of exchanges, which is deserving of a word of praise.

The *Hobart Herald* comes rather tardily, but is none the less enjoyable. The editorial is particularly good. It says: "There are those who seem to expect in

the edition of a college-paper all the wit and eloquence, all the shrewd common-sense and devotion to their labor, all the energy and tact, to be found in the fully developed journalist. Such expectant people, we are happy to say, are few. But those who seem to forget the disadvantage under which college editors labor, are many. They forget that the work is truly 'a labor of love'—that it is often an attempt to make 'bricks without straw.' Too true! We are perfectly aware that it is not all "plain sailing," to conduct a college-paper in a manner to meet the approval of all. It is so much easier to criticise than to do!

The *Princetonian* is always welcome, and continues to be bright and chatty.

The *Aurora* is certainly brilliant.

The *Exonian* is always pleasing.

The *Campus*, The *News Letter*, The *University Herald* and several others, are of about an equal standard. There is naturally considerable sameness in these college papers, and it seems unnecessary to particularize.

Publishers' Notes.

GIRLS, buy your gloves at the Fortuné kid-glove store, 9 Temple Place, where you are sure to obtain satisfaction.

SPECIAL attention is called to the advertisement of Crosby & Foss. Their display of silver-ware, etc., is very fine.

MUSICAL girls, notice the music-books advertised by Oliver Ditson & Co., and after noticing, do the next thing—purchase.

You will be more benefited by your constitutional walks, if you take our advice and get a pair of "Common Sense" shoes at Moseley's.

SOME of you have not yet had your photographs taken. When you are making arrangements for the trying ordeal, remember Hardy, 493 Washington Street.

WE wish to call attention once more to the Hektograph advertised on page 11. Having used one, and found it a great saver of time and labor, we recommend it to all.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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BOSTON.

THE following remarkable poem by Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit, who was born in 1560, and executed at Tyburn in 1595, is, in compactness of thought and felicity of expression, hardly equaled by any similar production within our knowledge. It is a perfect mosaic of maxims, and, with very slight alteration, would bear cutting up into lines every one of which would serve as an apothegm. We have italicized a line of rare rythmical beauty.

Times Go by Turns.

The loppèd tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest night may find release from pain;
The driest soil suck in some moistening
shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change, by
course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest
web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus, with succeeding terms, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that, by mischance, was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few but have all they need, none all they
wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never
all.

THE following article appeared recently in a Portland paper; but as it was written by a member of our school, we think it should of right find a place in the LEAVES, even though not originally written for its pages.—*Ed.*

Reminiscences of Camp-Life.

THE dogs were howling all night long around the little tent where the sick man lay. The prolonged dismal sounds we mistook in the evening for moans from a human sufferer; next we thought perhaps it might be a coyote. Dogs were rare in that vicinity. Did they scent decay from afar? Can they know when death is near?

The light gleamed steadily from the invalid's tent, but it burnt there now every night. We all realized that Mr. Mills was failing rapidly. He was in consumption, but would not believe it. He and his wife, a few weeks before, had camped across the plains from Missouri. He was a man of iron constitution, and his strong will resisted disease with obstinate defiance. He had come full of faith in Colorado as a sanitarium. Doubtless his end was hastened by coming.

Even his wife had only begun to see his danger; for, after his worst nights, with a courage that might well be mistaken for strength, he would sit outside of his tent in the early morning and greet his neighbors cheerfully, affirming that he was better, and sensitively declining sympathy or aid. Therefore, his wife was left alone with him. And therefore, despite our friendly pity, we, who had our own share of care and anxiety, lay down and fell into the sleep of the weary, after we had sat awhile talking in low tones, and shivering a little in the coolness which follows even the hottest days in this climate.

The mercury had stood at nearly a hundred in the shade till mid-afternoon. It was the summer of 1879, when the West suffered greatly from drought. Thousands of cattle perished on their way to water, and even men sometimes died of thirst on the plains. But the heat of Colorado is seldom oppressive, and the sudden showers which arise in the mountain regions, succeeded as suddenly by the same brilliant sunshine as before, had to-day been accompanied by an abundance of hail; and now great cumulus clouds were drifting over the wonderful blue of the sky, while Orion, Cassiopea and the Pleiades looked out between the rifts more brilliant than I ever saw them elsewhere.

The high latitude and rare atmosphere produce great clearness, and the air, especially at night, is redolent with the fragrance of many flowers. We were a village of campers. Our white tents formed a gleaming cluster in a grove of scrub oaks and cotton-wood trees, while here and there stood a big camping-wagon. My bed-room was one of the latter. The little party of which I was a member had in it one invalid, who failing, thus far, to find Colorado efficacious to cure, had eagerly grasped at the last straw,—the popular notion that out-door life, with a return to the simple habits of Nature, is a sure panacea.

There is something pathetic in the easy delusion of the clearest-headed, when disease attacks him or his. The pursuit of the flitting Goddess of Health is, indeed, the mocking chase of the *ignis-fatuus*. The weary pilgrim is beguiled from one clime to another, until means fail or life ends. Colorado, in some parts of it, is like a big hospital. Many come vainly, often too late, or, perhaps, to have one disease supplanted by another as bad. The curative agencies here are greatly overrated. The insufficient accommodations of the new country, with its exorbitant prices, favor the camping tendency, so that crowds of people, from near and far, either pitch their tents in some pleasant spot for the summer, or wander about, camping here and there, at will.

Our big wagons were some of the scattered caravan which passed the table hills going from Denver, crossed the Divide, and went down the southern slope. We camped as we went, seeing the country, and enjoying much, but learning some not wholly pleasant lessons. Campers should be young, vigorous and hopeful; not fastidiously nice, but able to accept Nature herself as a recompense for evils or deficiencies. The plague of black flies, the terrific winds laden with alkaline dust, the living on canned food—these ills we bore quite cheerfully; but when we camped in the "Garden of the Gods," even the grandeur of the cathedral-like rocks hardly compensated us for the extreme thirst which the warm water of the ditches would not satisfy.

I, who was a "tenderfoot," or late-comer, with eyes fresh from Eastern verdure, truly realized the aridity of the land, where even the short native grass, which turns to hay upon the stalk, was this season wanting. Our horses and mules found no nourishment amid the wild sage-brush.

At last we settled upon this spot among the foot hills of Pike's Peak, beside a noisy creek that came tumbling through Ute Pass, and at the entrance of one of the most beautiful cañons of the State. The butcher, the baker and grocer found us here, and the post-office was not distant, so that our life was quite civilized.

Our little community was somewhat varied in character. The city-bred and cultured were represented, and the laboring farmer, come, it may be, from some remote section of Kansas, Missouri or Nebraska, and marked by provincialisms of speech. But each tent held at least one invalid, and this was a common bond of sympathy and friendliness.

All night the high winds rocked my airy chamber, and woke me often. I saw the light always gleaming in the sick man's tent. In the gray of the morning I was broad awake. The eastern clouds were slightly suffused with color. A Colorado blue-bird, with kingly tuft, was flitting about a near oak, uttering his occasional harsh cry. An early chipmunk was after his breakfast. I heard a frequent hollow cough from one or more of the tents. I caught sight of Mrs. Mills hurrying over the plateau in front. She was hastily dressed, and wore on her head a sun-bonnet of pasteboard slats—a fashion still preserved by some Westerners. I ran toward her; she turned her tear-stained face to me, and without stopping, said:—

"My husband is dying. Isn't it dreadful?"

As soon as possible I followed her. As I approached, I saw the canvas at the back of the tent hastily torn open. I looked in. Mrs. Mills was holding her husband's head up to the air, while a kind neighbor fanned him and applied restoratives. Evidently it was too late; the eyes were set, the lips ghastly pale. The morning sun, looking over the hill-tops, shone suddenly in and softly lighted the face of the dead.

All day a melancholy rain was falling, but Mrs. Mills could not be beguiled from her post beside the dead, lying with covered face in a new and solemn serenity. He had yielded calmly at last, when he knew that it was God's will, and had parted tenderly from his wife, sending messages to his children.

His brother was summoned, and came speedily. The funeral was to be very early the next morning, that the distant train might be reached.

There was no opportunity to buy mourning garments, but we did what we could to

give Mrs. Mills a respectable look. One brought some rather shabby black gloves, another a veil or a bit of crape. It was not much of a success. The coffin rested on an improvised bed, and above it and us were only the sky and the trees. Every seat was made available, even to a tub turned bottom upward, while several knelt or sat on the ground. All the neighbors gathered—a homely group of sunburnt men and women in the plain garb of our forest life. A merry party on donkeys passed us at the right, while a party of strangers on foot came and joined us, one lady weeping freely during the services. The children hung shyly around the outskirts, and a baby in its mother's arms made a weak wailing at intervals. Two buggies and a camp-wagon went by on the left. It was a funeral train bearing the body of a three-weeks'-old baby from up the creek. Its short life had opened here in a tent.

The simple service was read by a clergyman who chanced to be near while making a tour of the country. He spoke a few appropriate words, and uttered a short but solemn prayer. Then all sang the familiar hymn, "The Home over There." The leading voice was a little harsh and cracked. Its owner was a gaunt, elderly woman, who had been tenderly kind to the dead man and his wife; and none of us could criticise. The singing mingled with the noise of the Ruckens, now more swollen and turbulent than usual, because of the late rains. Flocks of pigeons—our scavengers—sailed aloft, occasionally settling down near us, and rising again with a whirr of wings. Great clouds began to gather over the sky, with a threat of rain.

The service ended, a dingy hack took away the two mourners, with two of our number, who accompanied them to the station. A rattling express-wagon followed, into which the coffin was lifted. It shook and knocked about in a manner quite unpleasant to see, while the careless driver lay back smoking and reading a newspaper.

We never saw Mrs. Mills again; but she wrote us of the sad home-bringing to her fatherless children.

Our little company was soon scattered, never to meet here again, for several have passed away from earth. Some of the youngest and most interesting—those who seemed but little ailing—were gone before the summer came again.

REGULARITY or order in one's life comes only from giving a due share of time to retirement and reflection.

The East as Seen through Western Eyes.

THE term "The West," in the United States, has nearly as many meanings as there are people, depending, of course, on the locality in which those people live. But "The East" means to all, excepting the extreme Westerners, about the same thing. To the majority of the people on the Eastern coast the term "West" applies to an indefinite stretch of territory beyond New York State. To the initiated, the term signifies that part of our country beyond the Mississippi. Although we of the so-called West admit that there were *once* Indians in that region, and that in the Rocky Mountains may still be seen wild beasts and miners (which two animals seem to be hopelessly mixed in certain minds), still we do mildly object to the notion of an Eastern girl who "had an idea" that one of our large cities in Ohio was much like Leadville, where pocket-pistols are necessary articles of dress. Fortunately, such instances of ignorance are in the minority.

"Uncultured" Western eyes look to the East as the backbone of all intelligence — the home of our most celebrated men. Giving to it the prestige of greater age, it would be strange indeed if the East were not far ahead in some particulars. Around Boston much historical interest centers. Much pride is naturally felt in the city where stands the Old South Church of two hundred and fifty years ago. Boston people point with pride to the Old North Church, where hung the signal to Paul Revere, when he took his famous ride through "every town of Middlesex County." All of this region is historic ground, and everything breathes of the past, from Bunker Hill Monument down to the grave-yard on Copp's Hill.

The many small, quiet suburban villages, where the wealth and aristocracy of the large cities live, are so peaceful and pleasant that the very air breathes of comfort and rest. They are delightful; but who can wonder that active youth finds staid old New England irksome, and leaves her for the promising opportunities of the less-densely-populated West, where young talent can find speedier and firmer foot-hold than in the overstocked East.

The scenery of the East is indeed very beautiful; there are the green hills, lovely valleys, clear, sparkling rivers and brooks, and delightful drives over smooth, hard roads through the small towns scattered

everywhere. One can scarcely walk half a mile on a level; but climbing hills over sharp stones is strengthening to the muscles, if hard on shoe-leather. The rivers disappoint one, after the rapid currents of the West. The former are very pretty; but after hearing all one's life of the grand Connecticut, and, thanks to our imagination, probably expecting something fully equal, at least, to the Ohio, to find how narrow and small it actually is, is quite a surprise.

To those who have only seen the East, we repeat the trite advice, "Go West," and see by contrast the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi Rivers.

Indeed, if more Eastern people went West, many eyes would be opened to the wonders of this larger part of our country. A large proportion of Western people travel, thinking nothing of a trip East two or three times a year; while very few of the born-and-bred New Englanders ever see the Western part of their own country. The average New Englander settles down in the nest warmly lined by the traditions of his ancestors, "who came over in the May-flower;" and there he stays till he dies, perfectly contented with an occasional trip to the "Hub." A great many take the European tour; while still more stay rusting at home. The Western farmer travels more than his Eastern brother. Of late years it is true there has been a marked increase in traveling all over the country, much to the general advantage.

Among the trivial but marked peculiarities of Eastern people which strike a Westerner at once, is the general prevalence of near-sightedness. Spectacles were formerly a prerogative of old age, or a mark of some affliction. Literary men began to use them for weak eyes, occasioned by severe study. Judging from the constant use of spectacles, it would seem that two-thirds of the population of New England are either very old or very intellectual people; and the alarming frequency with which these aids to sight are seen as one nears Boston, confirms one in the impression that Boston really must be, as it claims, the center of all culture. Near-sightedness appeared to be as common, if not as fatal, as consumption, — "the curse of New England." It is strongly hinted by reliable authority that clear glass is used in the vicinity. Possibly Boston streets were purposely laid out narrow with a view to the universal misfortune of her people.

Westerners are charged with the use of provincialisms of speech; but some Eastern

expressions strike a stranger as being very peculiar. In this cultured region one hears in reply to a proffered word of information, "I want to know!" A man who "fails" out West, would "fail up" in the East. If you inquire after a person's health, he is "nicely." A Bostonian speaks of traveling "down to Maine," and in asking your opinion, says, "How do you like?" One would suppose at first that their alphabet is composed of only twenty-five letters, if they did not betray a habit which is questionably preferable to the "English" style, — that of adding the otherwise unpronounceable letter to words ending in a vowel; so that "Ella, Emma, idea," and like words, become "Eller, Emmer and idear."

In speaking of the social life of the East, we would suggest that it would be greatly improved if to its cold, stiff exclusiveness, which is very necessary in its place, were added a goodly share of the free, open-handed hospitality of the West. All the West has been settled originally by New Englanders, to a great extent; but their sojourn in "the land of the setting sun," where everything is on a larger, grander scale, and where, necessarily, there are fewer, comparatively, near neighbors, has developed a more generous, warm-hearted nature, which stretches out a welcoming hand to all mankind as to brethren.

From the German.

Rest is not quitting
This busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self for its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Free without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best;
'Tis onward unswerving—
And that is true rest.

SAID CONFUCIUS: "If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basket full on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain."

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

DURING the past few months we have been many times shocked and saddened by sudden deaths among those well known to fame. Since our last issue, one has been taken from the men of letters in Boston, whom we counted among our especial friends. We allude to James T. Fields. For a number of years it has been our privilege to listen to the entertaining lectures he has delivered at Lasell, and each year has added to our appreciation of him. Being intimately acquainted with many of the poets and prose writers of his day, he was able to speak of them in such a way that hearing about them from him, made the study of their lives and works doubly interesting. Mr. Field's pleasant face and genial manners will long be remembered by many who have known him as an author, a lecturer or a friend.

MR. BRAGDON thought and talked a little, at the beginning of the year, of joining Dr. Loomis' yearly excursion party to

Europe, this summer, taking under his special care such of the girls as could go. The same plan was carried out two years ago; and we who have heard from the fortunate girls who went, of the delightful time they had, were anxious for our turn to come; but a very important piece of work has come to the front this year, to attend to which Mr. Bragdon has thought best to defer a little longer the cherished plan of the European trip;—nothing less than the building of the long wished-for new wing, which is already begun, and which is to go rapidly forward during the summer, in order to be ready for the opening of school in the fall. We are sorry to lose the trip this year, but think the new wing the best possible excuse for putting it off. Mr. Bragdon asks us to say through the columns of the "LEAVES," that the plan is only put off, not given up at all, and that next year he hopes to go with a pleasant party. Four persons have already taken places, and others are thinking of it. The year will soon slip by, and we think it would be a good idea for those who hope to go, to begin to "read up" a little. It would help to fill pleasantly the long summer days that are coming. Then if they do join the party next summer, they will be able to look at the Old World with more intelligent eyes; and if the happy time should be deferred still longer for them, much will yet have been learned, in a very delightful way.

Lasell Girls at Home.

THE declared aim of Lasell Seminary to fit girls to be practical, useful, happy women, has a proof of success in a beautiful souvenir, lately sent to the Principal, by Abbie Turner,—one of a group of pupils returned to their Western homes.

This is a *menu*, elegantly printed on satin, with a bouquet, laid by the plates at a dinner "given by our Cooking-Club to our gentleman friends, yesterday evening, at one of our homes." Instead of dawdle and gossip, round dances, and all the weak efforts in opera airs and "culcha," these girls are making themselves a center of wholesome and gracious influence in home arts. If young ladies would but realize how much they could do in the little communities where they belong, by making themselves an inspiration in all loveliness of life, and practice goodness, we think that the millennium would seem less far away.

Following is the *menu*, which is handsomely printed on rose-colored satin:—

XLI MENU.

Tomato Soup, *à la* Sharlie.

Fish, *à la* Mariette.

Roast Beef, *à la* Abbie.

Potatoes, Corn, Macaroni, *à la* Alice.

Bread, *à la* Hattie.

Lettuce Salad, *à la* Eva.

Olives, Pickles.

Pine-apple Sherbet, *à la* Kate.

Snow-Cake, *à la* Ida.

Fruit, Coffee.

Letter from New York.

THE recent Musical Festival, although now numbered among the things of the past, will long be remembered. It proved a success beyond expectation. The Seventh Regiment Armory, in which the concerts were given, was filled to its utmost capacity at every performance, and, on some occasions, there was not even standing-room for the crowds who thronged the entrance, but at last were obliged to turn away disappointed. The music rendered was, without exception, of a high grade; and with such soloists as Gerster, Campanini and Cary, how could the lovers of music fail to be attracted. The chorus, composed of about twelve hundred singers, who have been training for a year past, sang excellently, and it was inspiring to hear the melody of so many voices, and a grand sight to witness, from the audience, so vast an assemblage of singers.

One of the most signal successes of the Festival was the performance of the "Berlioz Requiem," at the second evening concert. The large audience, critical attention and evident satisfaction on that evening show how this famous work was received and appreciated, and satisfied the fears of the daily press as to whether New York were ready for it—a fact which they had doubted before the concert, and of which we had been duly informed. The "Messiah" was given at one of the evening concerts, and, as usual, drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Mme. Gerster seemed hardly herself in oratorio music, and the triumphs of the evening were accorded to Miss Cary, whose rendering in all cases, but particularly in the passage, "He shall feed his flock," was all that could be desired, and drew forth well-merited praise.

A very pleasing feature of the Festival was the admiration expressed by the chorus for their leader, Dr. Damrosch. It is said that he had endeared himself very much to

them by his pleasing manner toward them, and upon every occasion when he took his place upon the stand, he was greeted by most enthusiastic applause.

Altogether, the first Musical Festival was such an unbounded success, financially, as well as otherwise, that we hope for its repetition every spring, or, at least, biennially, as the May Festivals at Cincinnati.

For several days of last week we feared summer had settled upon us in good earnest; and no wonder, with the mercury ranging among the nineties. But a sudden change took place one evening after an unbearably hot day, and we are now enjoying a longer lease of spring. The warm days bring forcibly to mind Coney Island, Rockaway, and the kindred resorts so numerous and accessible around New York. Coney Island, with its mammoth hotels at Brighton and Manhattan, and its newest and finest addition, the Oriental, seemed almost perfect; but no doubt improvements have been made for the coming season, and further attractions will be offered to the throngs that will soon crowd the shores of the Island. Indeed, even now the resorts have many visitors, but only a handful to what it will be later in the season.

The latter part of May or early June, brings a flutter of excitement among the many Sunday-school scholars of the "City of Churches," for it is then that their annual parade takes place. I believe that the custom of a Sunday-school march is peculiar to Brooklyn. New York schools used to follow a similar custom years ago, but of late it is discontinued. First, the schools assemble at their various churches, and have exercises of singing and speeches. Afterward, they all unite, and march down one of the principal avenues, which has previously been swept, and all vehicles forbidden upon it. After the march each school returns again to its church, and an informal social is held, and refreshments provided for officers, teachers and scholars. It is a grand sight to witness the army of children in march, as the crowds who gather on sidewalks and in windows could testify. Of course each one is dressed in his or her best, for this gala occasion; each school provides a band, so there is plenty of music; and the flags and banners waving add to the brilliancy of the scene. It almost reminds one of the times of the Crusades, and the multitude of children who marched forth then; but the faces are happier than they ever could have been in those days.

Any one who knows aught of childhood, will see that this march is just calculated

to please little folks, to say nothing of proud mammas, who watch with such interest their gaily-dressed little ones as they march by. It isn't always so pleasing to teachers and older scholars, especially if the appointed day proves very warm; but it is remarkable how well they turn out, and how all ages are represented in the annual parade.

The inhabitants of New York are favored in many ways, and for years no remarkable calamity has visited the city. It is with no pleasant feelings that they anticipate the pestilence which has been foretold for this summer. The physicians and wise men assert that it is almost an impossibility for the city to escape cholera or some like epidemic as soon as the heated term comes upon us, and the powerful rays of a summer sun are directed to the heaps of accumulated filth in all our streets. It is a dreadful thing to contemplate a visit from pestilence of any sort in a crowded city like New York, with its overflowing tenements and its filthy garrets and cellars—all abodes of the wretched poor. Whether things will be as bad as predicted, of course no one can say, and just now, all that the wisest of us can do is to wait and see.

The May Party.

ON Monday evening, May 2d, the Gymnasium was a scene of gayety; for it was there that the coronation of our May Queen took place.

Miss Lillie Wadhams, who had been confined to her room for a week past, with a sprained foot, was chosen queen. She was totally unaware of this honor, and as she came down to supper for the first time, that night, one of the girls suggested that she stay down stairs to see the girls go through with their gymnastics. This she was very glad to do.

At quarter past eight the pupils assembled in the Gymnasium, and Lillie was invited to take the honored seat, much to her surprise. Immediately following this, Miss Emily Peabody, the orator of the occasion, placed the crown of roses upon the Queen's head, amid the applause of the interested audience.

Miss Etta Jones and Miss Nelly Ferguson then favored the company with vocal solos; after which the girls indulged in a little dancing. At about nine, refreshments were served. After a little more

music and dancing the girls bade their Queen, who wore her honors so becomingly, good-night, and repaired to their rooms.

Senior Items.

A SENIOR meeting for the election of officers was recently called by the President, Gertrude M. Rice, the result being, Vice-President, Anna T. Lovering; Secretary, Ella F. Ellis; Treasurer, Nelly B. Ferguson.

The question now under discussion is, "What shall we have as class-remembrances?" The members of the class do not want to travel the well-worn road, and have rings; for as this class was the one to institute a new order of exercises at Junior exhibitions, it wants to show a little originality in the matter of class-remembrances.

The Seniors are enjoying a course of Art Lectures, by Miss Cushman, and trying to understand a course on "The Philosophy of Christianity," by Dr. Latimer.

Personals.

HATTIE STEVENSON anticipates coming East, this summer.

It is rumored that Lillie Potter will be with us Commencement.

THE engagement of Mattie Lorimer to Mr. Griggs, is contradicted.

FLOY FRENCH is book-keeper for the firm of Q. S. Backus, Winchendon, Mass.

MISS C. BUTLER is taking music lessons at the New England Conservatory.

MISS MAYNARD was made happy, a short time ago, by a visit from her aunt.

ANOTHER new girl has been added to our ranks—Miss Wilson, from Boston.

MISS PEABODY enjoyed a call from one of her Cincinnati friends, not long ago.

MISSSES STEDMAN and Orrell have been favored by visits from their cousins.

WITHIN the past few weeks, Misses A. White, Winter, Moore and Gilbert have made us flying visits.

MISS HIBBARD, in order to meet friends from England, has gone to her home in Montreal. She will return in a few weeks.

WE understand that Grace White is to sail for Europe the 28th inst. She has the best wishes of all her school-friends for a pleasant trip.

LOUIE and Nannie Fisher are attending school at Cincinnati: the former, the School of Design; the latter, a private boarding-school.

MISS CONVERSE has left us for a few days, on account of illness. We hope she will speedily recover, and soon return to her many friends at Lasell.

MISSSES PENNELL, Thornton and Stockwell spent a few days at their *Alma Mater*, a few weeks ago. We are always glad to see the old girls come often.

LOUISE FULLER is attending the University at Utica, N. Y.; Lina Morgan, the Home School, at Norwich, N. Y.; and Alice Howard, the Seminary at Waterbury, Conn.

MR. FITZGERALD, of Washington, came to Auburndale, May 8th, and took his sister, who was not feeling well, from our midst. We were all sorry to say good-bye to such a valuable member of the school.

A Pleasant Afternoon.

A FEW years ago we were spending our summer vacation in Port Rush, a small watering-place in the north of Ireland. The town is situated on a small peninsula, so that the ocean can be seen from almost any part of it. There is hardly any beach to speak of, but a great number of huge rocks, which make capital seats whereon to sit and read, and crevices among which to wander, hunting shells and sea-weed. This is the way we spent one afternoon, and we all enjoyed it so much that hardly a day passed that we did not visit the place. This day we took some books and fancy-work with us; but soon wearying of these, we started off in search of shells. As we went along we saw an old man sitting on the rocks and singing, "Hold the Fort," while all the time he was busily engaged in knitting a stocking. He looked so funny, and was occupied in so queer a way, that we all laughed outright, and hurried away, lest he should hear us and be offended. We had not gone very far before we met a tall, lank Irishman, who said in a very solemn manner, pointing into the deep water, "Children, if ye fall in there, there'll be no redemption of ye." This speech set us laughing again, and we began to think

the rocks must be a favorite resort for peculiar people. We now began to pick up shells, industriously, and in a short time had collected quite a quantity, most of which were very bright and pretty. Among them we had a few delicate pink and some red ones, which were very much admired; we never told anyone, however, that they were only snail-shells. Down in the clear little pools of water we could see some most beautiful sea-anemones of different colors and shades; some bright crimson, others yellow or green or pink, and yet others of pure white. In the water they looked like lovely flowers; but on taking them out, they resembled nothing but a little lump of jelly. While admiring these beautiful creatures we suddenly espied a large crab, which, after many unsuccessful attempts to land, we at last captured, by twisting a net around it and pulling it up over the rocks. We then, after getting some seaweed, set off for home, taking our precious crab with us. We intended to have it cooked for tea, and so were very much disappointed to learn that it was not the right kind to eat. The next morning we took it back to the water, and it was quite pleasant to see it wriggle down, in the deep pool, under shelter of a large stone, seeming to enjoy its liberty again.

Dr. Lord's Lectures.

Napoleon Bonaparte. — The question arises, Was Napoleon a benefactor, or not? and it must be answered, not by his mistakes or faults, but by the real services he rendered France. He was a terrible enemy to executive power, and was very different as an emperor than as consul. We can neither bestow unqualified praise or censure, for he attempted to do the best for France, as far as he could see. For forty years he prevented the unlawful taking up of arms by the mob. France became jealous of his fame after his conquest in Italy. His love of power and his inordinate ambition, led to the invasion of Egypt, which was a crime — an act as unnecessary and unwarranted as Alexander's conquests. He was an arch liar, but he won the people, and was elected, at last, emperor, by the people. The middle classes were especially benefited by him. He instituted the Bank of France, paid his army, built a splendid road over the Alps, and so stable was his government, so perfect his laws, that prosperity returned to the country. Up to

1807, nothing can be charged against him which history will not extenuate. He made two great mistakes, — the invasions of Russia and Spain. He subdued all monarchies but England and Persia, and besides being the greatest conqueror, was the tyrant of our race, and the greatest sinner of modern times.

Madame De Stael. — At the head of all women, Madame Stael stands preëminent, not only over literary women, but most literary men of the time. She was born on the eve of the French Revolution, in an age when there was a new awakening in literature. Writers of that time were irreligious and satirical, but her soul towered above her intellect. She was restless; Paris was her world; she was not without heart, but her ruling passion was for admiration. At fifteen she was selected to write the Edict of Nantes, and was an eye-witness to the Revolution. Napoleon did not like her any better than she liked him, for she had a powerful influence on the politics; so he banished her within forty leagues of Paris. She mastered the German language, and was a friend to Schiller and Schlegel, and is the only writer who did justice to the German writers. She visited Italy with Sismondi.

Then followed the most beautiful apostrophe to sunny Italy that one ever heard. The audience sat almost breathless until he had finished.

Madame de Maintenon. — One of the women who has exerted a powerful influence upon politics, as well as upon society. In Paris, woman has reached the highest eminence in fashionable society. This woman arose to her position by personal merit alone. When a girl, she was merely a dependant upon a relative, but was bright and pretty, and was even then panting for entrance into society. She accepted an offer of marriage from the poet Scarron, who had a deformed figure and ugly face, but who was so witty that he drew around him the best of Paris society. She reigned like a queen in his home, and after his death undertook the care of the children of Louis XIV., as governess, and superseded Madame Montespan in his affections. He afterward secretly married her, and on account of her early connections dared never publicly acknowledge her as his wife. She was a Jesuit of society, adapting means to an end. Her conversational powers were unrivaled. Literature may do much for society and for the world, but the living voice is the greatest educator. She was, unfortunately, the slave of the

Roman Catholics, and her influence was powerful at court. To this power is attributed the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, following which came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She lived to see herself what she most wished to be,—the first woman of Paris society.

Thomas Carlyle.—Your reporter went to the last lecture with pencil and ears sharpened, to hear what he had to say on the subject of Peter the Great. Through some mistake, for which the lecturer apologized, he brought Thomas Carlyle, and from the applause with which the change was greeted, we decide that it was not unacceptable. We have thoroughly enjoyed this course of lectures, and appreciate the trouble Professor Bragdon has taken to place them before us.

Something of Delaware.

ALTHOUGH so small a State, Delaware must not be despised, for the best goods sometimes come from the smallest bundles, and some of the best fruits come from Delaware. The northern part of the State is hilly, rocky and beautiful, particularly in the extreme north, as it approaches Pennsylvania. This region is not the fruit section. The central and southern parts, which are very sandy, are where the fruit is most abundant. Strawberries, of course, come first. The berry-pickers—men, women and children—start for the berry patches long before day, and as soon as the first streaks of light enable them to distinguish the ripe berries from the green ones, they are at work. As strawberries decay so quickly, they must be picked, packed and shipped before noon. This leaves the afternoon to the pickers to enjoy as they please, and the majority prefer to go home and rest. After strawberries, come raspberries, blackberries, apples, and that fruit for which Delaware is so noted, peaches.

In the spring, the peach-orchards are a mass of beautiful pink blossoms of different shades. Soon the blossoms fall and the leaves come; then the most delicious peaches that were ever eaten. The climate of this little State is not very different from that of Massachusetts. Spring is perhaps a little earlier, autumn somewhat later, but, altogether, it differs very little.

A word for the teachers.—Peabody says: "A man must be either self-governed, or be under worse government than his own."

Miscellany.

WARM weather is here.

COMMENCEMENT Day is June 15th.

THE Botany class have commenced to analyze.

ON the 13th inst. the ground for the new wing was broken.

ONE of the young ladies was recently heard to inquire of what nationality the Siamese twins were.

TRAILING ARBUTUS does not grow in Auburndale; but from the quantities of this sweet flower which we see in school, we are assured that the girls are not forgotten by their friends.

MAY 5th, several of the students improved the opportunity of attending the last Philharmonic Concert, in Boston, at Music Hall. The concert was, in every respect, as good, if not better, than the preceding one.

THE classes in practice-cooking have finished the course, and all are now competent to initiate any one into the mysteries of the art, and to show what a pleasant task it is to roast meats, frost puddings, make bread, etc.

DURING this term Dr. Latimer will give a course of lectures on the "Philosophy of Christianity," under these heads: May 4th, "Christian Revelation"; May 18th, "Divine Ideal of Man"; May 25th, "Atonement"; June 8th, "Final Condition of Humanity."

THE croquet season has begun, and almost any hour of the day may be seen groups of maidens on the lawn, participating in this scientific (?) game. Professor has furnished a new set of croquet, and also the delightful game of lawn tennis; and with archery, rowing, horseback-riding and driving, we cannot help but spend the recreation hours very pleasantly.

S. D.

THE election of officers for the remainder of this term and the first of next, took place on Friday evening, May 6th, with the following results:—

President	Miss Bragdon.
Vice-President	Miss Stedman.
Secretary	Miss Peabody.
Treasurer	Miss Savage.
Critic	Miss L. Wadhams.
Usher	Miss Haley.

Editor of the "Leaves":—

UPON reading the notice in the Williams' *Athenæum* in regard to our paper, I find that the poem entitled "May-flowers," was praised. I rise to explain. It was not original—it was taken from an old magazine; but the neglect to append "Selected," was from ignorance of the rules of spacing, and I thought the word would not look well at the top of the next column.

EDITOR OF APRIL "LEAVES."

GEOLOGY CLASS. Teacher.—"Miss —, tell us about the formation of rocks." Miss —.—"The skeletons of vertebræ helped to constitute our rocks." Signs of approval from the class!

ONE of the members of the Oriental History class who declared that Solomon never was married, was advised to look up his life. This she did, and found he had had only seven hundred wives.

THE following was heard issuing from a Freshman's room: 1st. F. reads: "Upon the deck of the "Idlewild" sat the infant, with a ponderous tome." 2d F.—"What is that tome—anything like a banana?" We hastened down the corridor.

UPON looking over a programme of the Thomas concert, one of the young women interested in music, remarked: "I have heard Schubert, Handel and Mozart, but never happened to hear Beethoven, but shall the first time he comes to Boston."

TWO Vassar College girls were on their way home over the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, the other day. "Maryland!" yelled the brakeman, as the train pulled up at the station. "What did he say?" asked one of the girls. "Maryland," replied the other. "Oh, let's get out!" exclaimed the first, with sudden interest. But they were too late; the train had started.

YOUNG female "semiter" to druggist.—"Please give me a quarter of a pound of quince-seeds." Being ignorant of the rise in the price of said article, innocent y. f. hands the druggist eighteen cents. Dumbfounded druggist.—"One dollar and a quarter, if you please." Prolonged silence, during a vain search for the requisite dollar and seven cents, and resulting in the y. f. s's deciding that "an ounce will be sufficient."

SATURDAY, April 23d, as it was the last cooking-lecture of the course, the students

went to Miss Parloa's rooms, in Boston. Here we were entertained by an informal talk on the subject of bread-making for some sixty minutes or so, during which time the dough had been kneaded, patted, and put in the oven. How nice it looked when it was baked! After we had tested the bread, and found it to be as nice as it looked, we were treated to ice-cream and cake, which were also of superior quality. At half-past five we were on our way to the depot, feeling well pleased, and grateful to Miss Parloa for our afternoon's entertainment. I have no doubt but that many of us longed for vacation, so that we could put our hands into the flour, and see what kind of luck we would have in making the "staff of life."

For the past four years Miss Parloa has given object-lessons in cooking at this Seminary, but this year was her last. We understand she is going to Chicago, to establish a cooking-school in that city. We shall all miss her cheerful face and pleasant manners. May happiness and prosperity ever attend her footsteps.

OUR class-room work is sometimes supplemented by practical demonstrations furnished by visits to museums, art galleries, factories or work-shops. The other day several of us girls went to visit the Natural History Rooms, in connection with Geology, and had a very pleasant and profitable trip. We were also interested in other departments beside the Geological, and will not soon forget the wonderful and beautiful specimens there on exhibition; but I presume the information given by our worthy instructress added greatly to the interest. When we were looking at the peculiar little insects, one of the girls professed to be quite in love with "Bug-ology"; but our attention was not so much taken with the bugs as not to hear the comment of one of our number on a model of an animal of long ago: "I wonder which is the head!" Some of us were wondering how the weight of the large nugget of gold, on exhibition there, could be estimated in its separate parts, the fine gold and dross, and still retain its original form, when we were told that it was only a model. After leaving the Natural History Rooms we walked through the Common, enjoying the fine breeze, which was not to be found in any other place in the city on this warm day. Our call at Copeland's may be counted among the most agreeable features of our trip. On our way to the Art Museum we stopped at the Public Library, for just one look at the works of the old authors who

have occupied so much of our thought and time in school. At the Art Museum especial attention was paid to statuary and drawing, although the mummies received a passing thought.

Exchanges.

THE "Notes of Travel" in the *Sunbeam* are uniquely written, and form a pleasant part of the number.

THE *Willistonian* is a well-written, clearly-printed little paper, showing care in its preparation. Perhaps we may not be considered good judges, but it must prove interesting to athletics.

The grumbling *Echo*, from Waterville, repeats itself every month. It finds fault with the weather and with the world generally, but especially seems to vent its wrath upon college exchanges; but the *Echo* is so weak, that by the time the withering words reach their destination, they have little force.

THE *Lantern* entertains us with a five-column account of Russia, and the mistakes in her government. We would like to suggest that "*es ist ein wenig alt*," and that the next beam may shine upon and illuminate some such interesting topic as "The Dead-Lock in the Senate," which will probably yield to Garfield's key before the next issue.

WE find the *Bowdoin Orient* containing a large amount of editorial matter, which is good, particularly the article on "College Songs." "There is a feeling of unity, of brotherhood and of loyalty in song, and every one must feel, as he hears a body of college men carol out their college songs, that the truest love and strongest faith are being thus expressed."

THE literary department of the Alabama University paper is filled with interesting articles, but there is, it seems to us, a little too much expressed emphasis. The sense should be so apparent, that any person who is careful enough, so that you would care at all for his opinions, could understand the point without the aid of numerous italics and small capitals.

THE articles in the *Dickinson Liberal* are rather heavy reading, but well composed. A little more unphilosophical would make the paper more interesting to the majority. Some one has said that the college journals indicate the character and talent of

the school they represent. So if, *Dickinson*, you are so morally inclined, why, had you not better be liberal enough to unbend a little, for the sake of others?

THERE is excellent advice implied in the salutatory of the new editors of the *Brunonian*. We cannot say it so well as they, so we will quote: "If a college journal would be well supported and successful, it must be the true exponent of college life; must be willing at all times to firmly defend the cause of the students . . . but ever to be unwavering in steadfast obedience to the right. We do not think, however, that the interests of the students demand that we must forever be carping at the existing order of things." This is the fault of too many of our college papers; it is especially noticeable in the *Harvard Crimson*, which is always advising an improvement, or finding fault with new rules.

Publisher's Notices.

GIRLS, when you have your pictures framed, go to C. H. Godman & Co.

SEND your orders for ice-cream, cake and confectionery to James Paxton.

READ the advertisement of Paine's Manufactory, and go there for your furniture.

EXAMINE the fine display of crockery, china, etc. exhibited by Abram French & Co.

WHEN you are in town and want tin-types to send to your friends, call at Towne's.

GIRLS wishing artists' materials, will do well by calling on Wadsworth Bros. & Howland.

IF you wish your watches repaired, or desire to purchase any jewelry, you will do well to call on S. W. Bailey.

Go to Copeland's for your dinner when in Boston, where all the delicacies of the season can be obtained at moderate prices.

Boston School of Oratory.

Full course, Two Years (three hours daily), five days in the week; shorter course of one year.

A class will be formed January 4, 1881, to prepare, by private instruction, to enter the Junior Class in the second half year.

For Circulars, apply to

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1 SOMERSET STREET.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JUNE, 1881.

NUMBER 9.

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A Gem for Every Month.

January.

By her who in this month is born,
No gem save garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

March.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril, firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

April.

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence is known.

May.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born, without this stone,
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

September.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind —
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those words to rest.

November.

Who first comes to this world below,
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue —
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December.

If cold December gave you birth, —
The month of snow, and ice, and mirth, —
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

—Selected.

The Corner-Stone.

JUNE 9th was a holiday; the first holiday except the regular vacations in which Lasell has indulged for seven years. The occasion of this unusual event was the laying of the corner-stone of the new wing. Miss Blaisdell, Chairman of the Committee, invited us to the Chapel at eleven A. M., where the exercises were opened with an organ solo by Miss Jones. Miss Macmillan then read the history of Lasell, from its foundation to the present day, which we insert here, as containing a good deal of information which may be of interest to our friends.

HISTORY OF LASELL.

Lasell Seminary was founded in 1851, by Prof. Edward Lasell, whose name it bears. During the winter of 1849 Prof. Lasell delivered a course of lectures on Chemistry, before the Lowell Institute, in Boston. His college friend and classmate, Rev. J. L. Partridge, resided at Auburndale, and it was while visiting at Mr. Partridge's house that the plan of the Seminary was developed—the beauty of the surrounding country and its nearness to Boston recommending it as a good location for a 'Young Ladies' Seminary.' The institution was opened the latter part of November, 1851, under very favorable auspices; but in a few weeks was most sadly and suddenly bereaved of its enthusiastic founder. Prof. Lasell died the last of January, two months after entering upon his work, aged forty-three years. He was succeeded by Prof. George W. Briggs, who came to Auburndale with Prof. Lasell, in 1851, as assistant principal. The institution remained under his charge, as a private one, for twelve years. In 1863 he was obliged to retire, on account of ill-health. The next three years he spent in private life; at their close, in 1867, he commenced teaching again, now in the State of New

York, but was a second time checked in his labors; this time by death itself.

On Friday morning, Oct. 16, 1874, Prof. Briggs passed quietly away, and no sad news ever was received which went deeper into the hearts of each and all who knew him. Our people lost an earnest and genial friend, his students a faithful instructor, and the world a noble, excellent man.

When Prof. Briggs retired, in 1863, Rev. Charles W. Cushing purchased the property of him for \$30,000. For the subsequent nine years it remained a private institution under his management. During this time several improvements were made by him. The first was the supply of gas over the house, which was introduced in 1863—an advance, indeed, over the mode of lighting with the inconvenient kerosene lamps, besides rendering the building safe in regard to fire. In the year 1873 Mr. Cushing sold the estate, and the institution passed into the hands of the trustees who now own it. Mr. Cushing remained as principal during the next year; after which he resigned the principalship, which he had held for ten years, and resumed his place in the pulpit.

In 1873 steam was adopted for heating, and in 1876 for cooking. September 24, 1874, our present worthy instructor, Professor Charles C. Bragdon entered upon his duties as principal. Those who had been accustomed to the fatherly guidance of the elderly principals who preceded him, wondered what the young man would be like. Although his presence restrains us from expressing our full appreciation of him, we can freely speak of the success of the school under his management. The fall term of the institution opened with an attendance which was a very great compliment to the one at the head, and we have since so far outgrown the old building as to make the new wing not a luxury, but a necessity. During the summer of 1874 the building was newly furnished throughout, and many modern conveniences added. Since that time, improvements have been made year by year, and the school has prospered in all respects. The course of study has constantly been improved. The regular course has been the Kindergarten, the Primary Department, College Preparatory Course, Seminary Course, and the Graduating Course in Music. But in 1876 the Kindergarten was given up, and the name Collegiate Department was laid aside, and that of Seminary Course substituted for it. The

cause for so doing was, that it was thought that more young women needed a practical course than a collegiate one. For this reason a part of the former requirements in ancient languages was made optional, to make way for a broader study of history, literature and the English language. With the fall term of 1877 a new department was opened in the course of study,—

THE HANDIWORK DEPARTMENT.—Cooking was the first branch of this department to be developed, and, it meeting with favor, millinery and dress-making were added soon after. Lasell boasts of being the first institution of the kind in the country to introduce these household arts as a part of its work; the benefit derived from which is realized more every year from the work accomplished.

In the summer of '78 Prof. Bragdon and wife, with a party of twelve, including several of the pupils of the Seminary, took a trip abroad, visiting England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. While on this tour Prof. Bragdon made quite a valuable art collection, so that we get a portion of our art training from our own walls and portfolios.

Lasell sent out her first class in 1854, but there was no Alumnæ Association formed until 1875. For the founding of this association, which was no small task, we owe thanks to our teacher in science—Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell. Twenty-one years having elapsed, the address of but few graduates was accurately known. Many letters sent out never brought any response, and the advertisements in forty-seven papers brought the address of three graduates whose whereabouts were previously known. Nevertheless, in one way or another, we have succeeded in getting the address of all but very few of our graduates. At the first meeting of the Alumnæ Association fifty-seven members were present, some of whom had not met or seen the "dear old place" for twenty years. The Association now numbers one hundred and eighty-two, and holds its meetings annually on Commencement Day. Lasell has not been behind the times in literary societies. The first, "The Novice," was founded in 1863, and flourished for five years.

In 1877 another literary society was formed, and received the mysterious title of "S. D." With the exception of a society named the "D. S.," which died in its infancy, the "S. D." was without a rival for four years. During the fall of 1880 the

"Lasellia Club" was founded, and promises to be a flourishing society. Lately a chapter of the "K. K. I." fraternity has been established.

In 1875 our now successful paper, the LASELL LEAVES, came into existence, and was read at the school socials. In 1876 the paper was first printed. At present it is published monthly during the scholastic year, under the supervision of the Lasell Publishing Association, and has an average circulation of five hundred copies.

The crowded state of the school in the last year compelled the consideration of plans for a new building, and this was finally decided in the winter of '80-'81.

On the morning of May 13, 1881, the earth was broken for the foundation of a new wing, which is to connect with the east side of the main building, and to be nearly twice as large as the present wing. The basement will contain the Gymnasium and dining-room. The corresponding apartments of the old buildings are to be converted into class-rooms and a laboratory. On the ground floor, on the right of the hall, are to be the principal's apartments; also a kitchen fitted up in the most approved culinary style, for the practice-classes in cooking, and an elevator; on the left of the hall are to be the principal's, teachers and students' parlors, with guest and music-rooms, and the office. The first floor will contain students' rooms, the second a society room, a sanitarium, and eight or nine students' rooms. On the third floor are to be the piano practice-rooms, and store-room for trunks, etc. The roof of the present wing is to be raised, heightening the rooms on the second story. The front of the building will be entirely remodeled. At last the dream of our imagination is to become a reality, and we are soon to see an addition to our building which will answer every purpose which we have desired.

During the writing of this brief history of Lasell, the mind has often turned with gratitude toward those whose earnest labors and watchful care have built up and supported an institution which has given to so many, mental discipline and literary advantages.

The Seminary has already accomplished *much*, but it is only on the threshold of its usefulness. With a constantly increasing, well-trained body of Alumnæ, how much more will it accomplish in the next thirty years!

The exercises in the Chapel closed with a vocal solo by Miss Stedman. We were then invited to repair to the lawn, where

we found the corner-stone, a large block of granite, with "1881" cut in the side, raised by pulleys over its destined bed. A tin box was passed around, and received many tokens from the pupils and teachers; among which was a catalogue of Lasell Seminary, an Almanac for 1881, a manuscript history of Lasell, and various cards and coins. Having been well filled it was placed under the stone, and four Seniors slowly lowered it into place. Miss Moulton, a former pupil of Lasell, then read the following original poem:—

"LASELL.

"In eighteen hundred and fifty-one,
Our school was founded, our work begun.

And ever since then, from year to year,
The girls have hurried from far and near;

Some from Texas, and some from Maine,
From hill and valley, and forest, and plain;

Some for learning, and some for fun,
They studied all things under the sun.

And in eighteen hundred and fifty-four,
Five young women walked out the door,

Finished in art, and in everything
Of which people read, or talk, or sing;

Philosophy, history, poetry, prose—
What they didn't know nobody knows.

And so it went on, until, one day,
Our present principal came this way;

And ever since then it has been the same,
Only more so—and I might name

Dozens and dozens of new inventions,
Mirth, and labor, and good intentions;

Cooking and sewing, lectures, rides,
An "S. D." club, and a paper besides;

Archery, boating, and half a score
Of "sociables," either less or more.

But as he is modest, I will forbear,
And only say that his watchful care

Has made Lasell what you see it to-day,
As we gather the corner-stone to lay.

The wing we hope will be stanch and strong,
Airy and spacious, broad and long,

Filled with girls, and knowledge, and glee,
Every one happy as happy can be;

Modern improvements—all combined
With Latin grammar and strength of mind.

And, while we are planning, we wish as well
That all may prosper as does Lasell!"

A vocal trio by Misses Cheney, Mason and Brooks ended the programme, and the Professor dismissed us with a brief but touching speech, to the effect that the dinner-bell would ring at half-past twelve.

Elocution Entertainment.

WEDNESDAY evening, June 1, the students in Elocution gave an entertainment under the supervision of Miss Eager, the instructress. Early in the evening the people began to assemble, and at a quarter of eight every seat in our pleasant little Chapel was filled. The order of exercises was as follows:—

Piano Solo,	Miss Burney.
"The Witch's Daughter,"	Miss Ransom.
"Was He Hen-pecked?"	Miss Maemillan.
"The Polish Boy,"	Miss Foote.
"The Blacksmith's Story,"	Miss Hax.
"An Episode in the Life of Miss Tabitha Treenoodle,"	Miss Eager.
Vocal Duo,	Misses Jones and Foote,
"King Robert of Sicily,"	Miss Bragdon.
"Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning,"	Miss Jones.
"The Trial Scene from Henry VIII.,"	Miss Eager.

We were very much disappointed when Professor Bragdon, in his opening remarks, said that Miss Ransom would be unable to speak. Notwithstanding this break in the programme we were highly entertained for an hour and a half. All the girls, particularly Misses Bragdon, Hax and Jones, did admirably; we would like to praise them all separately,—for surely praise was merited,—but words fail. However, suffice it to say the girls reflected great credit upon themselves, and their teacher, Miss Eager, read two selections. During the reading of the first the audience was nearly convulsed with laughter at the trials of Miss Tabitha in driving the cow to the pound. In the second Miss Eager showed great power and force in the portrayal of "Catharine." The pupils of the elocution class presented their teacher with a beautiful basket of flowers, in token of their love and esteem.

"S. D." Supper.

If any one could have peeped into the Gymnasium Friday evening, June 3d, she would have seen it transformed into a banquet-hall—the occasion being the annual supper of the "S. D." Society. Upon entering the room we were delighted by the taste displayed in the arranging of the table. The committee certainly did themselves credit. Miss Snell favored us with an instrumental solo, followed by vocal solos from Misses Rice and Baker; all of which were performed in a highly artistic manner. Miss Bragdon then read a number of letters from the old girls, expressing their regrets at

not being able to be present. By this time sundry glances had been cast at the tables; and very soon they presented quite a different appearance than when we first entered the room. After all had been served by the committee, Miss Bragdon, as toast-mistress, called upon Miss Stedman to give a toast to the Seniors. Responded to by Miss Rice. A toast was given by the heaviest girl to the lightest, and *vice versa*. Miss Wallace gave a toast to "Our Gentlemen Friends," which could they have heard, they would at least have felt themselves appreciated. A toast to "Old Maids" was given by Miss Fribley. A toast to the "Old Girls" was responded to by Miss Bartlett. Several impromptu toasts followed; the one to "Engaged Girls," causing many of the fair maidens to blush, as they were unexpectedly called upon to respond. After dancing and singing college songs the party dispersed, all declaring themselves delighted with the evening's entertainment.

Lasellia Club.

SATURDAY evening, June 11th, an informal meeting of the Lasellia Club was held, to have, in school-girl language, "a jolly time" before going home for the long-wished-for vacation. At 7.45 the members of the club assembled in the Gymnasium, and were there met with great enthusiasm by the efficient committee who had prepared a very pleasant programme for the evening. As they entered, the first object that met their admiring eyes was the motto of the club, "D. A. N.," which was placed at one end of the room, and underneath which was a cross and a crown. Both were beautifully made of daisies, and showed the exquisite taste of the makers. The evening was spent very pleasantly in dancing and listening to music and recitations. Then came supper, which was, perhaps, the most enjoyable event of the occasion. Soon after this the members retired to their rooms, having spent one of the most pleasant evenings since the organization of the club, and one upon which they will look back with sweet remembrance.

At a recent election of officers in the "Lasellia Club," the following was the result:—

Miss Ava Lowe,	President.
" Nellie Brooks,	Vice-President.
" Sephie Mason,	Secretary.
" Gussie Lowe,	Treasurer.
" Emily Shiff,	Guard.

Lasell Leaves,

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ASSISTANT EDITORS,

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From the Chair.

THAT the school year is really ended, and that our long summer rest is before us, seems scarcely possible, so quickly and pleasantly have the weeks and months gone by.

The prospect of three months free from study, is indeed agreeable after nine months of school; but the end of the year brings with it some sadness, as well as joy—for we feel that we are losing many who have long been our friends and supporters.

The school will not seem the same, without the cheery faces of the "dear old Seniors," some of whom have gone through the entire six years' course with us. Others have been with us only a year or two; but we shall miss them none the less. We bespeak their continued interest in the LEAVES, and shall expect them to frequently report themselves through its columns. We wish it were the Seniors alone to whom we must say good-bye, as school-mates; but in this year, as in other years,

some of the girls come merely to "finish off" by a year or two of boarding-school life; and to these we must also say good-bye, wishing them a happy life, and bidding them remember their old friend and well-wisher, the LEAVES, with frequent visits and contributions. A goodly number we hope to see in September, some of whom may be lured back by a desire to see and occupy that long-wished-for "new wing." To all we wish a happy vacation.

We are glad to say that the K. K. I. fraternity has established a chapter at Lasell. This fraternity is one of the largest ladies' fraternities in this country, having nearly three hundred members. It was established in 1870, and now has seventeen living chapters. It created not a little excitement when some of the girls appeared with the pins; which are beautiful little gold keys, upon which are some mystic Greek symbols. The pins are most of them jeweled; those which are especially pretty are set with turquoise and pearls. We should be glad to dwell more at length on the principles and proceedings of this new fraternity, but wisely refrain.

During the past school year a class of the more advanced French pupils have resided in the family of the native French teacher.—On account of the great number of scholars, several of the teachers and pupils have been obliged to take rooms in private houses in the neighborhood.—There has been a new society formed, "The Lasellia Club," and a chapter of the K. K. I. fraternity established.—The "S. D." Society gave an entertainment near the close of the winter term, consisting of music, a debate, readings, etc. The evening was very unpropitious, but a fair sum was realized, which made a nucleus of a fund for furnishing a new society room.—To the Library has been added a large number of valuable books.—The pianos throughout the house have been exchanged for new ones of the best makes.—At the end of the fall term the pupils decided their own places upon the "honor lists"; and at the end of the winter term the "Self-Governed" and "Roll of Honor" lists were made by a jury of twelve pupils, chosen by the school.—Dr. John Lord has given a course of lectures on the following subjects: "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Madame de Stael," "Madame de Maintenon" and "Thomas Carlyle."—Dr. Latimer has given a course of four lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity."—Ground has been broken for the new wing.—The Principal's reception was

held on the Friday evening before Commencement, instead of as formerly, on the evening of Commencement Day.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Reception.

THE Commencement exercises were opened this year by the Principal's reception to the Seniors, given on Friday evening, June 10th. It has been the custom during previous years to have the reception on the evening of Commencement Day; but as it was thought too much had been crowded into one day for the full pleasure of each exercise, it was decided to change the time for the reception.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, which seemed to be doing its best to keep the guests at home, the parlors were well filled, and within there were no signs of the storm without. The parlors, Chapel and halls were handsomely decorated with flowers, plants and evergreens, completely concealing all signs of our busy school life. The guests were introduced by Misses Peabody and Wallace, of the class of '82, the rest of the Juniors acting as ushers. The music was furnished by the Boston Cadet Band. After the usual ceremonies of the evening were over the time was pleasantly spent in promenading and talking until we were invited to the dining-room, where a handsome collation was served. At the modest hour of eleven the guests began to depart, all seeming to have enjoyed their evening.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by the Rev. George L. Taylor, D.D., of New York. The Congregational Church, in which the services were held, was completely filled; and the platform and pulpit were adorned with handsome plants and cut-flowers. The music was especially deserving of credit. Dr. Taylor took for his text a part of the third verse of the fourth chapter of Hebrews: "For we which have believed do enter into rest." "Every profound religious doctrine," said the preacher, "has its foundation in a profound personal experience; and the words of the text were not the utterance of a creed, but were of a want as wide as the world and as deep as the human soul. Man was not made for rest alone, as every faculty of his being attests. How few human spirits attain the true union of rest and action! Paul, doubtless, had, by his strong spirit, found an entrance into soul-rest—a Sab-

bath of the soul, in the midst of his intense toil, not only for himself, but others. Soul-rest is a spiritual experience; a state of mind and heart; a purification of man's utmost self; a fellowship and identification with God; a consciousness of the fact that in him we live and move and have our being. If my soul could choose its last words, they would be, *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentem*—I believe in God the Father." He closed with earnest and pointed remarks to the graduates, exhorting them to cultivate faith in Jesus Christ.

MONDAY evening, June 13th; a large audience assembled in the Chapel, to listen to an address by W. S. Studley, D.D. Subject, "About Women." "Some men seem to be infirm when they speak of woman," said the lecturer. "The woman question has the advantage of being a live question. More books have been written by women and about women in the last half century than in all the preceding centuries. Woman has more open respect paid to her now than ever before. Woman's influence has been a marked power in the world always, but never so marked as to-day. Woman possesses a practical power to adapt herself to circumstances. A contribution-box in the hand of a woman is sure to succeed. One of the most complimentary things that has been said of woman, is:—

"If she will she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't she won't, and that's the end on't."

I believe that woman has a perfect right to enter upon any duty to which circumstances call her. Why may not a woman speak her thoughts in public, if she chooses? Talk of a woman being out of her sphere when she speaks in public! For the accomplishment of any benevolent enterprise, I would give more for a woman than I would for a whole battalion of those men who are so shocked to hear a woman's voice in public." He closed by saying: "God has given you a measureless power of good; let it lead all your friends in the direction of Christ; then some poor sin-stricken soul may not only be blessed here on earth, but may be privileged to hold a place in the world above."

THE Commencement Concert by the pupils of Lasell, assisted by Wulf Fries and C. W. Allen, was given under the direction of Mr. J. H. Hills and Mrs.

Edna Hall, Tuesday night, June 14th, with great success. The evening was rather unfavorable; but notwithstanding this the Chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Chorus, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a \text{ Round, "Come, Come, Delightful Spring."} \\ b \text{ "Pilgrim's Chorus."} \end{array} \right.$

VOCAL CLASS.

2. Song—"Fisher Maiden," *Meyerbeer.*
MISS CHENEY.
3. Piano and Violin, Barcarole, *Tschaikowski.*
MISS ORRELL AND MR. ALLEN.
4. Song—"Sing, Smile, Slumber," *Gounod.*
MISS BAKER.
5. Piano Solo, Capriccio, Op. 22, *Mendelssohn.*
MISS SOPHIE MASON.
Accompanied on a second piano by Mr. Hills.
6. Song—Aria, "Page's Song," *Meyerbeer.*
MISS FERGUSON.
7. Piano and Violoncello, Adagio, *Bargiel.*
MISS SNELL AND MR. FRIES.
8. Song—"Ave Maria," *Bach-Gounod.*
MISS JONES.
Accompanied by Violin, Violoncello, Organ and Piano.

PART II.

1. Piano Quartette, Nocturne, *Mendelssohn.*
MISSES S. WADHAMS, BURNEY, LIBBEY AND SHULTZ.
2. Song—Bolero To Sevilla, *Dessaur.*
MISS FOOTE.
3. Ballad—"A Summer Shower," *Marzials.*
MISS BROOKS.
4. Trio in C minor for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Allegro, con brio. Andante, cantabile con variazioni.
MISS JONES, MESSRS. ALLEN AND FRIES.
5. Song—"Serenade," *Schubert.*
MISS STEDMAN.
Violoncello obligato by Mr. Fries.
6. Vocal Duet—"May bells and Flowers," *Mendelssohn.*
MISSES JONES AND FOOTE.
7. Piano Quartette—"Hungarian March," *Liszt.*
MISSES PEABODY, B. MAXON, BROOKS AND EDWARDS.
8. Chorus-Duet—"Gently Sighs the Breeze," *Glover.*
VOCAL CLASS.

The chorus class sang very well, and did credit to their teacher, Professor H. H. Rich. The instrumental selections were accompanied either by the violin or violoncello, and called forth the enthusiastic applause of the audience. The vocal solos and duets were very charmingly rendered, and loudly applauded.

Misses Jones and Brooks responded to encores.

It was a disappointment that Miss Ferguson was unable to sing, on account of illness.

The two instrumental quartettes were very fine. The last one, by Misses Peabody, B. Mason, Brooks and Edwards, was especially worthy of note, and was well appreciated by all.

Class Hymn.

"Ye shall henceforth return no more that way."
(Deut. xvii. 16.)

Not by this way more forever,
Lift thine eyes, O Heart, and see,
Golden mists enfold the morning—
Far and farther shall it be,—
Sun-lit heights and valley gloaming,
Bitter waters, fountains sweet,
Not by this way, not by that way,
Come again the pilgrim's feet.

But the voice is not of grieving,
And He calls his own by name,
As he leads them, and the foot-prints
In strange pathways are the same,
All Thy ways, O Leader, Master,
Homeward bring the willing feet;
By this way no more returning,
In the Life Immortal meet.

Commencement Day.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, June 15th, dawned on us bright and beautiful; quite providential it seemed, after such continued stormy weather.

The exercises were held in the Chapel, which, long before the appointed time, was crowded with friends and relatives, every available place being taken; there was not even standing-room, and those who were unfortunate enough to arrive late had to take their places in the hall.

At half-past ten the exercises were opened with prayer, offered by the Rev. T. W. Bishop, of the Newtonville Methodist Church; after which the address to the graduates was given by Mrs. Gordon, wife of Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, which was substantially as follows:—

The inquiry which comes to us most forcibly as we congratulate you on the completion of your course of study is: To what definite purpose is all this culture and discipline to be directed? Surely, not alone to make you more intelligent as companions, more brilliant in society, or more fertile in resources of enjoyment when in solitude. From the many exhortations to Christian endeavors that are scattered through the Scriptures, there are three passages which, taken together, seem to cover the whole ground of Christian service—the commission, the response and the consecration. In Mark xiii. 34, we have the commission, "to every man his work;" in Acts ix. 6, we have

the response, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and in 2 Samuel xv. 15, the consecration, "Ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint." As there is a place provided for every child that is born, so there is a line of service appointed for each one to fulfill; and if every one was found in his place, faithfully at work, how would the vineyard of the Lord flourish! There has been a great deal of unprofitable discussion about the different spheres of men and women; but the Christian world seems to be slowly surging up to the level of the wise advice of Florence Nightingale: "Keep clear of all jargons about man's work and woman's work, and go your way straight to God's work." We are not accustomed to associate women with the judge's seat, or with the marshaling of armies; yet when the patriotic courage of Israel had fallen to so low an ebb that there was no man to lead the people against their oppressors, Deborah, a mother in Israel, "who judged Israel many years," arose and led the armies to victory. Many even now entertain conscientious scruples to a woman's call to the pulpit; but since Anna the prophetess, the Marys, who were the first preachers of the resurrection, and the four daughters of Philip the Evangelist, there has been a constant succession of women who were obliged to say with Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not this Gospel." To most of you, doubtless, will come the vocation of the home mother. I believe an educated woman is the better fitted to establish the home which is to be a generator of that imponderable makeweight, public sentiment, which rules society. But whether married or single, do not fail to be identified in a definite way with some of the philanthropic enterprises which call so loudly for consecrated workers. Use for the benefit of others what you have already acquired; for the best educated are those who draw out of their stores of wisdom what has already been so diligently obtained. In order to come up to the full measure of our opportunity, it will be necessary to adopt as our own the beautiful motto already quoted from the Book of Samuel, "Ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint." Here is the true ideal of Christian consecration, which finds expression in earnest effort; does not wait to be drafted into service, but is ever on the alert and ready to be used; which does not decline to do this because it is distasteful, or that because it is inconvenient, or the other because it is unfashionable, but is ready to do whatsoever comes to be done, no matter at what inconvenience or self-denial or reproach; which does not choose or plan for itself, but is ready to do "whatsoever the king shall appoint."

At the close of the address the farewell for the class was given by Miss Ella Francis Ellis, who, in her bright way, told us how pleasant had been their four years at Lasell; how sorry they were to leave their school home, now that the time for parting had really come. Closing with happy remarks to the Junior class, which were fully appreciated, she bade farewell, in the name of the class, to teachers, mates and friends.

Mr. Edwin M. Fowle then authorized Professor Bragdon to present the graduates with diplomas, as follows: Classical Course, Miss Ella Francis Ellis; Scientific Course, Miss Nelly Buell Ferguson, Miss Anna Tyler Lovering, Miss Gertrude Martha Rice. Miss Louise LeHuray was presented with an honorary diploma, for special merit and ability.

Professor Bragdon then addressed a few words to the graduates, as follows:—

"DEAR GIRLS:—I have been thinking that when a woman, from her woman's heart and with God's help, has spoken to girls, it were idle for any man to add words. While something, doubtless, would be excused to the last hours of a relation such as ours has been, I cannot feel justified in marring this moment with what I had thought to say to you.

So I bring to a close these years of your pupilage and our care with our usual significant charge:—

Class of '81—the Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name; you must protect her honor. With this responsibility we give you our confidence, and pray God's blessing on you each and all."

The class hymn was then sung; after which the Junior class presented the graduates with beautiful flowers from their friends and mates. After the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Calvin Cutter, and the graduates received the congratulations of their friends, the company was invited to the lawn, where dinner was served.

In the afternoon a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held.

At 2.30 o'clock the annual business meeting of the Trustees took place. M. B. Tower, of Auburndale, was chosen President, E. W. Gay, Secretary; C. C. Bragdon, Treasurer; and E. M. Fowle, G. F. Kimball, E. E. Porter, M. B. Tower and A. I. Benyon were chosen Trustees for the ensuing year. The report of the Treasurer exhibited the finances, and a building committee of four were chosen to superintend the construction of the new wing now being added to the Seminary.

At the annual business meeting of the Lasell Seminary Alumnae Association, at four o'clock, the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Chas. Edward Parker; Vice-President, Miss Lizzie Atkinson; Secretary, Miss Annie Kendig; Treasurer, Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell. The class of '56 enjoyed a pleasant re-union, and at four o'clock the Association held their annual re-union in the Chapel.

Miss Lucy Tappan executed an organ solo. The Vice-President, Miss Atkinson, of West Newton, delivered the address of welcome; Lillie Potter, class of '80, delivered excellently "Charles Edward at Versailles on the Anniversary of Culloden;" Miss Kendig, class of '79, gave a piano solo; Flora Drew Sampson, class of '57, gave a poem, "The Flower's Conference;" and the address to the class of '56 was given by Mrs. Carpenter, of Bassein, Burmah. The poem by Isabel G. Jennings Parker, of Auburndale, of the class of '57, was then sung by those present. The exercises of the day concluded with the Alumnae supper.

A Visit to Mount Vernon.

DURING our stay in the National Capital we spent one day at Mount Vernon,—“the Mecca of America.” This beautiful estate is situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, fifteen miles below Washington. The usual mode of reaching the place is by steamers. The morning we boarded the “W. W. Corcoran,” was bright and warm; the yellow water sparkled in the sunlight.

The first landing was made at Alexandria, a small town whose dirty wharves gave one an unfavorable impression of the place; we also touched at forts Foote and Washington; their grim walls appeared to frown at us from the high bluffs.

After two hours' ride we arrived at Mount Vernon. Following a winding road we ascended the hill. On the right a willow-tree attracted our attention, when our guide informed us it was taken from the grave of Napoleon, at St. Helena. Farther on we came to the mausoleum, a plain brick structure; the sarcophagi of General and Mrs. Washington were seen through the iron gate which closes the entrance. Our hearts swelled with patriotism as we gazed reverently on the tomb of the “Father of his country.”

We next approached the house,—a frame building, two and a half stories, surmounted by a cupola. A piazza runs the whole length of the front. Entering the wide hall we first noticed a large key, inclosed in a glass case; this was the key of the Bastille, and was presented to Washington by Lafayette; turning to the left we walked through the library and other rooms; most of them contain old relics and curiosities which belonged to Washington and other noted persons of his time. On the second floor we saw the room in which Washington breathed his last, and a *fac-simile* of the

bedstead ; directly above is the room where Martha Washington died. All the articles of furniture in it are *fac similes* of the original, and were made in France. It is said she never left her room after her husband's death. In the lower part of the door is an aperture through which her cat came and went. The other rooms are fitted up with antique furniture by different States.

From the cupola a fine view is obtained of the river scenery. Its frame-work is indented by the signatures of thousands who have visited the place. Not far from the house stands a magnolia-tree, said to have been planted by Washington ; every one was eager to procure a leaf to carry away as a memento.

There is an old stable on the grounds built of brick brought from England. Only an hour was allowed us for sight-seeing ; the time soon passed, and the shrill whistle from the steamer warned us to return. We thought the place,—not the house,—worthy to have been the residence of Washington.

The Mount Vernon house and grounds, including the tomb, have now passed into the hands of the "Mount Vernon Association," consisting of ladies residing in different parts of the Union, who have entire control.

The Improvement of our Talents.

WHAT girl does not feel that she has some special talent to cultivate, something to perfect herself in, that in time of necessity she may fall back upon ? And a very worthy ambition. For why should not young ladies find a way of earning their living, if necessary, just as much as young men ? It is not, as some people think, demeaning for young ladies to do something for themselves. Our life was not given us for pleasure alone—not a mere butterfly existence ; but we were placed in this world for use, and that the world might be the better for our having lived in it. Does it matter what mode is used, so long as our aims rise higher and we are a help to our friends ? The kind look or sympathizing word, if given in the right spirit, are just as acceptable to our kind heavenly Father, if they are the best we can do, as a whole book of sermons by the most eloquent writer. For was not the widow's mite, her all, more acceptable to Christ than the gold pieces of the rich Jews ? So of each talent that we have, remember it is only lent, and must be returned at the Master's coming. Let it

be improved and doubled, and given back bright and shining when it is required, not kept out of sight by some vain and worthless ambition of the world.

Perhaps you say it is difficult to know what is your talent. Of course, it will not be found unless sought after. And do not aim too high in your search. The pearl of greatest price is found in the deep, dark waters of the sea ; it does not flash and sparkle like the diamond, attracting the attention of every passer-by. So we are not all made to be shining lights in the world ; but if we do what we can, it will be acceptable to the receiver of all jewels. — *Exchange*.

Personals.

MISS EAGER, our teacher of Elocution, has suffered a great loss in the death of her father, who had been long ill. She has our warmest sympathy in her sorrow, for she is much loved by all.

MISS PARLOA received from her Lasell pupils, at the close of her course of lectures, an album containing their autographs, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers. Her kind and cheerful ways have made her lessons very pleasant, and she will be greatly missed next winter.

WE were pleased to see Miss Florence Moulton on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone, and thank her for her contribution to our pleasure. We are glad to be able to claim her bright little poem as the production of Lasell talent, and only wish that her poetic mantle might fall on some one of us !

It is always interesting to us to hear any news matrimonial concerning our former school-mates, and of late many rumors of the kind have been flying about. We have even caught the distant chime of wedding-bells, wafted by a breeze from the West. Alice Linscott, of the class of '78, was married, on June 16th last, to Mr. Frederic A. Hall. Our best wishes accompany her.

WE listened, on Commencement Day, to the "good-bye" of the class of '81 with feelings of sadness, which they, perhaps, imagined were all on their side. We hope great things for our little band, "in purpose strong," and will not easily let them pass out of our hearts and memories.

It was pleasant to see so many old pupils of Lasell flock home to their *Alma Mater* on her anniversary ; from the gray-haired graduates of former days, with their daughters at their sides, to our companions of

a year or two ago. All seemed to feel a hearty affection for their old school, and "it goes without saying" all were sincerely welcome.

OUR class of '82, who stepped so gracefully into their Senior honors on Commencement Day, consists of six young women—Misses Bragdon, Macmillan, Peabody, Snell, Stedman and Wallace. We welcome them to their exalted position, and feel sure that they will do the Seminary and themselves great credit.

WE are glad to say that very many of this year's pupils expect to return next fall, and that a large proportion of the rooms have been already engaged. Parting for three months is no very serious matter, and most of the good-byes were very cheerful ones, with the anticipation of a delightful summer rest, to be followed by many more days of pleasant companionship.

WE, the undersigned, who were appointed to carry Mr. Longfellow the basket of flowers annually given to him by the Lasell girls on our memorial day, the first of June, have the pleasure of submitting our report—first thanking our friends heartily for the honor conferred on us in making us the bearers of their congratulations to our beloved poet. We reached the famous old house at Cambridge safely, with our fragrant burden, and were at once admitted to the parlor, where a moment afterward we were joined by Mr. Longfellow himself, who received the flowers with very evident pleasure, read the note accompanying them, and thanked the girls warmly and repeatedly, through us, for their kind gift. As we were about to leave, after a few moments' conversation, he again asked us to tell our school-mates how greatly pleased and gratified he was. We think the simple offering gave him sincere pleasure, and are glad to convey his thanks to all who so much enjoyed helping to send it.

Committee,

E. F. E. and L. LEH.

Miscellany.

HAVE a jolly vacation, girls.

THE flowers received by the graduates on Commencement Day were beautiful.

WE have had nineteen States represented in school during the past year, and three girls from Canada.

THE flowers at the Senior Reception were beautiful indeed, especially those presented to Miss Ferguson.

THE work on the new wing is progressing finely; and undoubtedly the building will be so very much improved we will hardly recognize it as the same.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY class teacher, after a discussion on the love of society.—“There is a possible danger of having too much society.” Senior, with a yawn.—“Oh, dear; yes!!” Audible smile.

THE original poem read by Miss Florence Moulton, at the laying of the corner-stone, was very pretty and appropriate. The music, also, was good; Miss Cheney led the trio in a very skillful manner.

FROM the sounds which proceeded from the Gymnasium on Saturday evening, we came to the conclusion that the “Lasellia Club” had a very enjoyable time at their banquet.

FIRST Senior reads from Schlegel.—“Christianity was introduced into India about the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century.” Second Senior.—“Was it the fourth century B. C. or A. D?” Both refer to Schlegel.

L. P. A.

A MEETING of the Lasell Publishing Association was called on Monday, June 13, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the reading of the reports of the retiring officers. The result of the election was as follows:—

Miss Lottie Snell,	<i>President.</i>
“ Nettie Libbey,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
“ Birdie Mason,	<i>Secretary.</i>
“ Carrie Wallace,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
“ Lina Maynard,	<i>Subscription Agent.</i>
“ Ella Stedman,	<i>Editor.</i>
“ Emily Peabody,	<i>Publisher.</i>
“ Annie Bragdon,	<i>Assistant Publisher.</i>

THE following touching appeal should meet with the notice it deserves. Our pride occasioned by the prospect of a new wing, must not blind us to the needs of the community:—

“What a pity, that a city with its ‘Garden’
adjectivity
Should be afflicted and restricted, by its traffic-
bearing rails,
With a station whose relation sheds a light on
the proclivity
Of objection by direction to aught that expense
entails.
Dark and dingy, mean and stingy, with an
aspect antiquarian,

On alighting, strangers sighting it, astonished,
never fail

To exclaim — ‘Oh, what a shame, citizens and
seminarians!’

Our fair daughters — with such quarters must
submit, at Auburndale.’”

THERE is a vast difference to-day in the meaning of the words “cheap reading-matter,” from that given them fifty years ago. Then, cheap reading-matter, with but few exceptions, meant literature of the dime novel style — the worst of trash to feed the mind with; indeed, instead of nourishing the mind, it had the power of purging it of whatever good there naturally was in it. Now it means the best works of our most noted authors. Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Dickens, Thackeray, may now become the bosom companions of all; and although clothed in the humblest of garbs, lose none of their power, genius, beauty or instruction by the change from morocco and gold to the poor but convenient paper binding. The improvements in printing, aided by the exertions of a few public-spirited men, have brought this change. And notwithstanding that the publication of light literature has not decreased much in the last few years, yet it now has to fight with the great incoming influence and power which our best literature exerts over the minds of the people. Thus the former is not allowed full sway, and its evil is being counteracted in no small way by the latter. The publication of the works of the best authors is a new way of teaching the poorer classes. Any one, now, with a fair amount of ambition and very little of this world’s goods, can provide himself with a library which not long ago only the richest could afford.

The convenient form of a great deal of our reading-matter especially recommends it to those pressed for time, as it can be easily carried about, and is always handy and ready for use at spare moments. Many a choice bit of reading is thus done at odd times.

It is surprising how many books in this form are sold on the cars at the present time, — bought alike by those who are interested in the literature of the day, and by those who would not think of going to a book-store for a popular work, but whose curiosity is aroused by the persistent newsboy, who, regardless of literary taste, thrusts a book upon them in a moment when there is nothing else to do but to read it.

One great obstacle in the way of a poor person’s getting an education, used to be the want of books. The rich often opened their libraries to them, thus benefiting them in a most acceptable way. Now, with the public libraries and this new phase of cheap publication, a man has but to reach out his hand, and he is supplied with a store of knowledge which, with his own will and mind, he can make his own forever.

Surely, there is no reason why a person may not be well read in these days. The press is doing all it can for him by putting histories, essays, works on special and general topics of the day, poems, and the best fiction, all in a form most convenient for use and within the means of his purse.

Exchanges.

THE *Beacon* is too near a neighbor to allow us much severe criticism, but were it hundreds of miles away we should say the same. How can it help being interesting, coming from where it does? Good common sense, interspersed with nonsense, makes the paper one of our most welcome friends.

The launching of the *Argo* has met with much approval from exchange editors. The rigging is tastefully arranged, and the cargo is entitled to praise. Our old friend, the *Athenæum*, still holds the first place in our affections; but, *perhaps*, when we have known the *Argo* as long, our affections may turn; anyway, the *Argo* deserves success, and we most sincerely give it our best wishes.

The *Brunonian*, a regular visitor in our sanctum, comes laden with base-ball news and articles of local interest. “A New England Scientist of Two Hundred Years Ago,” is a pleasantly written and interesting sketch. We would suggest that a little more life be put into the *Brunonian*; then, although now we enjoy reading it, it would be more readable.

This being our last visit with our exchanges, we want to say a farewell word to them. We hope that when we return for another year of school, you will make us an early call. We also hope that a *few* exchange editors will lose some of their sarcasm, others improve generally, and all enjoy the coming vacation. Thanking you all for your fair criticisms of us, and trusting all the papers in which you are interested will ever meet with success, we say farewell, and retire from the scene of action.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1881.

NUMBER 1.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

We are now exhibiting the largest and choicest assortment of Bigelow Carpets ever shown in this city. We are the only house in Boston where the complete line of Wilton and Brussels patterns can be seen.

These goods need no commendation from us; the fact that they have, without exception, received diplomas or medals whenever exhibited, together with the high reputation and standing of the Bigelow Company, is sufficient guarantee to the public of the real worth of these fabrics.

The fall line of patterns is unusually attractive, and includes many novelties of design and coloring, to an early examination of which we invite our friends and the public.

Letter from London.

The Ecumenical Conference — English and American Methodists in Council — How the Conference Originated and How its First Session was Opened — The Lord Mayor's Reception to the Delegates — English Hospitality in General — The Work of the Conference — Some of the Subjects Discussed — The Good Results Anticipated, etc.

[Special Correspondence of the PRESS.]

CITY ROAD CHAPEL,
LONDON, Sept. 15.

"God buries his workmen, but carries on his work," is one of three hallowed inscriptions which appear on a simple tablet in Westminster Abbey. The words are those of John Wesley; the tablet on which they are engraved, one sacred to the memory of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism. The truth of the holy man's words had been proven again and again during the eighteen centuries previous to their utterance; the assurance of their fulfillment a comforting knowledge to hosts of the Master's followers who were stricken down, perchance, when they had but commenced to work "for the love of Christ." "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." In due time the Wesleys and their little band, "everywhere spoken against," were reported absent from the ranks of earthly workers, but eternally present in the heaven of the redeemed. The founders of Methodism were indeed buried, but how gloriously has God blessed this branch of his Christian Church during the century which has intervened.

NOT ORIGINAL WITH THE METHODISTS.

The plan of holding an Ecumenical Church Council is not an original one with the Methodist denomination. In years past the church of Rome has held her councils, at which times were gathered together men from every part of the earth over which floated the standard of the cross. Of later years we have been interested in the Pan-Angelican Synod, held by the English Church; the Pan-Presbyterian Council held in Edinburgh; and now the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in session at City Road Chapel, London. A prominent London daily newspaper says, most gracefully, in its editorial upon the Conference: "The idea of a Wesleyan Ecumenical Council originated in that natural source of vast designs, the United States."

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSEMBLY.

The late beloved Bishop E. O. Haven suggested the project at the general conference, five years ago, and extensive preparations had been made for its fulfillment during the intervening time. The object of the assembly is not so much for consolidation as for coöperation. Questions involving points of theological belief, or church government, are not discussed. The programme of the Conference was opened, last Wednesday morning, with a sermon by the Rev. Bishop M. Simpson, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The remainder of the day was spent in addresses of welcome by our British Wesleyan friends, and responses in behalf of the United States by prominent D.D.'s and LL.D.'s.

THE LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION.

On Wednesday evening the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor (Alderman Wm. M. Arthur, M. P.) and the lady Mayoress held a reception at the Mansion House, at which were present some six hundred representatives of Methodism. The occasion was one of note, not only because of its social value, but because it was a simple evidence of the wonderful position the Methodist Church has obtained in England since the times of Wesley. English ministers whose fathers had been imprisoned, not a century before, for being Methodist preachers, that evening accepted the hospitalities of the Lord Mayor of London. Just before adjourning to the banqueting-hall, his Honor the Lord Mayor read, in the old-fashioned way, a familiar hymn, which was sung with great heartiness by the guests present. It was, indeed, an occasion long to be remembered, as the walls of the grand "Egyptian Hall" reëchoed words of praise to the dear Christ.

THE FIRST GENERAL TOPIC.

"Methodism; its History and Results," was the first general topic of the Conference. A carefully prepared paper was read upon the topic by the Rev. William Cooke, D.D., member of the Methodist new connection of Great Britain. An invited address followed this paper, by the Rev. William X. Hinde, D.D. Dr. Hinde introduced our American delegates by an able talk upon the topic. It would be impossible for me to give any idea of the personal efforts made by the delegates upon the questions under discussion; time and space forbid. The delegates are our representative men, and to mention the subjects of one or two of the sessions, will prove their discussion to be of great moment; viz., "The duty of Methodism in respect to popery, paganism, pauperism, skepticism, intemperance and kindred vices; the relation of Methodism to education; the means of evangelization, such as an itinerant ministry, training-schools for Christian workers, both at home and abroad; Sunday-schools, and special efforts for special classes."

The addresses, so far, have proved the speakers to be men of heart as well as head knowledge. The "Book of books" appears to have been included in their courses of study. A wonderful spirit of "brotherly love" and good feeling seems to prevail not alone in City Road Chapel, but in the homes of these English friends do we find genuine hospitality. Never have we experienced more kindness in our own "loved land" than here.

IN A FLOURISHING CONDITION.

It is particularly remarkable to find English Methodism in such a flourishing condition, for here it is that that church has had one of her hardest struggles. The disagreement between the Church of England and the worshipers of God after the fashion of the Wesleys, has been like a discord in the same household; but under a liberal Christian spirit harmony is being produced. In this connection we would mention with pleasure the "meeting of welcome" given by representatives of other church denominations to the members of our Conference.

Financially, the church here is in good condition. Among its prominent supporters we find such men as Wm. McArthur, M. P., now Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Newburn, Mr. H. J. Atkinson, and the late most beloved Sir Francis

Lycett, who during his lifetime gave more than £30,000, and at his death left a most princely gift for the Master's cause; but of infinitely greater interest it is to know that this generous man left in the hearts and minds of his fellow-men the record of an unusually pious life. The world speaks of him often as the princely giver; but, by his God, he has been called to the reward of a truly "good and faithful servant."

WHO ARE REPRESENTED.

Ten branches of the Methodist Church are represented in the Conference, and the reports from these men, who have come from all parts of the world, are encouraging. While all are thankful to God for what he has done, they are most earnestly impressed with the knowledge that there is still much to be accomplished by Christians of all denominations, and Methodists desire, with God's help, to be found in the front ranks. May the results of the Conference now in session at City Road Chapel be a quickening of the Church spiritually. When personal discouragements arise, and, as is often the case, our strong men are taken from service here when their presence seems almost a necessity, let us recall for our comfort the blessed fact that "while God buries his workmen, he carries on his work." L. R. P.

A Lasell Composition of 1862.

Translation into Words of a Passage of One of Beethoven's Sonatas.

It was a magnificent autumn evening. The moonlight crested with gold the blue, dancing waves of the Rhine, save where they were darkly shadowed by overhanging crags, glistened upon the tiny white cottages perched here and there, like eagles' nests, upon the cliffs, and gleamed upon the turrets of a castle set like a coronet upon the rounded brow of a hill, from whose windows flashed the brilliant light of myriad tapers. Little torn fragments of white cloud-wreaths were tossed here and there upon the horizon, and the rising wind sighed softly, prophesying the coming of a tempest. There had been banqueting and mirth in the castle, and now the sound of the flying steps of many dancers mingled with that of festive music. For that day the noble lord had brought to his house a bride—a sweet, graceful, trusting creature, with eyes like the June sky, and lovely yellow hair that seemed woven sunbeams. Slowly, sullenly gathered the storm without, and the young bride shivered and grew pale with a vague fear as she listened to the discordant mingling of the harsh, angry voice of the wind with the gay strains to which light feet kept time. The clock tolled the midnight hour; the sounds of music and laughter ceased; the hall was deserted, and the tapers extinguished. The moon was shrouded in dense cloud, and torches twinkled here and there in the darkness, as the departing guests wound their way among the hills or down to their little boats moored at

the river's brink. The trees tossed their arms wildly, as in terror or sudden agony. The waves broke in white foam, chafing impatiently against the shore, and dashing fiercely against the crags. Fitful gusts screamed agonizingly, then died away with a strangled sob. Big round raindrops fell at intervals from the heavy clouds. Hark! A cry of distress! A cry for help! The companion in arms, the adopted brother of the bridegroom, is struggling with the waves. He cannot resist that appeal; but his efforts to rescue him are vain, and soon the deep water rolls over two brave, generous hearts. Little Neta thrusts away the kind old servants, and shuts herself up in the long hall, where no laughing echo lingers, now lighted only by the flickering firelight. She crouches upon the hearth, and, her hands clasped around her knees, sways gently backward and forward in tearless, silent anguish. The light glimmers on the weird, queer faces carved in the massive furniture, and they seem to be making strange grimaces at her, leering at her, taunting her, mocking her, triumphing over her with a wicked malice, reveling in her bewildering, paralyzing woe. The old hall clock ticks with a hollow, heartless tone the seconds of a mysterious, awful eternity just begun for him; and the rain beats against the windows with the steady plash of despairing tears. With dry eyes and labored breathing and wearily throbbing pulses, the bride—the widow—rocks to and fro, waiting for the dead body of her husband. And she bitterly says to her heart that happiness is but a mocking dream, from which there must be a rude awakening; the brighter the vision the heavier the shock that dispels it; hope, a will-o'-wisp, to entice the credulous from plodding along in the dusty, wearisome thoroughfares, to struggle through tangled growths of pricking briar and wounding thorn, to leap panting and bleeding from knoll to knoll of the treacherous morass, and at last, exhausted, to sink slowly, helplessly into their grave in the green slime where venomous serpents writhe and mottled lizards crawl, and the baleful sparks dance derisively before the last glance of dying eyes; life itself but a restless, blind, despairing conflict, with powerful, vengeful, unpitying fate, to end *here* in *defeat*—to be *continued*, perhaps—where? how? "Blackness of darkness!" responded the starless night. The strained, tense voice of the mad wind shrieked, "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish!" And the foaming waves and the driving rain

moaned back to the winds and the darkness in a monotonous refrain, "Wrath! wrath! wrath! treasured up against the day of wrath!" In the dim, gray dawn they bore into the castle the bodies of lover and friend, the water dripping, dripping from their clothing and from the clinging locks of their hair, and oozing from their poor drowned mouths, and their eyes set in a glassy, ghastly stare. And seeing them, the poor child sprang up with a piercing cry, and sank back in a rain of tears—sweet relief from the maddening that had been whirling through her brain. Tenderly they raised her and laid her upon a couch, and then she sobbed herself to sleep.

DEAR "LASELL LEAVES":—

How strange it seems to be writing to you from home. I am slowly coming to realize that my school-days are over.

Perhaps you would like to know what I have been doing since June. My summer was passed very pleasantly in North Conway, N. H., where the pure air and the grand old granite hills gave me new life and keen enjoyment. Doubtless you have all seen mountains, but do you remember your first moments before them? It seemed as if the very God of Nature was enthroned here; and it was with mingled feelings of awe and reverence that I gazed upon Mt. Washington and the surrounding peaks. One of the most pleasant reminiscences of the summer is the ascent of Mt. Kearsarge, which has an elevation of 3,943 feet. It was the bright, clear Thursday after that "yellow day," and the first time for two weeks that the mountains had been visible.

Our party consisted of two gentlemen, a lady friend and myself. We preferred climbing to riding on the saddle, for there is only a bridle-path. Helped over the hard places by our mountain sticks, and occasionally by a strong, helping hand, we held our way steadily upward for two miles and a half. At last, after vain efforts to encounter rattlesnakes and bears, we reached the Tip-top House, where we found several parties before us. The view which burst upon us was too grand and beautiful for feeble words to express—one mountain rising above another until it all seemed like some vast ocean whose billows were hills. The little towns lying all around in the valleys formed a pretty contrast to the green and gray of the mountains. With the aid of a glass we could see the church-spires of Portland, and the ocean beyond,

a distance of over a hundred miles; we could plainly see the Signal Service station on Mt. Washington, and could count the windows in the hotel on its summit. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery will ever stay as a bright picture in my soul, and I am glad for the inspiration which I gained in my ten weeks' visit to North Conway.

September 10th found me in Boston, and my first destination was Auburndale, where four glad, profitable years have been spent. The "new wing" was that far completed, and the other improvements also, that I can imagine just how you all are now. The "laying of the corner-stone" recurred vividly to my mind. How rapidly the work has been carried on since then!

I have wished many times that my life at Lasell were but just beginning. Improve every minute, girls, or you will appreciate your many advantages when they are all beyond your reach. My best wishes for the success of the school, and long live LASELL LEAVES.

Yours sincerely,

E. F. E., '81.

Mechanics Fair.

THIS has always been quite an interesting institution in Boston, and it is particularly so this fall, as it is held in new and attractive buildings, which have been erected for the purpose on Huntington Avenue, at the South End.

The finer of these is called the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. It is built with a main part and wing; the ground about the building is sodded, and in front of the wing entrance is a large and beautiful fountain.

Entering here in the evening you are at first almost dazzled by the brightness, for the building is illuminated outside and in with electric lights, which produce a very brilliant effect.

In looking around you are at a loss to know where to begin; but pretty pagodas invite you to enter, and in a few moments you forget all else in looking at beautiful china, stationery, furniture, carpets, lamps, cutlery, dresses, laces, shoes, millinery, fancy work, etc. We could fill pages by naming all we saw, but we will allow our readers to use their imagination, and save our space for further description. You must remember that all the things you see are of the loveliest and costliest kind. There are tables where pretty things are for sale, and we noticed many people carried away remembrances with them.

In the center of the wing is a large mound rising fifteen or twenty feet; it is filled with beautiful plants, and from the top rises a fountain which sends its shower over all the flowers; from each of the four corners there are streams running down, which appear like little brooks gurgling over their pebbly bottoms. The whole arrangement is very pleasing, particularly so on a warm day when the buildings are crowded.

Directly back of this fountain is a pond, on the story below us, into which flows a large stream some twenty-five feet high and ten wide. The effect is very pretty with colored lights behind it—like a miniature Niagara illuminated.

Passing into the main building, you enter a large hall, the largest in the city, capable of seating 10,000 people, which will be used during the winter for entertainments. Very much the same is seen in this section as in the other. One interesting object is the Turkish table filled with beautiful articles for sale, and attended by a Turk in costume.

There is a large stage at one end of this hall, where the band sits, and furnishes delightful music during the evening. Two galleries run round the room; in the first are to be seen different styles of furniture, some entire sets and certain new and odd pieces, which attract much attention. The second gallery is almost entirely occupied with pianos and organs, where plenty of music is furnished you, if you only care to wait. Elevators are running constantly, which save many weary steps. There are also refreshment-rooms, barber-shops, toilet-rooms, etc., connected with the building for the convenience of travelers. One of the ante-rooms is very interesting, being filled with articles made by the blind, from one of the city institutions. The work is very interesting when you remember it was done by sightless people. The gallery of the wing contains what many persons would consider the finest exhibition in the entire fair—that is, the art-rooms. There are four or five of these filled with exquisite paintings; among them are many lovely marine views, female heads and half-length portraits. One room filled with crayonings is especially fine.

Several photographers also occupy rooms in this gallery, where their most elegant work is exhibited.

The entire fair is most satisfactory, and one of which Boston may well be proud.

A. K.

ONE evening soon after the opening of the term, Mrs. Kimball, one of the residents of Auburndale, sent an invitation to the young ladies to call at her home and see her night-blooming cereus. At the close of study-hours a large party of the girls assembled in the hall, ready to avail themselves of the opportunity. A short walk brought us to the house, where we found quite a company assembled to watch the opening of the flower. The plant was placed upon a table in the center of the room, and had two blossoms, which is something quite unusual. The large flowers were fully opened, and very beautiful, being snowy white, and exhaling a delightful odor. After many exclamations of delight and admiration the girls returned to the Seminary. The walk to and from the house was pleasant, because of the change from study, and also because of the unusual dissipation of retiring at half-past ten.

We extend our thanks to Mrs. Kimball for her kindness in remembering us.

ON Saturday evening, October 1st, the first regular meeting of the Lasellia Club was held. The faces of the old members are sadly missed. We shall soon welcome new ones, but the old still belong to us, and we expect now and then to hear from them, either in person or by letter; and we hope once in awhile to receive from each absent member some literary tribute.

The meetings of the Club are now held in the Chapel on Saturday evenings, instead of on Friday, as formerly.

The Club adjourned early, in order to accept a very kind invitation extended to them by the "S. D. Society," to attend their first open meeting of the year. They highly enjoyed the exercises, which, in their opinion, were conducted with skill and appropriateness.

MONDAY afternoon, October 10th, the first excursion of the school-year took place. At quarter past one about forty of us, with Prof. Bragdon and Miss Cushman as escorts, took the train for Boston. Arriving there, we took a street-car for Bunker Hill. Most of us climbed to the top of the monument, and were well repaid by the good view obtained of the city and suburban villages. We then went to the Navy-Yard and visited the Receiving Ship, seeing many new and interesting objects. We reached home about six o'clock, hungry and tired, but grateful to Mr. Bragdon for the pleasant time he had given us.

Lasell Leaves,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,

— BY THE —

LASELL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

— OF —

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From the Chair.

THE months of rest and pleasure have hurried by, and we are now at the entrance of another school year. For some of us it is the last. As we look back upon our school life, and remember how pleasantly and happily it has been spent, we feel almost sad to think that we shall never be school-girls again. Let us try to make this year as profitable as possible, so that when we pass from our school-room walls, we may take with us a pleasant memory of the past, as well as a bright outlook into the future.

While the autumn days are gliding by, let us not fail to enjoy their rich gifts. Surely, no more gorgeous display of foliage was ever seen than enchants our eyes. As the leaves assume these beautiful colors, then fade and fall to the ground, we trust our LEAVES may not suffer a like transformation, but, on the contrary, grow in beauty.

We are surely all interested that our paper should succeed, and prove to be all

we could hope for it. Then let us manifest that interest by being ready and willing to contribute readable articles to its columns.

To the old girls who may chance to read this first copy of the LEAVES for 1881-'82, let us say, "We miss you!" You may have dropped out of our lives as school-mates, but the influence of companionship still remains.

While we miss those who have left our halls, we heartily welcome the new ones of our number, and hope that the ideas they had formed of our school home, may be fully realized.

For ourselves we feel confident that, under the new auspices, we are about to enjoy the pleasantest year of Lasell's school life.

ALL the former members of Lasell who are now on the scene of action, will be interested in knowing that the time has come for them to use, and show to the best advantage, their literary abilities. Prof. Bragdon has offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best Lasell song, composed by any past or present member of Lasell Seminary; a second and third prize of fifteen and ten dollars, respectively, is to be given for the two next best poems, provided that the subjects are different from each other and from the first named, at the same time being appropriate.

A prize of twenty-five dollars is also offered for the best serial story, to be the property of the LASELL LEAVES. The manuscripts to be handed in by December.

A *nom de plume* must be signed to papers when forwarded for examination, the real name being placed in a sealed envelope sent with it.

Now, girls, one and all, we advise you to invoke the aid of the Muses, and anything else that will make two words rhyme. As to the serial story, do not stop short of being inspired in the highest degree by Melpomene. No other style will do for the LEAVES.

"L. A. A."

THE Lasell Alumnæ Association had a most interesting and enjoyable reunion this year. About twenty-five members were present; among them five who, being of the Class of '56, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation. June 15th, at 3 P. M., the annual business meeting occurred, with the President, Mrs. Parker, in the chair. After the reading and approval of the minutes, the class of

'81 were formally admitted to the Association. Then took place the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Charles C. Parker; Vice-President, Miss Lizzie Atkinson; Secretary, Miss Carrie Kendig; and Treasurer, Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell. The programme for 1882 was then arranged, and after some further business the meeting adjourned to the Chapel, where the public literary exercises took place. The officers of the Association, with members who were to take part in the programme, occupied seats on the platform, while other members were conspicuous on the front seats. After an invocation the following programme took place:—

INVOCATION.

1. ORGAN SOLO—Andante in G. *Batiste.*
MISS LUCY TAPPAN.
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME.
BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT.
3. READING—Charles Edward at Versailles
on the Anniversary of Culloden.
LILLIE POTTER, Class of '80.
4. SONG. *Selected.*
5. ESSAY—Here and There.
SADIE SMITH, Class of '76.
6. PIANO SOLO—Fantasie sur La Sonnambula.
OP. 27. *Leybach.*
CARRIE KENDIG, Class of '79.
7. POEM—The Flowers' Conference.
FLORA DREW-SAMPSON, Class of '57.
8. ADDRESS TO THE CLASS OF '56.
9. HYMN.
ISABEL G. JENNINGS-PARKER, Class of '57.

Year by year we bring thee greeting,
Alma Mater, still most dear!
Hands are clasped in joyful meeting,
Words of welcome greet the ear.
With the sunset radiance o'er us,
Back we gaze to morning's prime,
When life's picture lay before us,
Rosy-hued, undimmed by time.

To our hearts the cherished story
Memory loves again to tell,
How, in youth's fair pride and glory,
Here we said our fond farewell:
Entered on life's warfare glorious,
Clad in helmet, sword and shield,
Sure that we should be victorious
In the world's great battle-field.

Gird we on anew the armor,
Rusty grown through many tears,
And, with braver hearts and warmer,
Meet the swiftly-coming years.
For the King, in regal beauty,
In the distance holds the prize,—
Sure reward to faithful duty,—
Fadeless youth in Paradise.

On account of the absence of Miss Smith, numbers four and five were omitted; but the time was pleasantly occupied by Mrs. Parker, who, before introducing Mrs. Carpenter, of Burmah, representative for the class of '56, made some very happy remarks concerning this class and the school of a quarter of a century ago. Mrs. Carpenter followed with a most delightful train of reminiscences, which called forth alternate tears and laughter from the attentive audience. The exercises closed with the singing of the hymn by the entire Association.

At 5.30 a collation was served on the lawn, and here, in sight of the dear *Alma Mater*, and in the glow of the setting sun, the old and young, past and present graduates of Lasell, held pleasant converse together. The younger members were all life and gayety, while the older ones, with a wisdom born of past experience, talked soberly and earnestly of the years that are gone, and of the great future stretching out before them. Reluctantly, at last, this delightful company separated for another year—without doubt some of them for many a year to come.

The Reunion was altogether a never-to-be-forgotten occasion; and God grant that we may all be spared to enjoy many more of a similar character.

SECRETARY.

Our long-anticipated trip to the Hunnewell Garden became a delightful reality on Monday last. Soon after dinner we—a merry party of twenty-three—bestowed ourselves comfortably in a commodious barge, and with heavy wraps and light hearts gayly bade good-bye to our assembled friends, and started on a five-mile ride in the cool, invigorating air. We wended our way over a pretty country road, and through cozy little villages, breaking the almost Sabbath stillness of the atmosphere by our happy peals of laughter, and causing all the modest little nrchins to gaze after us open-mouthed, while their bolder brothers unceremoniously joined our number, and very effectively “brought up the rear.”

On arriving at Mr. Hunnewell's grounds, we alighted in front of a vine-covered lodge, and entered a broad, curving avenue bordered by sweeping lawns and graceful trees. Greenhouses, observatory, gardens and summer-houses were all invitingly open to our investigation; and the sense of perfect freedom experienced

wherever we walked was in itself, alone, a pleasing welcome. To our regret, we found it too late to see the gardens in their most brilliant dress, for October's frost had claimed their prize. Thus we missed the glowing tints of the flowers, nor could we find a compensation in autumn leaves, since most of the trees are evergreens; but we were more than rewarded for our journey by a visit to the Italian gardens. These terraces, a fascinating picture in themselves, skirt the beautiful Wellesley Lake, and command a fine view of the stately buildings and handsome grounds of the College. Walking here along the water's edge it is easy to think this an ideal spot of rural loveliness. In these gardens we look with admiration upon the wonderful results of skillful and artistic arboriculture. Swedish junipers, pines, spruces and cedars rise before us, one above another, in marvelous variety of outline, from the geometric cone, pyramid and cylinder, to the graceful curves of the bell. The view from these terraces of lake, wooded hill and garden combined, is one long to be treasured in Memory's hall. From Mr. Hunnewell's home we took the proverbial step to the ridiculous, and visited Ridge Hill Farms. Ridge Hill Farms! Why not? “Habitat of all unclassified creatures!” Here, truly, one lives to laugh. The most striking features of the place, we were told, had been put under lock and key only two days before our visit; but the remaining wonders served sufficiently well to enlighten our minds as to the possibilities of the human imagination. Minnehaha's Wigwam, with the modern addition of a machine to test the nerves of the American race, grinning statues, spurious horses' heads, and churches for good little ducks, made us curious to know what further marvels were hid behind the bars of the “Grotto” and “Norino Hall;” but with desire ungratified we were compelled to retrace our steps homeward, voting, nevertheless, our afternoon's pleasure a great success.

Oak and Lily.

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere!
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

“It Might Have Been.”

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
Thesaddest are these: ‘It might have been.’”

THESE familiar words of the poet have found an echo in many a heart; for what is sadder than remorse, or the regretful remembrance of lost opportunities?

If we could only peep into the future, and see the results of our careless words and deeds, how different would be our lives! The impatient, unkind word that rankled in the heart of a friend, would never have been spoken. The bit of idle gossip told laughingly, and with no evil intent, but which sullied the fair name of an acquaintance, would never have been uttered. The game of cards that gave the young man his first lesson in gambling, would never have been played. But the future is hidden beneath an impenetrable veil, which lifts only bit by bit, moment by moment, as the future becomes the present; and we speak and act little dreaming what the end will be. When the friend grows cold and distant, and we learn that a hasty word of ours has caused the change, we are very penitent, and sadly think: “Oh, if I had not spoken so thoughtlessly, it might have been different!” When the reputation of the acquaintance is injured by gossip and scandal, and we are told that the story was believed because *we* repeated it, conscience reproaches us severely, and whispers: “If you had firmly declared that you thought the story false, instead of laughingly repeating it as a joke, the gossip might have been stopped. When the gambler, contemned by every pure-minded person, sees the upright, honored citizen taking a principal part in the public affairs of the country, he can but think: “If I had never played that first game of cards, my life might have been like his.” Ah! the sadness of those words, “It might have been!”

A young lady beautiful in face and form, what the world terms *accomplished*, but without any solid, useful knowledge, goes into society, expecting to create a sensation. At first she thinks she has gained her desire, and is satisfied with the flattery and attention which she receives. But she soon discovers that those who seek her society are not the intelligent men and women, but the thoughtless and superficial. She sees some other young lady, possessing far less wealth and beauty, pleasing authors, poets, and the world's celebrated ones by her sparkling, intelligent conversation. The wealthy beauty, if sensible, will not remain satisfied with those who

surround her, but will be chagrined that the noted and intellectual do not care for her society. She will think of her school-days, when she had abundant opportunity to store her mind with useful knowledge, and she will regret her wasted time, and sigh for what *might have been*. We school-girls sometimes tire of studying, and long for the time when school-days will be ended. But could we realize that our success in life depends, in a great measure, on the way in which we spend these days of study, our books would receive more attention than we give them now; and instead of regarding our lessons as dull, uninteresting tasks, to be finished as soon as possible, we should look upon them as kind and helpful friends, who will lead us slowly up, step by step, to a higher plane of pleasure and usefulness. The opportunity to study is a blessing, a privilege, and if we neglect our opportunity, the day will surely come when we shall long in vain for what *might have been*.

Go with me to yonder prison. In the yard stands a platform, and over it hangs a rope. What means this strange arrangement? and why do we shudder as we gaze at that swaying rope, which swings to and fro in the bright sunshine? Listen, and I will tell you: you are looking at a scaffold, on which, in a few hours, a murderer is to be executed! No wonder you shudder, for such a death is full of horror. We almost unconsciously picture to ourselves the criminal, as we behold the preparations for his execution; we think of him as a man considerably past the prime of life,—old in crime as well as years,—his face repulsive in its expression of villainy, and his moral nature completely blotted out by his long career of crime. Let us enter the prison, and see if our imagination has painted us a truthful picture. We walk through the gloomy corridor, and take a look at the criminal through the grating in the door of his cell. We start back with an exclamation of surprise; the prisoner has thrown himself on his rude bed, and we cannot see his face, which is turned toward the wall and hidden in his hands; but that fine form, every curve of which hints youthful vigor, surely cannot belong to an old man! Hearing voices, the felon lifts his head, and turns his face toward us for an instant; then, with a groan, resumes his former position. In that brief glimpse of his face we see that he is a young man, hardly more than a youth. His features bear traces of a dissipated life, but the face can hardly be called repulsive; now, its

chief expression is gloomy despair. Saddened and shocked, we go out into the sunlight again; and then we are told the history of that life, so soon to end.

As a boy he was honest, intelligent, agreeable, and a general favorite. As he grew older he was attracted by the false sparkle of the wine-cup, and drank his ruin in that first glass of wine; for the appetite then formed grew stronger and stronger, till it became his master. The noble, beautiful girl to whom he was engaged, finding that her entreaties were of no avail, and that his love for her was not strong enough to lead him to a better life, wrote him a sorrowful letter breaking their engagement. Well for her that she did; for had she clung to him, the time would have come when, like Maud Müller, she would have longed for what *might have been*! For the young man's downward career was rapid. One evening, having lost large sums of money in gambling, he drew his pistol, in a fit of rage, and fired at his opponent, killing him instantly. Then, in rapid succession, came his arrest, the trial, the prison-cell; and the scaffold will soon be the stage on which will be enacted the closing scene of his life-drama. In his last hours, think you not that memory brings before him a picture of his happy, promising boyhood, and stings him with the thought of what *might have been*?

..... "God pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

HELIOTROPE.

THURSDAY evening, October 6th, Mrs. Helen Campbell, of Washington, D. C., gave the first of a course of six lectures on Domestic Science. The subject was "Houses and Homes"; it was made very interesting and instructive, and was listened to with the greatest of attention. "All houses are not homes," said Mrs. Campbell. "It is necessary that one should have the power of making a home pleasant; no matter what the home is, it can be made home-like. The first thing is to presuppose a house, and whether it is located in city or country, the first essential is a wholesome situation. Let your home be on a hill, or on an elevation sufficiently high to allow the drainage to flow off freely. Ventilation is the second requisite. Be sure the house has an abundance of sunshine, for air and sunlight should reach every corner. Often some carelessness of drainage or ventilation brings on

diseases which prove fatal. Thirdly, a pure water supply—the elements being eight-ninths oxygen and one-ninth nitrogen—must be obtained. Absolute cleanliness is the last of the four essentials. You may think this is a man's work, but it is not; it is only a woman who can do this, and do it perfectly. Men are more willing to pay doctors' bills than they are to spend their time from business to attend to drainage. Women, by their finer sense, are better qualified for such duties. They should see to it that the drains are kept as clean as the china, and good water and ventilation secured; remembering that nothing which makes life better can be either common or unclean.

Programme.

Calling of the Roll.

Invocation.

Piano Solo,	Miss Brown.
Prophecy,	Miss Winslow.
Vocal Solo,	Miss Stedman.
Reading,	Miss Macmillan.
History,	Miss Wallace.

Dedication.

Presentation of the Key.

S. D. Hymn, Miss Magoun.

SOCIETY.

Business Meeting.

This was the programme of the open meeting held in the new society-room on Saturday evening, and a very entertaining affair it proved to be. The musical portion was very fine, especially the "Instrumental Solo" by Miss Goff. The "Prophecy" brought down the house; and surely it did contain some startling predictions.

The Society is in an unusually flourishing condition this year; about thirty new members have already joined, and more are yet to go through the dreaded ordeal of initiation. The financial condition is good, and it is with a great deal of pride that the girls survey their new furniture and prettily decorated walls. The furniture is very handsome dark wood, highly polished, finished off with silver mountings. The desk is the most convenient one that we have ever seen. As the money for the furnishing of the room was obtained chiefly from the entertainment given last year, each girl feels as if she owned a share in it.

We would like to mention the nice little speech made by the President of the "Lassellia Club" to the S. D.'s, at the close of the open meeting. It was said in such a manner as to show the great amount of sisterly feeling existing between the societies.

Personals.

EVA STYELS is in Maine, at school.
 LOU' BEST is in Cincinnati, at school.
 CORA PUTNAM entered Vassar this fall.
 GRACE FRIBLEY is studying painting at home.
 MATTIE RANSOM attends the Boston School of Oratory.
 GRACE WHITE came home from Europe last month.
 EVA BRAGDON, '77, is preceptress at Xenia College, Ohio.
 MRS. MORRILL teaches vocal music, in place of Mrs. Hall.
 MISS LEHURAY is assistant teacher in French and German.
 ETTA JONES is teaching music at her home in Douglas, Mass.
 NELLIE CONVERSE is attending school at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.
 IDA COGSWELL left her two sisters with us this term, to take her place.
 It seemed quite natural to have Gertie Rice, '81, with us the other day.
 HATTIE TAYLOR does not forget her Lasell friends, but looks in on them once in awhile.
 NELLIE FERGUSON, '81, intends to study music and some modern language, in Boston, this winter.
 CARRIE COLBURN, while visiting in Boston with her mother, came out to Lasell to see some of the old girls.
 MATTIE McDONALD was to return this year, but was prevented from doing so on account of sickness.
 IL y a une autre victime aux charmes des demoiselles de Laselle; il s'appelle Monsieur Hughues Luquiens.
 CARDS were received last week from Lila Dickson, who is to be married to Mr. George A. Smith, October 24th.
 CARRIE EDWARDS made us a short call the other day. This year she is going to try co-education in Pittsfield, Maine.
 BELLE FITZGERALD is visiting at present in Kansas. Jennie Smith expects to come East, soon; if so, will visit Lasell.
 MAY BULLENS is gaining both pleasure and profit—probably more of the former—by vacillating between Chillicothe and St. Louis.
 MRS. M. M. JONES née Georgie Hatch is settled in a happy little home in Gunnison City, Colorado, where Hattie Winters has recently been visiting her.

LETTERS from Hattie Webber, Lily Flagg, Fannie Baker, Jessie McCord and Ida Foote, report intentions of staying at home, this year, and having a good time.

PROF. DOLE, who for so long has been instructor in Latin and Greek, is missed from the Faculty this year. Prof. Goodrich, of Boston, supplies his place.

MARIE HIGBY, one of our last year's musicians, recently played at a concert at Charlotte, Mich., receiving great applause. We are sorry to hear she has been much out of health during the past summer.

LILLIE POTTER, '80, who is traveling abroad with friends, was lately entertained, with her party, at the residence of Minister Lowell, in London. Miss Potter and a young lady friend intend spending the winter in Germany, studying the language of that country, besides enjoying its sights and gayeties.

LIZZIE FROST, who was a member of the Junior class last year, writes of her longing to return to Lasell. Her old class-mates would like nothing better than to have her come back and join the class of '82. Besides, seven would be a much better number to decide the weighty question that must necessarily come up during the Senior year than the even number six.

Miscellany.

THIRTY-SIX old girls back.

THE chestnut season has arrived.

SIX "grave and worthy" maidens comprise the Senior class.

THE school flag was draped in mourning and lowered at half mast until after the funeral of our President.

THE Lasellia Club is flourishing; sixteen names were proposed for membership at one of the regular meetings.

PROF. BRAGDON and family have moved into their new apartments, and we miss their pleasant faces in the dining-room.

WE have one hundred and twenty-two students this term. Twenty-one States, one Territory and Canada are represented.

ON account of ill-health, Mrs. Helen Campbell's lectures were postponed, so that the first one did not come off until Oct. 6th.

TEACHER in Natural Philosophy.—"Miss M., what is an inclined plane?" Miss M. (thoughtfully).—"Well, I can't exactly explain it, but I know it is something with a handle."

SEPT. 28TH, twenty were initiated into mysteries of the S. D. Society. The new members are now anxiously waiting for the arrival of the S. D. pins.

DR. METCALF says of one of our girls: "She was going to be married, but now it's broken off, and she wants *to be of some use* in the world." Alas, ye "useless wives!"

A MEETING of L. P. A. was called Oct. 4th, to act on the resignation of Miss Peabody, as publisher. Her resignation was accepted, and Miss Bragdon was appointed as her successor.

OWING to the inclemency of the weather, the opening of the school was postponed until Sept. 22d. The girls are wondering if there will be any change in the vacations, in consequence.

WE have been informed that some of the girls were obliged to take lunches at our lectures. Hereafter there will be an intermission, when chicken will be passed around. It is feared the price of chicken will go up.

NOT long ago Professor extended an invitation to the pupils to come to the dining-room and be weighed. As usual, some weighed too much and others too little. The heaviest girl tips the scales at one hundred and sixty-three, and the lightest at eighty-three.

Publisher's Notices.

FOR nice fresh fruit, go to Mr. Parsons' fruit market on Auburn Street, Auburndale.

IF you want to buy any jewelry or have any mended, go to S. W. Bailey's, 353 Washington Street, Boston.

FOR all fancy crockery and glass ware, go to Abram French & Co.'s, and you will find a handsome assortment.

GIRLS, if you want a perfectly fitting and well-made glove, go to the Centemeri Glove Company, No. 17 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

GIRLS, go to W. L. Towne, 425 Washington Street, for tintypes, locket-pictures, etc., and you will be delighted with the result.

FOR the latest styles in stationery, cards, etc., go to I. W. Moody, successor to Proctor & Moody, No. 37 West Street, Boston.

THE girls that are going to take lessons on the violin and cornet, would be wise to look at Thompson & Odell's assortment at 177 Washington Street, Boston, before deciding to purchase elsewhere.

WHEN you are shopping in Boston, just step into Weber's, on Temple Place, and refresh yourselves with one of their delicious ices.

ALL who have used a Stylographic pen know what a convenience it is; and all who have not used them we advise to go at once to L. E. Dunlap's, 290 Washington Street, Boston, and get one, and be free from the nuisance of an ink-bottle.

ANY one wishing to purchase something in the line of picture-frames, easels, panels, autograph albums, artists' materials, etc., be sure and call at C. H. Codman's, 34 Bromfield Street, Boston, and you will be saved the trouble of looking farther.

AT Thayer, McNeil and Hodgkin's, No. 22 Temple Place, Boston, you will find the best and latest assortment of ladies' boots and slippers. All styles are to be had there, in patent leather, kid, morocco, etc., at the most reasonable prices. Lasell girls will be especially favored there. Be sure and give them a call.

Exchanges.

"*Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo.*"

OUR exchanges are dropping in upon us one by one, and we realize that school-work has again begun all over the land. We are glad to extend the right hand of fellowship to one and all, at the beginning of another year, and look forward to both pleasure and profit in examining, criticizing and comparing, as we shall have occasion. First, though, before submitting the paper nearest at hand to our impartial critic's glance, we wish to heartily thank all who spoke of us so kindly during the past year. We remember with pride many of the pleasant things that were said, and will try to deserve this year others of the same kind. If we do not deserve commendation, then, brother critics, pray don't give us politely phrased "airy nothings," by way of compliment, merely, because we belong to the gentler sex, and are supposed to demand chivalrous treatment. With this plea, which is seriously made, we shall see how some of our brothers' effusions appear, looked at with feminine eyes.

We have received two numbers of the *Amherst Student*, which has afforded us some entertaining reading. The "Grove Poem" is a series of clever parodies, not without wit. Then there are two installments of a novelette, in epistolary form, which promises to develop in a charmingly romantic manner. We have been deeply interested in the lists of the members of past classes, with their present occupa-

tions, which are as varied as life itself—from being hard at work in a cotton-mill, or in the boot and shoe business, to prospecting in Brazil, or jaunting in Paris. Surely, it sounds like a very unequal distribution of the good things of life; but who knows, after all, where happiness is found?

Then we must shake hands with our bright little friend and constant visitor, the *Exonian*, which has always made itself welcome, and which we are sure will be the same this year as of yore. Another school-paper is the *Res Academicæ*, which, though in plainer dress than before, is full of life and spirit, and seems to have adopted that best of mottoes, "To be, rather than to seem." Success to you, neighbor *Res*!

The *Yale Courant* is full of interesting matter, reflecting very clearly the life of the University to the pleasure of outsiders. Among the numerous bi-weeklies which crowd our table it easily takes a foremost place, and we consider it, as ever, a worthy model.

We cannot fail to notice in all our exchanges the deep feelings of respect and sorrow with which they speak of our lost President, joining the voices of the young men and women of the land with the great voice of the world, in honoring the memory of a good man. So much has been said and written of honor for the dead man's noble character, of grief for his untimely loss, that we feel that we cannot now add a word; yet we all watched the long, painful struggle for life, and hoped against hope until the last, and are sharers, too, in the common sorrow. Would that each one of us might live a life as self-helpful, as true, and as brave!

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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 2.

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The Lost Chord.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary, and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm;
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it was loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Paris Letter.

ONE of our number recently received the following letter from a friend staying in Paris, which, by permission, we print, feeling it will interest the readers of the LEAVES as much as it did us.

PARIS, October, 1881.

* * * The first Sunday I was here I went to the American Chapel, and there heard a prayer that those who had left their native land for a sojourn in this city, might be kept from its temptations. A funny thought came into my head—that many come only for its allurements.

Marvelous is this center of earthly delights. You feel at once the aim of living to be the perfection of all that brings satisfaction to the senses. Its arts, its architecture, its parks, wonderful in their beauty, its streets and shops—these bring to the people the pleasures they crave.

You feel it in the atmosphere everywhere—their delight in the externals, the end of development to them. This is the superficial view of a looker-on.

The facilities for education in various branches we know are unsurpassed. The ignorance of the common people may be classed thus: when money is spent so lavishly on public adornments, a loss must be felt somewhere, and it is in this direction. To see the ruins of the time of the Commune, is to feel that Paris is on a volcano; and that element you feel more or less under the outward courtesy of the street.

It was a little time before I got accustomed to the system of omnibus riding. Time is so systematized here that stopping is out of the question; if you can run far and fast enough, you are quite sure of a ride. You see your vehicle coming. They are huge affairs, two storied, with three horses. You venture beyond the sidewalk into the whirl of carriages, and shake your parasol at the driver. He is sure to see it, only you do not know it when innocent. The omnibus whirls on, you run after it; you are mixed with horses going all ways; your omnibus seems to slacken a little, and you run faster. It is reached at last, and perhaps you are helped on the platform, and perhaps not. At any rate a victory has been won, and you mount the spiral stairs for the top, desperately clinging to the railing with both hands, while it rattles over the pavement. I always try to ride on top for two reasons: it is very much better for the purse, and you get such views of streets and their life. Localities soon become clear after a few such rides. From much practice I can even come down the steps under full headway; and this is the only way you can leave at the street you wish, unless at the regular stopping-stations.

To see Paris easily, you need money enough to hire a carriage at your own disposal. Then, seeing and going is without much fatigue. Oh, how one might enjoy Paris if it were not for the subtle element of disorder in its people, felt and seen! Where else is there so much to please the eye?

In the Place de la Concorde, you stand near the obelisk from Luxor, and see wide, long avenues stretching far away—at one end the disfigured Palace of the Tuileries, a half-mile or more away, all between, garden and park. At the other end the grand Arc de Triomphe, the Champs Elysées leading to it, in its beauty of hill and garden, one and a quarter miles. And here, too, you get a little view of the Madeleine, in its beautiful elegance of Greek design. One can hardly imagine a sight equal to this in the heart of a great city. But Paris is full of effective views, which its Boulevards help much to form. Of outside places I have been to Versailles, St. Cloud and St. Germain, all now as freely open to the people as the parks of the city. To stand at the window where Marie Antoinette showed herself and children to the mob, was almost to see it filling and surging in the great court-yard of the Palace. To walk in the parks and forests of these places, is to forget that anything but peace and innocence ever found shelter there—there is such an exquisite refinement in their wooded alcoves and paths, and the fountains, marvels of art. When I was walking in the Forest of St. Germain, I recalled several pictures of lovely perspective and color taken here, seen in Boston. And there, too, were the women of Millet, in wooden sabots, gathering and carrying fagots for winter fuel. They do very well to make a picture more complete, but in themselves what sad objects, the wretchedness of their lives is so apparent.

As I write, the bells of St. Sulpice, fronting my window across a square, are ringing. One of its great towers is all riddled by shot, at the last revolution. This is the finest church on the south bank of the Seine. When at my banker's, a few days since, I saw in the reading-room the *Boston Transcript*, and a notice of lectures on "Domestic Science," at Lasell. Did not the paper and its tone seem familiar! A newspaper is like the face of a person—so well known that all expressions are familiar.

In all my writing I've not touched upon the Louvre, because it is a very large affair to deal with. In Paris one thing is ever present before you—to be grateful for freedom from the everlasting fee-paying in visiting galleries, etc., that you meet in Italy.

Six days in the week is this treasure-house open to all, rich and poor. You see the man in his blouse, the woman in her snowy cap, passing through with as much pleasure expressed on face and in gesture

as that shown by some of the more richly dressed. But I cannot go on; pages would have to be written.

This afternoon I went into the Luxembourg Gallery a little while, where some of the modern artists are represented. Of Millet, I found only two, and these not especially good. Corot, too, is not seen there much; Couture, by one very large picture, not very striking, except in size of figures. The palace is built very much after the style of the Pitti, in Florence, as Marie de Medici was its founder. But the garden I was most interested in to-day. It was mild enough to see Sunday life in its usual holiday aspect. The garden is thronged, and it is one of the pleasant sights of Paris to see the free, out-of-door life of its people. Games were going on, croquet at one place, ball in another. Children were riding on all kinds of animals Noah brought from his ark. I looked at the fountains, at the boys whipping their tops, etc., a school of girls of all sizes under the care of a white nun. These schools have jolly times, and have no fear of their *duennas*, who laugh and encourage them in gayety.

Do not I prize America more and more? What if she has not flea-infested churches, rich in old glass and marble? We do not look for the treasures of the past in her, but promise in the future. What would the past be, but in this coming up of a fresh people? K.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3d, Dr. Laura M. Porter, newly appointed medical lecturer of Lasell, gave her first lecture to the students, the substance of which is as follows: "Of all earthly blessings, we may count health to be the most desirable. It is, in a sense, a necessity. Now if health is so essential to our work in life, how shall we attain this much-desired end? The answer seems simple enough, and will not take long in saying. Two rules seem to me to comprise the whole matter. *First*, A *knowledge* of the laws governing our well-being. *Second*, *Obedying* those laws. Two words: Knowledge—obedience. Not a very long lesson, but a very comprehensive one. Let us go back for a moment and think of man as we know him, in what I shall call his *natural* condition, and see how comparatively rare disease was. He was born and grew up more like an animal than a rational being. Now, civilization has changed this state of things, and no one would wish to go back to the early condition of our race; but with the change,

certain evils have come, to three of which I wish to call your attention. They are the faults of *dress*, *diet* and *habits of life*; the last being rather a broad term. Of each of these I shall speak to you more extendedly by and by. There is no reason why the women and girls of to-day should not be strong and well; no reason why, because we use our brains and try to develop our minds, our bodies should not be able to endure fatigue and exertion. Sometimes people will say, "Why talk so much about the body; think more of the intellectual and spiritual part of our nature. The body is not worth so much care!" But when we think that in the body dwell the soul and mind, that which makes us what we are, and life worth living, does it not seem important to give the best part of yourself a fit abiding place? Let us then strive for this end. By close attention to the laws of health,—many of which you know, and all of which I wish to have you understand,—let us aim to possess healthy bodies, that our minds may be healthy also, and all our powers and faculties have full chance for development and expansion, so that our bodies may, so far as in us lies, be "fit temples for our souls."

After these remarks the lecturer explained the structure of the body as regards the bones and their functions.

Our New Wing.

"You will scarcely recognize the Seminary," wrote a friend who had remained at Auburndale during the summer vacation; "it is changed from one end to the other, and from the attic to the cellar." So we were prepared for a surprise, as we left the cars one glowing September afternoon, and turned once more up the familiar streets toward our old school home. There it was, peeping over the treetops, on the lookout for the groups of returning pupils, who were coming by every train, the stars and stripes floating on the breeze in token of welcome—but how changed! It had grown wonderfully since we said good-bye in June,—that we could see; but as for the rest, there was but a bewildering mass of scaffolding, a deafening ring of hammers, and running to and fro of workmen, so that we were at our wits end whither to betake ourselves. We soon found, though, that there was a place and a welcome for every comer, and the next day school was opened with all due solemnity. Lessons went briskly forward the first few days amid the sounds of the saw and the hammer; for in

spite of the hard work of the summer, many finishing touches remained to be given. Now, however, all is completed; the workmen have finished their tasks, and order reigns supreme. We have waited only for this, to invite all our friends, old and new, to make a tour of inspection with us.

First, then, let us walk along the path at the end of the lawn, and see what a brave show the new wing makes, — ninety feet long, three stories high, with a wide piazza running all along the front, and a handsome two-story bay window at the eastern end. The center of the main building has been raised, to give room for the new studio, and the old wing also has undergone a similar elevation to correspond with the new; so that one may easily imagine how great is the change. Our staid, sober old *Alma Mater*, in her new garb, looks, at least, ten years younger, and ever so much handsomer.

But let us enter; and we will take the dining-room first, on our way upward. "What a fine room!" you say; and, indeed, it is, so large and high and bright, with its great sunny windows. There are ten tables, each seating twelve persons, and at meal-times the scene is a very animated one. "But what are these folding-doors at one end?" Oh, come in! this is one of our new institutions — the "Club-Room." There is a polished floor and a piano, suggesting dancing at once, and, in due time, comfortable sofas are to appear, for the benefit of the on-lookers. This room is meant for a sort of general rendezvous, where the girls are to meet whenever they feel like a good "play-time," where they may laugh and sing, romp and play games, as they please. It's a good idea, isn't it?

Now we will go up stairs and see the music-room, where Mr. Hills is sole monarch, and the four pleasant parlors, opening into each other, the last one prettily finished with a hard-wood floor and wide fire-place, with its bright brass andirons. The bay-window at the end of the corridor is inclosed with glass, and filled with growing plants, making a sunny bit of summer, to brighten the dark winter days. Across from the parlors are the rooms occupied by Mr. Bragdon's family — parlor, bedrooms, dining-room, and pretty little kitchen, where the practice classes in cookery are to work, and which cannot fail to inspire in every girl beholding it a desire to be mistress in just such a one some of these days.

We will take a peep, now, at the second and third floors, — the girls own special domains, — with their large, bright rooms

furnished in light-wood, in the Eastlake style. They are adorned, girl fashion, with photographs, books, vases, and a hundred pretty knicknacks, and are pictures of cozy comfort. But you must certainly see our new studio and trunk-room; and, to that end, let us offer you a ride on the elevator, though, as you see, it is as yet destined only for trunks. The passenger elevator is coming, some day, if it will not make the girls too lazy! Here is the attic, with its long rows of trunks in a delightfully "get-atable" condition, and on opening a mysterious green door, we find it to be the side-entrance into the studio. What a cheerful room it is, gay with the rich colors of the partly finished work on the easels, and the studies hanging about the walls — here a stalk of golden sunflowers, there a warm sunset sky. From the great window, which floods the room with light, there is a wide view of the surrounding towns, nestling cozily among their hills. Isn't this a pleasant conclusion to our journey? But there is more still to see, for transformations have taken place in the old part of the house that we would like to have you admire with the rest; so let us go down stairs again.

This, which used to be the private parlor, is now the office; and this door leads into Mr. Bragdon's own particular sanctum, where he is besieged all day long by girls whose anxious faces tell of some weighty matter on their minds, which only "Professor" can decide. Then comes our new library, last year the girls' parlor, now fitted up with an ample study-table and bookcases; while from the walls the faces of Lasell's girl-graduates look upon their successors with approval, as they bend faithfully over the well-conned books. The old dining-room has disappeared from mortal view, and in its place are recitation and practice-rooms; so that the walls which used to echo three times a day to the clatter of knives and forks, now repeat the wise utterances of the Seniors, or ring with the melodies of our rising musicians.

It is true that our home is "changed from attic to cellar," isn't it? Well, the changes were needed. We have been very much crowded, and have been patiently waiting for enlargement. The time came, at last, and the improvements have been thoughtfully planned, and liberally carried out. A new era has begun in Lasell's history, thanks to the Trustees and Mr. Bragdon; and its pupils, one and all, wish for it many prosperous years under their fostering care.

Concord and Lexington.

ONE of the many and pleasant excursions that the school has been favored with this season, occurred in October.

At nine o'clock two barges, which were to convey us on our journey, were at the door of the Seminary. As soon as the girls, with their numerous shawls and lunch-baskets, were comfortably arranged in the spacious wagons, the drivers gave the signal, and we were on our way to Concord and Lexington. The sun was shining brightly when we started, but just as we passed the outskirts of Waltham it began to sprinkle. Fortunately our barges were covered, so the rain did not impede our journey, and in two hours we were at Concord. By this time the rain had ceased, and passing the "Old Manse," which is partly concealed by trees, we alighted at the battle-ground, on the North Bridge, — which was exactly between the positions of the Americans and British on that memorable day, — and ate our lunch.

We could not leave this historic place without pausing at the grave of the British soldiers who, for a hundred years, have lain in the spot where they were hastily buried on the afternoon of the fight. Their names were never known, and no monument marks their burial-place, save a rough stone on which is the inscription, "Grave of British Soldiers."

Houses of literary interest next claimed our attention, and we proceeded to the homes of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louisa M. Alcott, and what was formerly the home of Hawthorne; but as the rain had commenced anew, we could only get a glance at these mansions, through the curtains of the barges. Our trip would not be complete without visiting the Concord Public Library, and we spent nearly an hour within its walls. Fine paintings, and busts of literary men, which adorn the building, attracted our attention. We were very much interested in some of the original manuscripts, among which were "Little Women," "Little Men," "Dorothy Q.," "Cathedral," and others. Six manuscripts were presented to the Library by the late James T. Fields.

We returned by the way of Lexington, and in passing Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the girls, regardless of the rain, left the barges to view the grave of Hawthorne. A simple slab, on which is engraved "Hawthorne," marked his resting-place; but the spot was completely covered with a green running vine, a slip of which we took for a memento.

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From the Chair.

TIME flies, and the world goes on; every day brings its duties, its sunshine and its shadow. Old Time is an energetic leader, and he will have no sluggards in his train. As he brings his crowd of duties to us, he also seems to shorten his stay; and his inevitable motto, "There is time for everything," strikes us as being decidedly false.

WE are trying to keep up with the times and the growing ideas of the day, in our school-life, and this term have opened a new department in the musical line; namely, that of giving instruction on the violin, guitar, cornet, or any other instrument of music with which the students may desire to make themselves proficient.

PEOPLE are gradually coming to their senses, and are finding out that it is not an

actual necessity that every girl should know how to play on the piano. A father complains of his daughter, because he has spent a thousand dollars or so on her musical education, and spent it, as he says, "for a solitary piece of music." The complaint, no doubt, is a just one, but it might be obviated in a great measure if common sense was used in some few cases where the daughter has no musical talent whatever, and if the difference in talent was taken into consideration in other cases. There is no reasoning in the fact that because a girl cannot play on the piano successfully, that she cannot sing or play on the organ, and *vice versa*. Organists are seldom the best pianists; singers often have no skill in piano-playing beyond what is necessary to aid in their vocal culture.

There is too much sameness in the musical education of the fairer sex of the day to produce harmony and appreciation. The time spent in practicing on some of the more uncommon instruments, even if it did not bring about as much skill and proficiency as the same time spent at the piano, would meet with more approbation, merely on account of the variety.

Although we do not mean to denounce piano-playing in the least,—for it would be folly indeed to condemn an instrument so popular among musical critics for its beauty and extent of tone, and as an accompaniment for the voice,—we intend to say that if the surplus pianists would spend their time and money in becoming proficient on some other instrument, they would relieve the monotony of our musicals, rehearsals and concerts, and infinitely increase the interest and pleasure of themselves and their audiences.

There is as much difference in the talents for the several styles of music, as there is in the diverse modes of painting and writing. Why should not each one cultivate her own especial talent in which she is most likely to succeed? "Each should be a law unto himself." Why should not the violin, the most expressive of instruments, the guitar, one of the best instruments as an accompaniment for the voice, the cornet, with its popular brilliant style, be executed by girls, as well as by their brothers. Surely, they have the delicateness and accuracy of touch necessary for success with stringed instruments; and if they do not possess the lung capacity of the other sex, they have enough power, at least, to play on some of the smaller wind-instruments. We do not think it would

dangerously hurt any of our students to expand the chest a little by practice on a cornet or flute. Why should not more of our schools have their own orchestra, composed of their students? for many of them, certainly, do not lack the ability, if it were only trained in the right direction.

We heartily encourage those in our school who have taken up the study of music in this line, and hope that from their success, more may be led to follow their example, so that in time we may have our own orchestra.

THE mode of election to the Honor lists is causing almost as much thought and discussion in our assembly as the subject of State's rights did in the formation of our national Constitution. Unlike the latter case, though, in the fact that while the States feared lest their power should be too limited, the students in the former case think too much power is offered them in judging for themselves where each student should stand. They fear their capability of executing such power in the most just and fair manner, and so desire to decline its acceptance. While they do not shirk the responsibility, they feel that it is not right for a student to be ranked according to a vote which, in five cases out of ten, will be biased by personal likes or dislikes. There are few students, however conscientious they may be, who desire to betray their best friend.

Such a plan, as we look at it, cannot help but cause complaint among the members of the school, especially against those unfortunate enough to be elected to the jury. This was fully demonstrated by last year's similar proceeding.

As to the good coming from the use of such power, we fail to see it; for although it may discipline the few who compose the jury, at the same time it is the source of much hard feeling and dissatisfaction with most of the girls.

If the students were led to a higher control of themselves by this action, and appreciated the honor placed on them by their mates, as much as if it were awarded by the Faculty, we might change our minds on the subject. As it is, we are perfectly willing to abide by the judgment of the "powers that be" whom, by their experience, wisdom and oversight, we believe more capable of justly allotting to each her place.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

A Visit to the Sea Fairies.

I SAT alone on the sea-shore. All about me was the soft summer air; above, the full moon shed her silvery light over all, transforming the white sand of the beach, touching the tips of the dancing waves, and leaving a broad track of glittering silver light stretching far out over the ocean. The only sound that broke the stillness was the lapping of the waves at my feet. I sat thus for a long time thinking, with a vague regret, how beauty and happiness everywhere are marred by sorrow and pain, and that this seems as inevitable as a law of nature; wondering, also, if the fabled beings we read of as always gay and happy, were never touched by sorrow. Suddenly I heard music of entrancing sweetness, and turning, I beheld close beside me a beautiful sea-nymph. "Would you visit the home of the sea-fairies, and look upon the treasures of Ocean?" she said, in a voice that had the music of winds and waves in it. "If so, follow me." Turning, she plunged into the waves, and I, moved by an irresistible impulse, followed, keeping close beside her. I found myself transformed, outwardly, into a sea-fairy, and floated through the water with a delightful sense of freedom. My guide informed me that we were going to the palace of the queen, where it was a gala night, and that I was thus favored because of a great kindness done to the queen long ago by one of my ancestors. On we went through "pale-green sea-groves;" through glittering sea-weed and beautiful branching coral; over white sands strewn with shells and precious stones, with the soft green waves all about us. Now and then we saw lovely fairies, like my guide, sporting in the waters; and once we turned aside into a beautiful coral-bower, glittering with shells and lovely sea-ferns and mosses. Again I heard music, the same entrancing melody I had listened to when standing on the shore, but louder now, and soon we entered the palace of the queen. It was one flashing, glittering blaze of light; columns, domes and floor—all were of dazzling white, while a thousand gems sparkled in the light reflected from every side; and all about was the beautiful branching coral, and clinging feathery sea-weed.

At one end of the great hall I saw the queen on her throne, which was of pure white coral, the branches, twisted in fantastic shapes, sparkling with emeralds. She had on a long white robe, heavy with pearls; and her golden hair, trimmed with pearls and beautiful shells, fell to the floor.

On her head she wore a small crown, with one great jewel in the front, which caught a thousand colors, and reflected them again.

The air was full of music, and all about the queen her subjects whirled in a strange, bewildering dance, sometimes bending low before her, and then gliding away through the green water. I stood entranced, watching these beautiful creatures, forgetting there was any other existence, and thinking of the lightness and joy that reigned here, when my guide, taking me by the hand, led me to the queen, to whom she spoke briefly, in an unknown language, and then left us. Bowing low, I knelt at the feet of the queen; but she, smiling, raised me gently, saying, "I am about to honor you with a great trust. One of my subjects, dearer to me than all my kingdom, is absent ever from my court; she loves a beautiful youth of your world, and taking the form of a mortal, comes no more to her ocean home. To you I give the task of finding her and bringing her back to me." As she spoke a tear fell upon the ivory wand she held, and I knew that even here, where all seemed beautiful and joyous, sorrow and pain came. Bowing low again I kissed her hand, determined I would never rest until my mission was accomplished.

Turning to depart, I awoke, and found it all a dream.

The Tower of London.

THIS wonderful structure of antiquity is situated east of the city of London, on the northern bank of the river Thames. Dark shadows of the past enshroud this gloomy edifice; but it only serves to show, in a stronger light, the liberty, the intelligence and refinement which illuminate our day. They say that no one in whose breast an interest for his country has been awakened, can approach with indifference this castle of our forefathers. When the Normans endeavored to conquer the Saxons, the people were so enraged at those who sought to crush out their power, that William I., the noted Norman conqueror, caused this great stronghold to be built, in order to provide a shelter for himself and people. Later, it served for many purposes—not alone as a fortress, but as a prison, palace and armory; and during the reigns of the first kings of England, the Parliament was often held in the Tower. The oldest portion of the castle is called the White Tower. This is now surmounted

by a rampart, which is called the inner bail, flanked by half circle towers, each of which has a distinctive name. The Bell Tower is so called on account of its having been surmounted by the alarm-bell of the garrison; it is also stated that this was Queen Elizabeth's prison-lodging when in the Tower. Devereux Tower derives its name from Robert Devereux, a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Bowyer Tower: in a dark and gloomy chamber of this tower, George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., is said to have been drowned in a barrel of Malmsey wine, in 1474. Tradition points out the Brick Tower as the prison of Lady Jane Grey. Jewel or Martin Tower was where the crown jewels were formerly kept. They say that the name of Anne Boleyn is inscribed upon the walls. The Wakefield Tower is so called from the imprisonment of the Yorkists; the crown jewels are at the present time kept in this tower. Bloody Tower is so called because the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered there. There are several other buildings of great interest within the inclosure; among those which seem to afford especial interest is the horse armory, a museum of ancient armor. Armor was superseded at the close of the seventeenth century by the use of firearms. Afterward all the cast-off armor was collected, and placed in the Tower; additions were made from time to time, and at the present the collection contains some of the most interesting specimens of armor and weapons of almost every age of English history.

St. Peter's Chapel also deserves notice. It was built in the reign of Edward I. It is a plain stone building, the interior consisting of a nave and side aisle. The tomb of Lady Jane Grey will be found here, and many others of royal blood.

THE subscription agent complains that the old girls are not doing their part this year, as she has received but few orders from them for the LEAVES. Now, girls, we do not want you to forget us in this way. We think this notice will be enough to stir the loyalty in any of your souls, for we coincide with Miss Carpenter's favorite adage, "A word to the wise is sufficient." The editors also would add to this, that letters from the old girls for the paper, are ever welcome; also any miscellaneous or personal matters which would be interesting to us all.

Societies.

THE "S. D." Society continues to prosper, and additions are made to its numbers every week. The pins for the new members have arrived, and it is plain to be seen that thirty girls have gained an inch in height during the last week. The new pins are very pretty, and an improvement on those of last year, being heavier, and the upper surface handsomely engraved. This year the Society note-paper is a larger size than last year, but has the same style of monogram in two colors, black and gilt. We should be glad to supply any of the old members who wish for paper. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:—

President, Miss Stedman; *Vice-President*, Miss Goff; *Secretary*, Miss Bailey; *Treasurer*, Miss Annie Baker; *Critic*, Miss Russell; *Usher*, Miss Westheimer.

We hope to make the weekly meetings both pleasant and profitable for all the members. It is proposed to give a public entertainment at the close of the present term, consisting of literary exercises and music, the proceeds to be expended in additional furnishings for the new society room.

THE Lasellia Club finally has an abiding-place. The new sitting-room has changed its name to the Club-room, and here every Monday evening one may hear—but we will not say what, as this is supposed to be a secret society.

At the last regular meeting the election of officers took place, which resulted as follows: *President*, Miss Orrell; *Vice-President*, Miss Hibbard; *Secretary*, Miss Perkins; *Corresponding Secretary*, Miss A. E. Lowe; *Treasurer*, Miss Bird; *Guard*, Miss Miller; *Critics*, Miss Marshall and Miss Morrison.

Miss T. gravely informed us the other evening in gymnastics, that it was never proper for us to take a person's arm when walking. [*Applause.*]

LAST Saturday evening we heard it announced that the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity would have a meeting. From the merry glances which the old members gave each other, and the disconsolate look on other of the girls' faces, we imagined that the time had come for the initiation of new members.

Suddenly four trembling figures, clad in gossamers, emerged from one of the rooms and mysteriously disappeared in No. 61, apparently darkened for the occasion.

Of course we cannot get them to reveal the secrets of their fraternity, but we can imagine some of the things that happened, from the rumpled dresses and disheveled heads. Some terrible process must have been gone through, for two of those initiated were unable to attend church the next day, and now we frequently hear them speak of the "Magic Fluid." Beware, girls; do not take so serious a step thoughtlessly.

Personals.

DR. METCALF is our attending physician.

WE had a call from Hattie Taylor last week.

DR. SAFFORD has gone South, for her health.

ANNA BEACH has been visiting friends in Detroit.

WE noticed Belle Loudon was in our halls the other day.

WE were glad to see Etta Jones with us a few days ago.

CORDELIA GILBERT was with us for a short time on the 7th.

MARGIE REED has been visiting Fannie Nason at her home in Rockford.

MISS TAPPAN's sister has been spending a day or two at the Seminary.

BERTHA and EMMA HAX are to continue their studies at home this winter.

DR. PORTER supplies the place of Dr. Safford in lecturing on Physiology before the students.

LULU ORRELL's face was brightened last Monday by a call from her cousin and a friend from Boston.

MISSSES DURFEE and WEYL are taking lessons on the violin, and Misses Bird, Miller, Russell and Hugus on the guitar.

EMMA FERNALD was married, on the 10th, to Mr. Pearl Brock, of Boston. Our congratulations and best wishes go with them.

CARRIE and ANNIE KENDIG made us a short call a few days ago. They thought the "new addition" a grand improvement.

SOPHIE WHITE was delighted, a few weeks since, at receiving a short visit from her "brother John," who had just returned from the "Old World."

PROFESSOR and MRS. BRAGDON left us last week for a trip through the South and West. We miss them very much, and all unite in wishing them a pleasant journey.

THE familiar faces of Cora Flint and Lucy Curtis were seen in our classic halls not long since. It brought back forcibly to a few of us the pleasant years that are past, when they were among our number.

QUITE a number of the girls have had calls from their parents of late. It brightens their faces and gladdens their hearts for the time being, but, alas! for the few hours immediately succeeding their departure.

ABBIE TURNER is in Boston, studying music with Prof. Hills. We have not forgotten the pleasure we used to enjoy in listening to her fine playing. We are glad to know she is so near us, and hope to see her soon at the Seminary.

GRACE GARLAND and Maud Newcomb gladdened the hearts of their friends by spending a few hours at the Seminary a few weeks since. Maud expects to take music in the city this winter, and Grace contemplates spending the cold months in a warmer clime—Florida.

Miscellany.

"DATES have arrived."

"HAVE you seen the *Boston Herald* for November 3d?" Oh, my!

JUNIOR Query.—"If a cat's tail is a foot long, how many feet has the cat?"

HORSEBACK-riding is a favorite recreation this month with the young ladies of the Seminary.

CONTRARY to expectations, the change of recreation-day from Saturday to Monday, is much liked by the students.

THANKSGIVING is gradually approaching, and visions of turkey, candy-pulls, etc., are flitting through the girls' minds.

THURSDAY noon Mrs. Porter gave her first lecture on "Physiology." Most of the girls are deeply interested, and are impatiently waiting for the next one.

WITH two Bakers, two Masons, a Miller and Shoemaker, we have indeed an "Industrial school." We have even a Winslow (of "Soothing Syrup" fame).

In accents stern the teacher cried,
"The feminine for monk! Canst tell me?"
In trembling tones a Prep. replied,
"Don't know, but think 'tis monkey!"

GERMAN teacher (trying to explain meaning of a word to a Senior).—"It is the same, Miss —, as demi-god in English. What does that mean?" Senior.—"I think it is something to keep whiskey in."

Halloween.

All Halloween: 'twas here, 'tis past —
 "Too bright and beautiful to last."
 At eight P. M., at the ring of the bell,
 Down to the "Gym." all rushed pell-mell.
 The fun and frolic we had that night,
 Will remain in our mem'ries a green spot
 bright.
 After bobbing for apples till each face was aglow,
 All "tripped the light fantastic toe;"
 We sang (to Prof. G.'s delight and joy),
 "Mother, don't you love your darling boy?"
 At just nine o'clock — what! did we all dream?
 In through the door came cake and ice-cream.
 We enjoyed them with all a school-girl's zest,
 And pronounced Mrs. C. — "of all women the
 best."
 In most of the rooms sad havoc was made,
 The remembrance of which will never fade.
 The burners were stopped, so the gas could not
 burn,
 The door-knobs were greased, so they would not
 turn:
 Many other such pranks, to num'rous to tell,
 Were tried, and — alas! succeeded too well,
 We went to our rooms, when called by the bell,
 With cheers for Professor and dear old Lasell.

TEACHER. — "Man is a risible animal."
 Senior. — "Does that mean anything about
 the ribs?" The class were visibly affected
 by this *risible* absurdity.

THE first lecture of the "Star Lecture
 Course" was delivered by Henry Ward
 Beecher, Nov. 5th, at the Congregational
 Church. Quite a number from the Seminary
 attended, and enjoyed it very much.

WHAT mean the agonizing sounds that
 issue daily from rooms 9 and 33? Calm
 your fears; 'tis only the wails of woe drawn
 from those tortured instruments (violins)
 by the would-be Ole Bulls or Remenyis.

A WONDERFUL silence at our dinner-table:
 Miss G. has ceased to talk. "Why art
 thou silent, oh, maiden fair?" "My mouth
 is closed for repairs; my voice has given
 out." "Then is thy mouth closed for in-
 voice?" Tableau.

Ode To —.

In '81 to old Lasell
 There came a maid who, strange to tell,
 Let the occasion be what it may,
 Was overheard these words to say,
 "Law me!"

Did lessons hard e'er tax her mind,
 Or was she e'er with passion blind, —
 Did joy or fun beam from her eye,
 At all times would she softly sigh,
 "Law me!"

This maid has used the phrase so long,
 It has become her constant song;
 And I fully believe that should she die,
 With her last-drawn breath she would surely cry,
 "Law me!"

Ancient Schools.

HOW ROMAN BOYS WERE TAUGHT.

At seven years of age the Roman boys
 studied Greek and Latin grammar together.
 The sons of centurions went to school at
 5 A. M., with their satchels and counting-
 tables slung over their shoulders, and stud-
 ied in school-rooms on the ground floor,
 where they were so well and thoroughly
 flogged that the howls aroused the neigh-
 bors at very unreasonable hours; almost as
 great a pest to late-risers as our street-
 cries, in fact.

The masters were great disciplinarians,
 and esteemed corporal punishment one of
 the chief means of inducting that precious
 boon, knowledge, into dull heads. If a
 boy pronounced a single syllable wrong,
 he was beaten black and blue, and his
 body so covered with weals and welts
 that it resembled a patchwork coverlet or
 a coat of many colors. The ancients be-
 lieved that boys were naturally vicious, and
 required taming. So great a teacher as
 Plato laid down the axiom that "a boy
 was the most ferocious of animals." Others,
 like Quintilian, protested against
 undue flogging.

Pictures found in Herculaneum showed
 that the English system of flogging was
 likewise in vogue; also, that in some
 schools both sexes were together, although
 the education of girls was comparatively
 neglected. In the higher social circles
 girls were taught music and dancing and
 other fashionable branches, as now a days.
 At fourteen they were put into high
 schools, where they studied rhetoric,
 poetry and belles-lettres generally, their
 previous efforts having been confined to
 reading, writing and arithmetic, with
 Greek and Latin grammar and verses.
 The pay of a teacher was thirty dollars a
 year — about one hundred times less than
 that of a ballet-dancer.

Publisher's Notices.

For nice fresh fruit, go to Mr. Parsons'
 fruit-market, on Auburn Street, Auburndale.

For nice-riding horses, go to C. G. Tink-
 ham's livery stable, Lexington Street,
 Auburndale.

WHEN you want a nice pair of kid
 gloves, go to the Fortuné Kid Glove Co.,
 No. 9 Temple Place, Boston.

If there is any dentistry to be done,
 don't fail to have it attended to at once.
 Go to Dr. Sanderson, West Newton.

GIRLS, go to W. L. Towne, 425 Wash-
 ington Street, for tintypes, locket-pictures,
 etc., and you will be delighted with the
 result.

For the latest styles in stationery, cards,
 etc., go to I. W. Moody, successor to
 Proctor & Moody, No. 37 West Street,
 Boston.

WHEN any of the friends of the LEAVES
 are shopping, they would confer a favor
 upon the paper, as well as upon themselves,
 by patronizing those advertising with us.

COPELAND's, either on Washington or Tre-
 mont Streets, Boston, is an admirable place
 to satisfy the cravings of hunger which so
 often come in the course of a shopping
 excursion.

THE girls who are going to take lessons
 on the violin and cornet, would be wise to
 look at Thompson & Odell's assortment, at
 177 Washington Street, Boston, before
 deciding to purchase elsewhere.

WHEN watches, clocks and jewelry of
 all descriptions need mending, carry them
 to S. C. Ayres, West Newton, or leave the
 order with Mrs. Childs, Haskin's Block,
 Auburndale, and they will receive prompt
 attention.

ALL who have used a Stylographic pen
 know what a convenience it is; and all
 who have not used them we advise to go
 at once to L. E. Dunlap's, 290 Washington
 Street, Boston, and get one, and be free
 from the nuisance of an ink-bottle.

ANY one wishing to purchase something
 in the line of picture-frames, easels, panels,
 autograph albums, artists' materials, etc.,
 be sure and call at C. H. Codman's, 34
 Bromfield Street, Boston, and you will be
 saved the trouble of looking farther.

At Thayer, McNeil and Hodgkin's, No.
 22 Temple Place, Boston, you will find the
 best and latest assortment of ladies' boots
 and slippers. All styles are to be had
 there, in patent leather, kid, morocco, etc.,
 at the most reasonable prices. Lasell girls
 will be especially favored there. Be sure
 and give them a call.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

OUR review of the exchanges will have
 to be brief this month, as our time and
 space are limited. We regret this very
 much, as there are many excellent ones on
 our table of which we would like to speak,
 but cannot.

The *Argo* attracts our attention by its pleasing exterior, and as we hastily peruse its neatly arranged pages, the interior is found to be what was promised. The article "An Editorial Review," is very good and funny, one of its virtues being its brevity.

After spending a great amount of time in penetrating the *Princetonian's* shell of advertisements, we at last reach the kernel, and find it much better than we would expect to receive from such a sandy soil. The editorials are rather long, but give us a very good idea of the way things are progressing in the college.

At the close, let us warn the *Bowdoin Orient* against letting its imagination have too full play in its youth. The article, no doubt, is very funny, but it shows that the author had no acquaintance whatever with Lasell girls, and if we knew who it was, would not be likely to have. No; we don't ask you how you found it out.

The Robinson Engraving Company,
No. 23 ARCH STREET,
BOSTON.

ENGRAVERS AND ART STATIONERS.

STEEL PLATE AND HAND-PAINTED HOLIDAY AND BIRTH-DAY CARDS.

Invitations, Calling Cards, Monograms, and other Dies, Color Stamping and Illuminating.

MILLS BROTHERS,
COOPERAGE STOCK,
Office, 160 STATE STREET,
Yard, 473 Commercial Street. BOSTON.

R. M. YALE & CO.
Sail Makers,
MANUFACTURERS of Italian Awnings, Tents, Flags, Wagon Coverings, Sackings, and Store Awnings of every description. Yacht Flags a Specialty. Opposite the Dome of Quincy Market.
29 South Market Street, Boston.

HOWARD WATCH AND CLOCK COMPANY,
—JEWELERS.—
114 Tremont Street, - - Boston, Mass.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Special attention given to Watch and Jewelry repairing.

Youth's Companion for 1882!

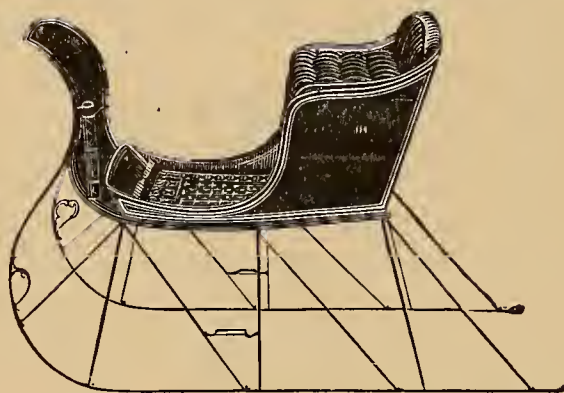
Articles Upon Fancy Work, Embroidery in Crewels and in Silk, Appliqué Work, Lace Work, Novelties of Knitting and Crochet Work, etc. By Annie E. Ramsey.
Training for Nurses as Physicians' Assistants. A new profession for women.

By a Trained Nurse, Mass. Gen. Hospital.
Ways by which Girls may Earn Money at Home.
By Rebecca Harding Davis.
How to Prepare Inexpensive, but Appetizing, Food for the Table.
By Miss Parloa.
The Raising of Household Pets for the Market.
By Mrs. S. B. O. Samuels.

Subscription Price, \$1.75. Specimen copies sent free.
Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

KIMBALL BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of Fine
CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,



110 & 112 Sudbury Street, - BOSTON, MASS.

BLANCHARD & LAMBERT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Butter, Cheese, Lard & Eggs,
Stall No. 3, Central Market,
50 and 52 NORTH ST., - - BOSTON.

C. J. LITTLEFIELD,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in FRUIT, PRODUCE, POULTRY, etc.
24 NORTH MARKET STREET, - BOSTON.

WALKER & PRATT MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Heating and Cooking Apparatus,
Nos. 31 AND 35 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.

J. N. LINDSAY & CO.
SILVER PLATERS AND GILDERS.
Dealers in Silver and Plated Ware. Reed & Barton's Patent Cutting-Fork for sale. Old Ware Repaired and Re-plated.
NO. 237 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

—THE—
"EMERSON"
PIANO - FORTES

Date from 1849, and now number over 22,000. They have been widely known and universally commended. The newly-organized company embraces the heads of the principal departments in the factory, thus securing the skill and experience of thirty years.

THE EMERSON PIANO CO.

Has now an entirely new factory, completely fitted out with labor-saving machinery; and as the company uses only the best material, and insists rigorously upon having the very best work, the latest instruments are

FAR IN ADVANCE

Of the former series, and will compare favorably with

THE BEST MADE.

The EMERSON UPRIGHTS are especially admired. They have also, besides the SQUARE GRANDS, the COTTAGE PIANO, upright in form, of 6½ octaves, and a marvel of beauty and cheapness.

WAREROOMS,
595 Washington Street, Boston.

FINE LACE CLEANSING,
FEATHER DYEING,

IN FANCY SHADES.

DRY CLEANSING FOR GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Lewando's French Dye House,
17 TEMPLE PLACE,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED!

In the Eaton & Bradbury Mathematical Series,

Bradbury's Eaton's Elementary Arithmetic,
Bradbury's Eaton's Practical Arithmetic,

Combining oral and written work throughout, and specially adapted to the latest and most approved methods for teaching arithmetic.

They make a complete series for Primary and Common Schools in two books, the economy and advantage of which will be at once apparent.

Educators desiring the best and latest Text Books on the subject of Arithmetic, will do well to examine these books.

Copies sent for examination on receipt of, for Elementary, 18 cents; for Practical, 40 cents. Very favorable terms for first introduction.

THOMPSON, BROWN & CO.

23 Hawley St., Boston.

SILK ORNAMENTS.

New and beautiful art of instantly Transferring Pictures to CHINA and SILK to imitate exactly the finest paintings. Japanese and Chinese Goods, and Picture Frames. Fancy and Flower Papers, Congratulation and Christmas Cards

J.C. WHITE, 10 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

FALL and WINTER MILLINERY!

Mrs. M. H. KIMBALL,

DEALER IN

FRENCH FLOWERS, HATS, BONNETS AND TRIMMINGS,
MELROSE STREET, AUBURNDALE.

S. C. AYRES,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
POST-OFFICE, WEST NEWTON.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry put in perfect order, and warranted.

FRED. H. THOMAS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
BUTTER, CHEESE and EGGS,
No. 9 BOYLSTON MARKET,
Particular attention paid to family trade. BOSTON.

C. SARGENT BIRD,
Apothecary,
PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY GOODS, ETC. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours, day and night.
HASKIN'S BLOCK, AUBURN ST., AUBURNDALE, MASS.

LAWRENCE, WILDE & CO.
Manufacturers of First-Class
FURNITURE AND INTERIOR DECORATIONS
Nos. 38 to 48 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

A. LAWRENCE,

J. D. WILDE.

W. H. HULL.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1881.

NUMBER 3.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

We are now exhibiting the largest and choicest assortment of Bigelow Carpets ever shown in this city. We are the only house in Boston where the complete line of Wilton and Brussels patterns can be seen.

These goods need no commendation from us; the fact that they have, without exception, received diplomas or medals whenever exhibited, together with the high reputation and standing of the Bigelow Company, is sufficient guarantee to the public of the real worth of these fabrics.

The fall line of patterns is unusually attractive, and includes many novelties of design and coloring, to an early examination of which we invite our friends and the public.

Some Time.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And suns and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,—

Will flash before us, amid life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And what most seemed reproof was love most true.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find there is a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold:
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,

Where we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

—Selected.

HOME, NOV. 26, 1881.

My Dear Friend,—We left Cleveland on the steamer "Nyack," for Mackinac, a small island in the Straits of Mackinaw, one Friday evening last August. The ride through Lakes Erie and St. Clair was delightful after the heat, crowd and dust we had left behind us. The sunset Saturday evening was wildly grand,—just clouds enough above the horizon to give one a strange, weird feeling as she watched. We entered Lake Huron as the sun was setting. The water was black, the wind began blowing, the waves grew higher, the clouds came nearer, and the engine puffed and grumbled "getting-rough-er;" and it did get rougher until some way or other the people grew pale, and retired to their state-rooms. I, however, was brave, and wanted to see the moon rise. About ten o'clock she peeped up from the water, I am afraid somewhat intoxicated, from the way in which she staggered, for even

I grew quite giddy with watching, and so very abruptly said, "Good-night." We arrived at Mackinac Sunday evening, about six o'clock. A very strange place, of between three and four hundred inhabitants, we found it to be. About 1823 the Jesuits established an Indian mission here. The old school-house has been remodeled, and is now under the name of the Mission House, the leading hotel of the place. The old church, in a dilapidated condition, still stands empty. Mackinac was one of the great ports for fur trade at one time, but at present there seems to be little in the place but Indian handiwork. The island is very picturesque; it is Nature in her rude, uncultivated state. The twilights are at least an hour later than ours; and the air is so cool and bracing it would be a sure cure for the lazy. The thermometer wavered between 104 and 105 degrees when we left Cleveland, and stood at 56 degrees when we arrived at Mackinac; quite a pleasant change. One thing that very much interested me here was the old fortress. Inside the high, white stone-wall leading to and surrounding the fort, there is quite a little town: streets laid out, in which are stately old trees; houses nicely built and furnished; the barrack clean and comfortable. The fortress boasts five cannon, fifty-two enlisted men and five commissioned officers.

To Petosky, quite a resort in northern Michigan, we took an inland route down through a chain of small rivers and lakes. The water was a perfect garden of water-lilies. The scenery in the distance was such as only that great artist, Nature, can place before one; nearer at hand quite a swamp. But the nicest part of our whole trip was a drive through the densest pine regions of the State. The road was too narrow for wagons to pass, but sandy and level. The old hemlock trees sighed and moaned. Some huge monsters had fallen, and were covered with beautiful hanging-mosses; for Nature is kind to those she loves, while men, regardless of beauty, chopped the grandest old trees, and, with rough iron chains, hauled them away for their own practical purposes. The wood was interspersed with small lakes, and it

was such a treat for me, in our own dear country, too, as I never expect to see surpassed. I have not told you near all I should like to, but have taken so much of your time that I will only say in conclusion how much I should love to see you all; how very welcome all Lasell news is to me; and how glad I would be to attend a good old-fashioned "S. D." meeting.

Lovingly yours, AN "S. D."

Some "Old Girls."

REACHING Lancaster (I don't think Hallie Shultz goes to the depot much, for I look for her every time I pass through L., but never see her round face) I was reminded that at Harrisburg I must change cars; and as I like to be in time I passed backward, to make the change then. Opening the door of a car whom should I see but Anna Curry and her baby; and wasn't I surprised? and wasn't I glad? She looked just like Anna Curry, though now she is Anna Todd. The baby is six months old (or is it sixteen? I forget. She told me, too. Anyhow, it, or she, had on long clothes), and was as bright and fair a face as any grandmother could wish; was good-natured and sensible—at least she "took" to me kindly, and I thought that showed good judgment. We had not far to ride together, so we sat right down over against each other and talked as fast as we could. She had on a green dress, and I forget what kind of a hat. Sorry, for I know you girls want to know that. But you can write and ask her. Her address is 3322 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. She has a pleasant-looking husband, and says her home is delightful. And I believe she can make a good home.

While in Williamsport, I saw, of course, Minnie Ransom. She has almost entire charge of the old home, and is a good cook, as I can testify. She is a natural cook; does things of that kind easily and well; looks well, seems to enjoy life, is the same good-natured "Min" as ever. Rumor has it that she, too, is about to make a home for herself and "him," though she don't seem to be in any hurry about it.

Here, too, was Jennie Haynes. I was sorry not to see more of her, for I always enjoy her bright chat and jolly ways. Jennie is always popular, and I guess always good-natured—and always a lady. She seemed to me to have grown better-looking than ever; may be the hat was unusually becoming. Couldn't learn definitely about her "prospects," though I am told she has one.

Going down Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, who do you guess stopped us with her merry, laughing face? Kitty Stevens! Another pleasure, and one of the pleasantest things about Philadelphia. She kindly came to call on us at "The Aldine," in the evening, bringing her "prospects," whom I like. He seems to be one to keep Kitty in order, though she asserts that she has grown very sober and sedate in these years. She gave me welcome news of some of the "old girls." We made a flying call at Hattie Adamson's charming home in Germantown. We were so long getting there that we debated whether to go back to Philadelphia or to Auburndale! Our time being limited, and not being quite sure how long it might take us to find it, prevented—much to my sorrow, for I had counted on seeing it—our finding the home of the Misses Lowe. We keep that pleasure for another time. In Baltimore we found Bernice Langworthy McFadden in a delightful home of her own, with a husband we approve. She just made us try some Baltimore oysters fried her way; and her way we declare very good. Bernice is well, and looks as happy as ever; all these old Lasell girls seem happy and prosperous. It does my heart good to see them so. It all comes of good Lasell training! Have just come in from Birdie Mason's proud little mother—proud of Birdie, and Birdie may well be proud of her. I had a delightful call—too short—with her and Birdie's aunt, who used to go to Framingham Normal, and so knows all about Lasell. I hear Iota Williams is in one of the Departments, but have not seen her yet. Bless the old girls; they are doing their work well, I trust. Bless the new girls; they are going to do theirs well too. God bless all my dear girls. C. C. B.

"L. M. A."

ONE Saturday evening not long since, the members of that mystic body known as the "L. M. A.," resolved to give Miss Macmillan, one of its most efficient members, a supper. As it was her birthday, and also as she was a member of the illustrious class of '82,—that august body of grave and reverend Seniors whose movements we are wont to gaze upon with awe (?),—it was resolved to have everything "nice," and as grand as circumstances would permit. During the day, both the telegraph wires and the operator were taxed to their utmost in transmitting the numerous messages it was found absolutely necessary

to send in making arrangements for the coming "spread."

From Miss Carpenter permission was obtained to prolong the festivities until ten o'clock. It was to be a complete surprise for Miss Macmillan, and during the day each member of the "L. M. A." was upon the *qui vive* of expectation. Directly after chapel in the evening the young ladies repaired to the club-room, which had been adorned in a suitable manner for the festivities.

Miss Macmillan was escorted to the club-room by two of the young ladies, and placed in the chair of state with a few words appropriate for the occasion. She replied, with her usual tact and sweetness, in a short but eloquent speech, worthy of a Senior and also of an "L. M. A." Congratulations and good wishes were then tendered her by each member. Dancing, games, conundrums, music and speeches then followed. Startling were the attitudes of some, dazzling and brilliant the wit of others, while peals of laughter were neither few nor far between. At nine o'clock the more substantial, and, alas, that it should be so to some, the more welcome part of the evening's entertainment began. We ate salads, oysters, sherbets. By no means such things are unhealthy, not conducive to sweet sleep and pleasant dreams when taken late at night. We enjoyed our more "æsthetic" spread of creams and cakes—enjoyed it as only hungry school-girls can. Many toasts were proposed, some with most startling sentiments, and a very pleasant hour was spent in disposing of the refreshments. Where only the "bare and empty board" remained, so to speak, operations were suspended, and the company parted with many good wishes for the future of Miss Macmillan, the "L. M. A.," and any possible spreads that might be organized during our sojourn at Lasell.

A Moonlight Ride.

SATURDAY night, November 26th, being the last night of our Thanksgiving vacation, we girls were anxious to celebrate it in some manner; but how? was the question. Among other things a dance in the Gymnasium was suggested; but this did not meet the approbation of a majority of the girls. At last one exclaimed, "Let us take a drive to Newton!" This idea pleased all, and immediately preparations were made for the ride. A committee of one was sent to Miss Carpenter to obtain permission, and also to procure the services

of Prof. Goodridge as escort; for Lasell thinks too much of her girls to allow them to go out in the evening unattended. Miss Carpenter gave her consent, and Prof. Goodridge was willing to accompany us. At half-past seven the barge was at the door of the Seminary; and with very little ceremony the girls arranged themselves and their numerous wraps in this conveyance. The ride was delightful in the cold, clear night, and in the bright moonlight; we made the air ring with songs and shouts of laughter, and the time passed so pleasantly that before we hardly realized it we had arrived at the city of Newton. We alighted at Paxton's, and entering, were soon served with ice-cream, which we enjoyed very much. Retracing our steps, we arrived at the Seminary just as the clock was striking nine.

Thanksgiving at Lasell.

THE 24th of November dawned upon us at the Seminary, in the usual way, by the clang of the rising-bell; and looking out I beheld the first blessing for which to be thankful, in Nature's white mantle, loaned for the occasion. Thanksgiving isn't Thanksgiving without snow, for we always associate joy and fun with the fall of the feathery flakes.

On going down to breakfast we found the long dining-room almost deserted, for over half our number had gone to see the dear ones at home.

After this meal the new girls took the accustomed way to Chapel; but soon finding that no one appeared to lead the devotions, they started upstairs, with all their energies bent upon the Herculean task of doing nothing.

The morning was spent in various ways, according to each one's taste. Some went to Boston, to hear Phillips Brooks, the younger girls coasted, and each one was lazy to her heart's content.

One thing that impressed me as very strange, was, that, offer any girl what delicacy you pleased that morning, she declined with such firmness that one would have thought she had been dining off the ambrosia of the gods for the past ten weeks. But all things are explained sooner or later; and this came later.

At 2.15 P. M. the second dinner-bell rang, and a flock of merry, hungry girls sat down to enjoy the elegant dinner which Lasell always provides for those who spend Thanksgiving there.

After three hours' merry chat and din-

ing, each one arose well satisfied with her Thanksgiving repast; and well one might be after going through the following menu:

- Soup.*
Swiss White Soup. Croutons. Pickles. Crackers.
- Fish.*
Turbot a la Crème. French Potatoes. Bread. Stewed Potatoes.
- Roasts.*
Roast Turkey, Oyster Stuffing and Sauce. Roast Goose.
- Entrées.*
Potted Pigeon. Escaloped Oysters. Cranberry Sauce. Apple Jelly. Celery.
- Cold Meats.*
Cold Ham and Tongue. Veal Salad.
- Vegetables.*
Mashed White Potatoes. Squash. Baked Sweet Potatoes. Boiled Onions. Corn. Green Peas.
- Puddings.*
English Plum and Coconut.
- Pies.*
Mince. Apple. Custard. Squash.
- Dessert.*
Vanilla Ice-Cream. Fruit Cake. Sponge Cake. Feather Cake. Candy. Assorted Nuts. Raisins. Bananas. Oranges. Apples. Pears. Grapes. Coffee. Doughnuts. Cheese.

During the twilight hours many went out to coast, whilst others repaired to the Gymnasium and tried to dance; but plain dancing was too commonplace for that evening. Some one suggested a masquerade, and every one rushed upstairs to prepare for the fun. In less than two minutes the room was deserted, and nothing was heard but hurrying footsteps and shouts of laughter. A half-hour later, the Gymnasium presented a bright spectacle—costumes of all shapes, sizes and colors; although what were the characters was difficult to determine. Several "gentlemen of the period" were well represented; although, I must say, the mustaches were somewhat too heavy to be true to Nature. One young lady must have represented falsehood: her costume was composed entirely of newspapers. After a merry time, winding up with an old Virginia Reel, we retired well pleased with our Thanksgiving at Lasell.

Important Private Matters Divulged.

A YOUNG woman somewhere among the hills of New Hampshire, being about to marry, has ordered her *trousseau* in Boston, whereupon the daily papers break out in admiration of the same. Fifteen dresses of "satin, plush and velvet, for reception, evening, and street wear," two of them "tea gowns." One is a bewildering affair of white moire, blue brocade and point lace, with "hand-painted panels," whatever

they may be. Art is getting wide significations. The grand climax is the cost of the whole, which is five thousand dollars; and it is added that all the dresses are of "combined richness and good taste, and very creditable."

Creditable to whom? The dress-maker, perhaps; and this may be her advertising dodge, and not the vulgar love of notoriety of the bride-elect and her family. In New York we have known of regular receptions being given to see the *trousseau*. As the ladies were invited to come in the evening, their male escorts waited, more or less patiently, in the parlors, while the girls scuttled over the stairs to take envious looks at secret splendors, to be revealed to masculine eyes only when worn by the bride herself.

All that is well enough for giddy New York; but how in cultured Boston? Yet we do recall, some years ago, the marriage of the daughter of a noted public man, when Boston papers gave lists of the outfit so complete as to include even the number of the under-garments, with their varied embroideries and trimmings. We remember thinking, amid such wealth of changes, the comfort there would be in never losing your Saturday night's sleep while repairing the ravages of the washerwoman.

But if the public is to be treated to these sacred revelations, why not give us the other side? Our feminine curiosity demands it. Give us the gear of the bridegroom also. Who is his tailor? and how many and what sort of suits has he ordered? What is the material and cut? Are the panels of his "little weskits" hand-painted also? What is *de rigueur* in bridal neckties and handkerchiefs? and how many are necessary to the proper commencement of wedded bliss? Who makes his boots? and are they square, pointed, pigeon or box-toed, with Scotch welts? Of French calf, Turkey morocco, Russia or patent leather? Hats, too. But there! every word we add betrays our ignorance of the toilet of a bridegroom. Such ignorance can only result from the silence of the press. In the future let us have due information, and above all things let us know exactly what it all costs.

LASELL is not behind in the improvements of the day. Recently the Massachusetts Central Telephone Company have put a box in the Seminary, and by this means connecting this institution with the larger inland towns between Boston and Worcester.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

As the days, one by one, glide swiftly by, the more convinced are we that "time and tide wait for no man." December, with its flying snow-flakes and frozen streams, is upon us; with a few more days of duty and a few more hours of study, and three months of our school-year will be past. As this term draws to a close, we trust each one of us realizes more fully than ever before how much there is to learn, and how little, comparatively, is ever known even after a life spent in careful study and diligent research. With this thought in mind let us improve every opportunity, and not waste one moment of our precious time.

Many of us are looking forward with much pleasure to the coming vacation. As we enter into the gayeties and festivities of the holiday season let us not think too much of our own enjoyment, but consider the happiness of those around us. We

wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," and hope that when we again assemble in our Chapel there will be no missing faces.

Mr. Bragdon authorizes us to say that Mrs. Bragdon and he will take a small party to Europe next summer, if all is well. The party will number twelve or fifteen, and not more; the route will vary some from that of three years ago, including more of Germany. The party will leave soon after school closes, in June, and be three months away, returning in time for the opening of the school in the fall. The cost will be five hundred and fifty dollars each, and from fifty to one hundred dollars will be ample for "spending money." All pupils of Lasell are eligible, and he will be glad to hear as soon as convenient from any thinking of going. On application, he will send itinerary of trip and all particulars. Those who would like to know how satisfactory the former trip was, are invited to write to Miss Carpenter, or to any of the girls—Genie Converse, Stella Smith, Alice Mayo, Rouette Bowen Baker—who were in his party in 1878.

Much preparation in the way of clothing will be superfluous.

Parents may be assured that no pains will be spared to render the trip, in all respects, satisfactory, and that their daughters will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Bragdon and his wife.

It is wonderful how little value the majority of students place upon their time while in school. How willing the student is to sacrifice a recitation, or any other compulsory exercise. If a teacher is detained from recitation, or from any other cause the exercise is omitted, the circumstance is attended with tokens of universal satisfaction.

A Legend of the Merrimac Valley.

Two weeks ago, while in Amesbury, I went to take a look at the Merrimac, which, risen much above its ordinary level, with its waters dark and turbid, hardly looked like our own beautiful Merrimac of summer time. Then, its clear blue waters, sparkling in the sunshine, are dotted with white sails, dancing over its rippling surface, suddenly disappearing behind some bank, and as quickly emerging to sight again in the distance. A celebrated voyager, who has traveled far and wide in our own and in foreign countries, says: "Go where you will, you will find no lovelier river than

the Merrimac in the June sunshine; no greener slopes, and no happier homesteads than those found upon its banks."

I will tell you a legend connected with the early settlement of the Merrimac Valley. Among the many Indians who lived in the immediate vicinity, and often visited the settlers, and traded with them to some extent, was an old chief and his son, who frequently brought small nuggets of gold, or large quantities of silver ore. The traders became excited by the possibility of finding a silver or a gold-mine of unknown value, and immediately tried to secure this coveted treasure. Neither threats nor bribes would induce the old chief to reveal its hiding-place, and there were no other Indians who seemed to know anything about it. At length one of the settlers, having rendered some signal service to the old chief, was promised by him that if he would submit to being blindfolded, and would go in secret with himself and his son, he should look upon the silver stream. The settler, supposing that he could easily find the place again by search, even if he were blindfolded, consented. At sunrise the next day, as agreed upon, he met the old chief and his son in a certain spot. They blindfolded him, and then commenced their journey. They traveled slowly, and, as it seemed to the settler, in a circuit, until about noon, when they sat down, ate a lunch, rested about an hour, and then resumed their journey, the settler still feeling confident that he was traveling a circuit, and not far from the place from which he started. They continued their march for about three hours, and then suddenly stopped. The chief removed the bandage, and in his own language requested the settler to look. As soon as the latter could see distinctly, he looked around in order to remember the place. It seemed to be a little grassy glen, which he had never before seen. A bubbling spring of quicksand was at his feet, some huge, cleft rocks at his right, and at the foot of them a vein of pure silver. He placed some of the silver ore in his pocket, and was turning around to note the spot more accurately, which the old chief seemed to divine, for he suddenly clapped the bandage over the settler's eyes secured his hands, and then began their march homeward. About midnight the bandage was again removed near a place which he well knew. After his story was told, the country, for fifty miles around, was scoured, but in vain. No search availed to find the beautiful glen, the rocky fissures of sparkling gold, or the broad silver vein

at the foot of the cleft rocks; and except for the fact that a silver spoon was made from the silver ore placed in the settler's pocket at the spot, which spoon remains as a family relic, this story would long before this have been regarded as a myth, and we should have thought ourselves the first discoverer of the minerals scattered about the shores of the winding Merrimac.

"L. P. A."

On the 8th of December a meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association was held to elect officers for the ensuing term. The reports of the retiring officers were read and accepted, and other business was transacted. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Miller; Vice-President, Miss Gussie Lowe; Secretary, Miss Reynolds; Treasurer, Miss Gould; Subscription Agent, Miss A. Baker; Auditing Committee, Misses Carpenter, Cushman and Bragdon. The editors for the next three months are, respectively, Misses Peabody, Snell and Winslow, and the Publisher Miss Ava Lowe. We can assure the readers of the LEAVES, that the Association was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time.

Personals.

FLOY FRENCH is visiting in Western New York State.

EVIE WIRES is continuing the study of German, at home.

FANNIE WISWALL, of Evanston, Ill., who was here in '78, is at present in Boston.

HATTIE CLARK is teaching music, and is meeting with very good success.

Not long ago Miss Huntington was made happy by a visit from her mother.

CLARA PRENTISS expects to leave us, in April, to go abroad with her parents.

MABELLE CHENEY is visiting Ida Young, in Danielsonville, Conn.

EMMA SIBLEY is in Baltimore, visiting Mrs. McFadden, née Bernice Langworthy.

JULIA WELLS graduates from New London Academy, New Hampshire, this coming June.

ANNIE BARTLETT has just finished a term of teaching, and is about to resume the study of music, in Boston.

PROFESSOR BRAGDON and wife have returned. We all join in giving them a hearty welcome home.

ELLA MORRISON wiles away her time with music and painting, at her home, in Washington, D. C.

MISSSES GODFREY, MILLER and RUSSELL are to spend the Holidays with Miss Huntington, at her home in Amesbury, Mass.

IRENE SANFORD, '79, recently presented the "S. D's" with a beautiful oil-painting for their new society room.

SUSIE GARFIELD, with her ——— ahem, was with us December 5th. They pronounce the building much improved.

HATTIE WEBBER and Lilly Flagg are studying painting in Holyoke, under the noted Mr. Chauncy, of New York.

NELLIE FERGUSON is pursuing the study of music at the Boston Conservatory, and expects to graduate from there a year from next June.

PROF. HUDSON has returned from his Western trip, and the classes in Shakespeare and Wordsworth have resumed their work.

MAMIE MOGER is trying her hand at "the new profession." She temporarily takes the place of her former teacher, in a private school.

FROM an "old girl," we hear that one of Ohio's representatives to Lasell is soon to change her residence to Maine. We presume the *Pennel-tie* (penalty) will be a pleasing one.

FANNY and EMMA THORNTON, of Boston, lately spent the day here with Lottie Snell. They are thinking of coming weekly to the Seminary, for studio work and to attend the meetings of the "S. D. Society."

WE should judge from reports, that most of the girls who were here in '79 and '80, do not intend to follow the example of the girl who said "she had broken her engagement, and was now going to do something useful."

DECEMBER 5th Miss King was suddenly called to her home in Pennsylvania, on account of the illness of her mother. That her mother may speedily recover, and that she may return soon to Lasell, is the earnest wish of her friends.

THURSDAY afternoon, Dec. 1st, Wells M. Irwin and Miss Lizzie Kiser were united in marriage, at the residence of Oscar Kiser. — *Keokuk* (Iowa) *Constitution*. Miss Kiser was a former pupil at Lasell; she has our best wishes and congratulations.

WE were glad to see the faces of Annie White, Emma Cutter, Lizzie Emerson and Grace Perkins once more at Lasell. It gives us an inkling that the years are slipping swiftly by, when we stop to think that few of the present students remember these "old girls."

FROM the Evanston (Ill.) *Index*, we learn that "the first lecture in cooking by Miss Parloa, passed off very successfully last Saturday afternoon (Nov. 19th), and the half hundred ladies who attended were enthusiastic in their expressions of praise." Miss Parloa will be much missed, this winter, by her New England friends who were interested with her in the work in which she takes the acknowledged lead. Especially is her departure regretted at Lasell, where for four years she has instructed the pupils in this department.

Miscellany.

CHRISTMAS is coming!

FIRST snow-storm, Nov. 15th.

No. 12 is the place to procure good ale (Goodale).

WHO is the great attraction in No. 17? Why, Henry, of course.

LESSONS in cooking, millinery and dress-cutting begin soon.

MISS G. is anxious to know when the vacation begins at Williams.

WHY is No. 54 such a musical place? Because there is a Bird there.

LASELL is certainly a healthy place; some of the girls have gained twenty pounds.

ONE Prep. asked another why she did not study up and enter the Refreshment class.

WHY are Lasell girls such an orderly crowd? Because a Marshal always attends them.

THANKSGIVING is past, and all look longingly back and sigh for the good things that were.

THE Studio begins to present a festive appearance; very many pretty things are being done there.

WE should like to have been there when they "organized" the President of the U. S., shouldn't you?

THE Seniors have finished Logic, and now consider themselves proficient to reason with the most profound.

NONE of the girls are idle now. Every spare moment is devoted to making presents for friends at home.

DURING vacation the girls enjoyed the first skating of the season. A few were so fortunate as to have a sleigh-ride.

THE class in political economy, on account of their brilliant recitations, have recently been termed "the silent seven."

TEACHER (to class reading "The Burning of Moscow"). — "Who were besieging Moscow?" Bright pupil. — "The Russians."

THE following is a favorite conundrum with the girls. "Why is a kiss like a sewing-machine? Because it seems (seams) so nice."

Miss E. corrected a scholar upon her falling inflection. "Oh," cried one, "perhaps she cannot help it; she is reading about a waterfall."

PROF. B. — "What legal holidays are there besides Thanksgiving and the 22d of February?" Miss E. — "Washington's birthday." Audible smile.

SCENE in the Philosophy class. — Soph. — "Miss B., Can we see through a telescope in the day-time?" "Yes." Soph. — "Can we see the stars?"

Lina was a charming girl,
She wore her hair in yellow curl;
She wore a dress of giddy red,
And all day long her cry was, "Bread."

ONE of the Seniors is about to engage a permanent sitting at McCormick's, rashly declaring that in order to get a good class picture, she will sit from now until June.

LOST. — Saturday evening, November 19th, between the parlors and the front door, two hearts. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to No. 62.

ONE of the students who has been laboring hard for three years with the German language, says that she had rather decline three pounds of caramels than one German adjective.

THREE minutes before Sunday-school, a young lady inquired what the lesson was. Being told that the subject was "Fates," she said, "Who is he, and where can I find out about him?"

IF any of the young ladies desire to converse fluently in French, we would recommend them to sit at Miss Cushman's table, as we hear one of her girls calling repeatedly, with the greatest fluency, for "*le bun*," "*le buit*," "*le papier*," and "*le salé*," which, being translated, means the bread, butter, pepper and salt.

"To be or not to be" self-governed. Soon will be decided the fate of each. With thoughts of this and preparations for Christmas, the girls are in rather a disturbed state of mind.

ONE of our worthy Seniors, after the Thanksgiving recess, was heard to inquire where the logic lesson was, and upon being informed that the class had finished the study, evinced considerable surprise.

SUNDAY morning. First Fresh. to second Fresh., who looks depressed. — "Why, what is the matter?" Second Fresh. — "I have on the wrong dress; I do not look sick in this one, and I wanted to get excused from church."

DECEMBER has come, and probably Professor has received many beautiful poems and stories. We suppose the continued story will begin in the next LEAVES. Who will obtain the prizes? We are anxious to know.

THE Seniors have concluded to have a ring for their class badge, but are yet undecided as to its style. We think, to be consistent with their motto, "*Segen ist der Mühe (mewey) Preis*," the stone should be a cat's eye.

DR. PORTER gave her third lecture on "Physiology" December 1st, her subject being "The Blood." Before beginning her lecture she questioned the girls about the preceding one. She intends that all shall pay strict attention.

A NUMBER of young ladies were talking of a wedding. Miss A. remarked that the service was to take place in ——— Church, after which they would adjourn to Delmonico's for a reception. Whereupon Miss B. meekly inquired if that was another church.

FOR some time past we have been startled by the strange sounds issuing from No. 58. Upon inquiry we learned that the young lady was singing — in fact, that we had a second Patti among us. Alas for Patti! Alas for us! What have we done to be thus tortured?

THE eloquence of one of the Seniors is quite overpowering. She is heard frequently pacing up and down the halls, holding forth in a manner quite tragic and startling, and at the same time very distressing. Anxious questions elicit the brief reply that she is practicing for her great effort next June. Accordingly, we shall look for something very fine at that time.

IF any of the girls have ice-cream in the evening, and are not able to dispose of it, we would advise them not to put it on the window-sill to keep cool, as disastrous results have been known to follow. Anyone doubting the veracity of this statement, can call on No. 60 for proof.

WHAT were those frightful sounds issuing from No. 21 one Monday eve? Do not be alarmed; it was only two very light young ladies being precipitated from the bed to the floor — from a higher to a lower position. That is not right, young ladies; if you wish to succeed in life you must go up!

SCENE in recitation-room; arsenic under discussion. Pupil. — "Arsenic possesses great beautifying properties, and many persons take it to make themselves beautiful." Teacher. — "I have taken arsenic, and I never observed that I grew beautiful under its effects." Pupil. — "Well, of course, you have to have something to begin on."

Members of the Senior Class.

B is for Bragdon,
So good and so wise;
Put her on the jury,
She cannot tell lies.

M is for Macmillan,
The Pres. of our class;
Through the gate of decorum
She makes us all pass.

P is for Peabody,
With profusion of hair;
Of each separate spear
She takes excellent care.

S is for Snell,
So good-humored and gay,
And never gets mad
Through the live-long day.

S is for Stedman,
Near the last in our rank,
And we all admire her
Because she's so "frank."

W is for Wallace,
So slight and so frail;
She trips the fantastic
Until she is pale.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

As we sit down to the task of looking over the month's assemblage of exchanges, we feel that though it is apt to be somewhat tiresome, there is much that is interesting in it, and that it deserves care and thought. Wherever the paper finds its way, the exchange notes are almost sure of attention, whatever else is neglected; and

a paper that does not devote a corner to its contemporaries seems lacking in savor. Without this bond of union it falls outside the friendly circle maintained by constant comment and counter-comment, and loses an important means of improvement gained by seeing itself through its neighbors' spectacles. We have space to mention but a few papers of the many on our long list of exchanges, but shall try to be as fair and candid as we wish others to be with us when our time comes to undergo criticism.

We have received the first number of *The Tech.*, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which makes its appearance in a "high art" cover of chocolate tint, very prettily designed. Within, the thin paper and remarkable illustrations hardly fulfill the promises of the exterior, though the print is good. As to the contents, it would be hardly fair to criticize them this time, so we will content ourselves with wishing the new venture *bon voyage*, as it sails bravely out into unknown seas.

Next comes the well-dressed, handsome *Argo*, in whose pages, so faultless in their get-up, we should think every student of Williams would be anxious to exhibit the productions of his brain. Such creamy paper and broad margins might almost give grace to limping rhymes, and wit to pointless jokes. Such adventitious aids, however, are not needed in the present number, which is a very interesting one.

A few words for our constant visitor the *'Varsity*, which comes to us from over the border. Long, lank and shambling as it is in its outer personality, it resembles rather the well-known figure of Uncle Sam, than a rotund, comfortable British subject. We think it would be greatly improved by a change of form, though we would not like to miss the pretty design on its cover. In glancing over its contents, our eyes were attracted by the title, "Motion, an *Æsthetical Stimulus*;" but on attempting to read the article, we found ourselves involved in the most wonderful and bewildering tangle of words it has ever been our fortune to meet; from which we hastened to escape as quickly as the nature of the labyrinth permitted. For example, take the following sentence: "When the mind has apprehended many different forms of movement, has generalized, and has stored up the results of its generalizations, it finds itself able to mold from the simpler elements a new and elaborate compound; or, more correctly, motion then stimulates, by means of the association of ideas, the co-

ordinating faculties, and intensifies the effect of the dominant thought." After reading a whole article in this vein, we feel it our duty to say that the *Dartmouth*, exemplifying the theory that the business of a college paper is to amuse, is far superior to the *'Varsity*, which gives place in its columns to matter of literary and instructive merit. Evidently the weighty question of the proper method of conducting a college paper, cannot be determined by appeal to examples.

The *Dartmouth* devotes its first four pages to the silliest story, we were going to say, that ever originated in the fertile brain of an undergraduate; but, on second thought, we hardly dare to say *that*. In it our neighbor, Wellesley College, in all its ways and manners, is made the butt of ridicule. The wit isn't worth much; but we couldn't help laughing over the thrilling tale, though we're ashamed to acknowledge it. But how in the world did the author of the effusion learn all the minutiae of affairs at that abode of learning, one of whose mottoes is, as we are informed, "Let no man enter here on pain of death!" The entire contents of the paper are in the same light vein; pleasant enough, though, to pass away an unusually idle moment.

The *Vassar Miscellany* contrasts strongly with the *Dartmouth*, in the thoughtful and serious tone of its contents, showing an entirely different conception of the uses of a college publication. The leading articles of the *Miscellany* are "The Sources of the Napoleonic Illusions," and "The Claims of James Russell Lowell to Lasting Fame;" both discussed in a careful, earnest spirit, and, moreover, in a fresh and interesting manner. The editorial columns discourse on "Nihilism," "Ruskin's Criticism of George Eliot," and the "Writings of Hjalmar Hjorth Borjesen." Lighter matter is not wanting, but bears a small proportion to the whole. Without wishing to give an opinion on the oft-mooted question of the true office of a college paper, whether to amuse, merely, or to give a field for literary effort, we must say that the latter theory, as embodied in the *Vassar Miscellany*, certainly results in a production beyond comparison above the *Dartmouth*, taken as the exponent of the amusement theory.

Our space is filled, and we are conscious of a multitude of most admirable criticisms and remarks suggested by the various papers we haven't room to mention, which are fluttering uneasily in our brain, and begging for expression. They must be

repressed, however, since there is only room, in closing, to wish all our exchanges a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,"—which we do heartily.

Publisher's Notices.

For nice fresh fruit, go to Mr. Parsons' fruit-market on Auburn Street, Auburndale.

At Turner's, 32 Essex Street, Boston, they are offering bargains in boots, shoes and rubbers. Give them a call!

If there is any dentistry to be done don't fail to have it attended to at once. Go to Dr. Sanderson, West Newton.

GIRLS, go to W. L. Towne, 425 Washington Street, for tintypes, locket-pictures, etc., and you will be delighted with the result.

PARKER BROS., on Winter Street, Boston, is a grand place for Christmas presents. Don't fail to go there when doing your holiday purchasing.

E. HOWARD'S, on Tremont Street, Boston, is the place to go for clocks, watches and jewelry. Christmas week is just the time to give them a call.

If you want any engraving done on Christmas presents, or any beautifully engraved stationery, go to Robinson's Engraving Co., 25 Arch Street, Boston.

WHEN any of the friends of the LEAVES are shopping, they would confer a favor upon the paper, as well as upon themselves, by patronizing those advertising with us.

WINTER has come, and the sleigh-bells will soon be heard. The place to secure a nice turnout will be at C. G. Tinkham's Livery Stable, on Lexington Street, Auburndale.

COPELAND'S, either on Washington or Tremont Streets, Boston, is an admirable place to satisfy the cravings of hunger which so often come in the course of a shopping excursion.

THOSE wishing to purchase sleighs in the latest styles, will secure entire satisfaction by going to the celebrated firm of Kimball Brothers, 110 and 112 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE girls who are anticipating a European trip next summer, would do well to go to J. F. C. Hyde, Milk Street, Boston, and have their lives insured. We would not discourage them, but it is well, always, to be on the safe side; for who ever meets with an accident so long as they hold an insurance policy?

JAS. NOTMAN, Photographer.

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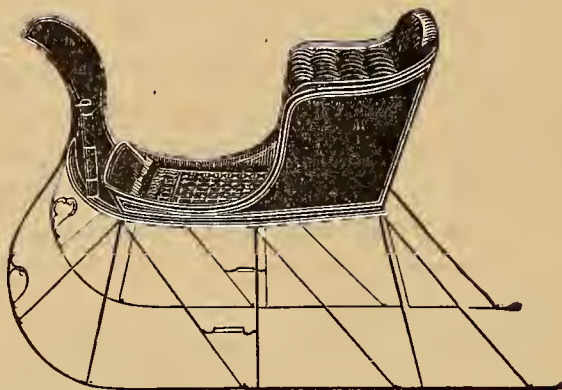
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JANUARY, 1882.

NUMBER 4.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

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We are now exhibiting the largest and choicest assortment of Bigelow Carpets ever shown in this city. We are the only house in Boston where the complete line of Wilton and Brussels patterns can be seen.

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The fall line of patterns is unusually attractive, and includes many novelties of design and coloring, to an early examination of which we invite our friends and the public.

Reunion Class of 1879.

FOR the first time since our graduation, "we five" were together again on Tuesday, Dec. 20th. Early in the afternoon we assembled at Carrie Kendig's home in Boston. First came Cora Flint, direct from her home in Fall River; then Inie Sanford, just from Brockton; next Lizzie Atkinson; and last Hattie Bailey, whom none of us had seen since the eventful day that closed our school-life. The scene for a moment might have astonished a cool looker-on, but our glad hearts brooked no restraint, and happiness beamed from every look and movement.

After we had sufficiently collected ourselves, and the flood of questions had somewhat abated, we repaired to the Albany Station, whence we were to go by train to Auburndale, to "sup" with Prof. Bragdon, according to previous invitation. (We had intended going to Parker's, but he would not let us.) We noted many familiar landmarks as the train sped along, and laughed heartily over the memories they recalled. Arrived at last we found carriages awaiting us at the depot, and heard the well-known voice of "Mike," saying, "Right this way, ladies!"

Soon the dear old Seminary, with the stars and stripes floating from its summit, came to view; then a well-remembered form and a face full of hearty welcome appeared at the door, and Mr. Bragdon grasped '79 by the hand. Did he remember then the last time he looked into our faces? and did he wonder if we had heeded his kind words of advice and farewell? Half way down the corridor of the new wing, Mrs. Bragdon met and received us most hospitably, and led us to her beautiful new apartments, where we laid aside our wraps and made ourselves comfortable.

Presently we started, with Mr. Bragdon as our guide, upon a tour of investigation over the building. We cannot speak of the many improvements and additions since our day, but only echo the wish that one of our number uttered—"If they had but come a little sooner!"

We had the honor of riding on the new elevator, trying the new telephone, and, in fact, of exploring all the delightful myste-

ries that we might chance upon. We even ascended to the Observatory, and with the wind blowing our bangs (a subject, by the way, which served as a text for a little lecture, from which we, even as visitors, were not exempt), we tried to imagine the charm of once more star-gazing through "the new instrument," with Miss Blaisdell to direct our anxious vision.

Down stairs, by another route, we finally stopped in Miss Carpenter's room, where we were entertained until tea-time. When the bell put an end to conversation, we were escorted to the dining-hall, where our table occupied the place of honor, in the center of the room. Eighteen sat down to the bountifully spread board—many of the teachers, three girls from the class of '82 (who alone remain to represent the school of two and a half years ago), and other guests besides ourselves. A magnificent basket of the choicest flowers, surmounted by a beautiful card bearing upon it the design in hand-painting, "Welcome, 1879," graced the center of the table. This token of regard touched and stirred our hearts to their depths; for the kind thought that lay behind the perishing flowers assured us we were not forgotten by those whom we remembered and loved so well. How can we tell of the sumptuous meal—the turkey, with its accompaniments, the preserves and cakes, the ice-cream, and the good cheer all about us.

The musical recital took place that evening, and we did enjoy it, though it seemed rather odd to sit on the "strangers" side of the room, instead of on the front seat, among the performers, "as of old." Everything was most natural. Prof. Hills occupied a chair by the piano; his pupils played correctly, and the vocal scholars sang sweetly. After the concert we adjourned to the parlor, where we visited pleasantly until ten o'clock—a late hour for Lasell girls. This also seemed strange—to sit and talk quite unmoved as the retiring-bell rang. But we could not linger forever with the dear *Alma Mater*, and farewell words must be spoken sooner or later.

We separated with feelings both happy and thankful for our delightful reunion, but tinged with a shade of sadness. We

shall never again meet together as girls, for one of us is to change her name next month, and cruelly leave us for a home in the "far West." We reserve congratulations until the fatal day; for should she not suffer the penalty of her desertion?

A last look at the pleasant halls and rooms of best-beloved Lasell, and into the faces of Principal and Preceptress—a last hearty hand-shake—a last few earnest words, a "God bless you, girls,"—and the sweet, fleeting hours were but a memory.

C. K.

The Pupils' Musical Rehearsal,

Customarily held at the end of each term, was given in the Chapel Tuesday evening, Dec. 20th, under the direction of Prof. Hills and Mrs. Morrill. The performers were chosen chiefly from the new students and those of the old girls who had not made their *début* in this line. Miss Shoemaker received a hearty encore for her rendering of "The Better Land," and Miss Goff for the execution of "The Minuett," by Loeschorn. Bettie Morris delighted us all with her charming little song.

The programme of the evening we give below:—

PROGRAMME.

PIANO—Sonatine, Op. 8, No. 2; first movement,	Seiss.
MISS COGSWELL.	
SONG—"May Dew,"	Bennett.
MISS SEELEY.	
PIANO—"Frage nicht,"	Kölling.
MISS B. MORRIS.	
SONG—"Three Fishers,"	Cruickshank.
MISS N. BROOKS.	
PIANO—Scherzino, Op. 18,	Moszkowski.
MISS ORRELL.	
SONG—"Only for One,"	Randegger.
MISS STEDMAN.	
PIANO—Sonata No. 1; first and second movements,	Beethoven.
MISS WEYL.	
SONG—"It was a Dream,"	Cowen.
MISS GOULD.	
PIANO—{ a. Romaneske, Op. 15, b. Mazurka,	Pabst. Pabst.
MISS S. WADHAMS.	
SONG—"What a little Bird said,"	Roeckel.
MISS B. MORRIS.	
PIANO—Minuett, Op. 146, No. 2,	Loeschorn.
MISS GOFF.	
SONG—"The Better Land,"	Cowen.
MISS SHOEMAKER.	
PIANO—Etude in A flat	Raff.
MISS BROWN.	

Christmas Holidays at Lasell.

"How I pity you!" "How can you endure it?" "What a dismal prospect!" Such were the expressions uttered when one of the girls chanced to announce that her Holidays were to be spent at Lasell. But, dismal or delightful as they might be, fate had decreed that our Christmas

Holidays of 1881 could not be spent at home. Wishes, slightly sarcastic, for a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," were showered upon us, and many were the compassionate glances cast back upon the old Seminary and its occupants, as one by one the girls took their departure. Whether or no we needed this pity, so freely bestowed, was a much-debated question. The first evening we were very doleful, and deplored the fate that had not only placed six girls so far from home, but had given them two weeks without the slightest intimation as to the manner of disposal. The first week, however, Christmas shopping had to be done, and we were soon engrossed in that most fascinating work. Every mail brought Christmas letters, cards and suggestive packages, and never were packages opened by more nervous fingers; never were Christmas gifts more highly enjoyed. Even if friends at home had forgotten us, we could still say we were remembered; for, in compliance with a request, our door-knobs were decked with stockings, and Christmas morning we were up bright and early, to find them filled with all the good things imaginable, besides jumping-jacks and horns. The horns proved most acceptable; indeed, we soon became quite proficient—much to our own delight; whether to the delight of all, we did not stop to inquire.

Long-planned-for trips were now taken. Wellesley was visited, as well as many places of interest in Boston, but the most important event must not be forgotten. One of the ladies of Auburndale proved herself a benefactress, by inviting us to meet her Sunday-school class, consisting of young gentlemen. Alas, she invited us two days too soon. What restless anxiety we showed during those days! How much time was spent in wondering and talking! What care was at last taken in the arrangement of toilets! Suffice it to say, our anticipations were fully realized, and a most delightful evening was spent. The students of chemistry who were there probably noticed the illustrations of "affinity for opposites," the very small gentlemen preferring the taller ones of our number, those who were inclined to part their hair in the middle, preferring those of us who adopt the opposite style. The clock was striking eleven when we reached the Seminary door; but what cared we for that! It was vacation, and our happiness was marred by no fear of a night-watcher pouncing upon us because our gas burned beyond a certain hour.

Even Nature seemed determined that our Holidays should be pleasant, and, as a New Year's gift, covered the ground with snow. Coming up from supper one evening we found a sleigh at the door inviting us to a ride. When we packed ourselves snugly in among the robes, we never dreamed our ride was to be one of ten miles—that we were not to alight till we drove up to the door of Englehart's. To describe this sleigh-ride would be but wasting space. If you have ever taken a ride on a perfect moonlight night, and indulged in an oyster supper when your destination was reached, you can perhaps conceive of our enjoyment; if you have not, you will know nothing about it until you do.

The days, each filled with its own pleasure, swiftly vanished, and only too soon we awoke to the fact that the Holidays of 1881 were a thing of the past.

The girls have returned to fill their accustomed places, and we are once more in the midst of work.

Retrospect of the Old Year.

THE earth has completed another revolution around the sun. The year 1882 is here, and '81 has gone forever. But the past year will not be forgotten; its memorable events will be recorded, and will form a part of the history which is to be studied by the generations to come.

A year may be likened to one long day; and as in a day we have dawn, morning, noon, evening and night, the year has the same periods of time. Thus, spring is the early dawn of the year. At this time all vegetation wakes up; the snakes, bats and insects come out of their hibernation, and the birds usher in the morning of the year with their new songs. The farmer must now betake himself to the plow, and, like the bee, improve each shining hour. Summer is the bright morning of the year; at this time vegetation is in its prime. Then comes the scorching noonday, in which man seeks rest and recreation by the sea-side. The afternoon commences with September, and as the evening of the year approaches, the foliage of the trees takes on a scarlet hue, like the sky at sunset on our shortest day. Finally, winter, the night of the year, settles down upon the earth. Vegetable and insect life cease, and a stillness appropriate to night is noticed in the fields, the woods, and in our door-yards. The snow is sent down from the clouds, and covers the earth like a blanket.

As the memory takes us back to the dawn of '81, we see Gen. Garfield, the successful candidate of the Republican party, taking his seat as the sixteenth President of the United States. Next we remember how, in the morning of the year, the cable whispered that the Czar had been assassinated. Soon a cry of distress comes from the little island of Chios, in the Mediterranean, for it had been devastated by an earthquake; many were injured fatally, and many left without homes. Again we are taken to Washington, and we see a number of people gathered to witness the unveiling of the Farragut statue, which was carved by a woman. The revised New Testament appeared in the morning of '81, and has been and still is the subject of much discussion. England has lost Disraeli and Thomas Carlyle — two of her greatest men.

We reach the middle of the morning of '81, and recall that exciting day when the news came that President Garfield had been assassinated. The anxious world expected every hour to hear that he was dead, and the 4th of July will be remembered as a day of mourning rather than one of rejoicing. While we were watching the bulletins from his sickroom a bright comet appeared, and about the same time the world lost George Eliot and also Arthur Stanley, the Dean of Westminster Abbey.

The noonday of the year arrived, and the heat of its sun was increased by the forest fires in Michigan.

Toward the evening of the year, Oct. 19th, the Yorktown celebration took place. Dr. J. G. Holland died during this period.

Mother Shipton's prophecy that "the world unto an end would come," has failed to come true, for the year has passed and the world still stands.

Penalties as well as Gains.

IF the married woman is to be the legal equal of her husband, she will find she must accept the penalties as well as gains of independence. For instance, as soon as women were allowed to hold as separate property what they owned before marriage, they were made solely liable for their own anti-nuptial debts. As soon as women were allowed to hold, as separate property, what they gained in any way after marriage, they were made liable for their own separate debts incurred after marriage. As soon as they were allowed to carry on sepa-

rate trades and business, they were made partially or equally liable with the husband for the support of the family. Not that legislation in these two directions has been simultaneous or universally united; but these two tendencies are to be noted. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

How Errors may be Repaired.

GOV. SEYMOUR TO THE GIRLS OF WELLS COLLEGE.

WHILE I urge upon your attention habits which will add to your happiness through life, I must not withhold the fact that all of you will make mistakes; all will fall into errors of thought or action; all will suffer sorrows. At such times, what an old man and a stranger says to you on this day may be recalled to your minds, and give you hope and courage. There is no sorrow, endured in the right spirit, which you may not make the source of the virtues of patience, gentleness and kindness to others; and these will bring back blessings to yourselves. No mistake of judgment, if you will but learn their lessons, which will not make you more wise. No errors, no misdeeds into which you may be led, if honestly dealt with and earnestly regretted, which will not lift you up to higher planes of morals and virtue. Penitence opens the doors of heaven. You all have the marvelous power of converting evil into good. This gives the assurance that God, who directs all things, works with us when we seek, in the right spirit, to bear our afflictions with patience, to gain wisdom from our mistakes, and to wring virtues out of errors. While men of science may claim that they can trace the development of the world from the lowest to the highest forms of existence, there are no links by which the senseless monad can be connected with the grand truth that men can thus convert evil into good. Let men of science reason as they will, every truth they unfold, every light they throw upon the past, all that they teach us, will make deeper and stronger the conviction that worlds were created by a supreme power; that they are governed by unlimited wisdom; that they were designed to promote the welfare and happiness of all beings who inhabit them; that changes mean immortality, not destruction, and that all proofs of an eternal past give evidence of an eternal future. We will use the facts displayed not to teach us to look downward, but upward; to reason from nature up to nature's God.

It is the peculiar nature of death — a nature that belongs to nothing else — that it should have no season for its coming, or rather that it should have all seasons for its own. A time has been appointed for every coming and going in nature, but this. We can tell when the summer birds shall come from over the sea. We expect that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, night and day, shall come at their appointed time. But death knows no seasons, and obeys no laws but its own. Men can calculate the coming of eclipses and the conjunctions of the planets, but no man has ever been able to calculate at what moment death shall beckon him away to the unknown. — *Selected*.

Clippings.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it. — *Yale News*.

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch). — "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student. — "What time is it, please?" — *Ex*.

A JUNIOR at Cornell, in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered an item: "Charity, \$30." His father wrote back, "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

SCHOOL-MISTRESS (to dull little boy). — "Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age I could read twice as well as you." Johnny. — "Yes'm; but you had a different teacher from what I got." — *Ex*.

A CONNECTICUT pastor declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labors heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect \$100 more. — *Argosy*.

A PROFESSOR asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student hesitatingly replied, "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "This is sad, very sad," replied the professor. "The only man in the world who ever did know has forgotten it." — *Ex*.

TEACHER to infant class in Sunday-school. — "What is promised to the righteous?" Chorus. — "Eternal bliss, marm." Teacher. — "And to the wicked?" Thin voice from the bottom of the class. — "Eternal blister." (There was one penny less put on the plate that day.) — *Mercury*.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

THE LEAVES, even at this late day, wishes to bid the girls welcome after their pleasant vacation, and hopes that the coming term may be more successful than the last. We are sorry to miss the faces of so many of our old girls, and hope, even if they can't be one of us any longer, they will not forget us, but let us see their faces once in awhile. To the new girls, we say that we are glad you came, and hope your stay will be profitable to yourselves and to us.

As far as Lasell is known, its form of government is known, too, and it is generally understood that "*self-governed*" is a synonym for *trustworthy*." When it becomes known, therefore, that at the last grading of the school only *one* girl was found to be worthy of trust, and that one hundred and twenty odd of us were found wanting, the public at large may be led to believe that Lasell students are made up of girls wholly devoid of principle. This is

not the correct idea, and is not what the Faculty wishes to be understood. Besides being trustworthy, the self-governed girls are supposed to be models of lady-like behavior. To her the lower lists can look up as their guide in all matters pertaining to their conduct in school.

The alarming increase of slang among us called for an immediate and effective remedy; so all who had let any of the obnoxious expressions pass their lips were requested to communicate the same in writing to the Professor. On examination only one maiden's conversation was found to be as it should, and thereupon followed the above-stated sentence, and we were all gently but firmly removed. While we agree perfectly with our Faculty in their idea of the use of slang, still we think they were a little too severe in removing from the list, if only for a time, those girls who have always conducted themselves so as to cast only credit on the list, and whom any one of us would be willing to trust with uncounted gold.

Slang is hard to be avoided, and while any one of us would be glad to rid herself of the use of it thoroughly, still we think it cannot be done unless we *all* reform, and a bit is never heard in "the classic aisles of loved Lasell." Then we would have a perfect language, and not before.

We have no doubt but that some of our number have condemned themselves too severely, and have placed among the slang expressions words which have a place among good English. We hope to hear that many have presented their cases to the Faculty, and have no doubt but that they will meet with all the consideration they deserve.

Cookery at Lasell.

ON the afternoon of Dec. 12th we all gathered in the Gymnasium to hear the first lecture of our course on Cookery, which was to be given by Mrs. Daniell, of Dedham. As she was a new teacher, and none of us had seen her before, we were eager for a glimpse, and when she came in we were all charmed by her delightful motherly air. She proceeded to give us the recipes, to prepare and explain each thing on the programme, and then to give us a very little taste. At our third lesson, Jan. 16th, we were relieved from the disagreeable necessity of writing all the recipes, by the thoughtfulness of our Principal in the form of neat little receipt-books. Being so nicely fitted out with a delightful teacher and such convenient text-books, I am sure

we shall all make great progress in this abused and almost neglected art.

These lectures are not the only means which Lasell offers for young ladies to perfect themselves in cookery, and so every week we see classes of well-aproned girls betaking themselves to the "model kitchen," where, under the supervision of the worthy wife of our Principal, they themselves prepare the meals, and then sit down to enjoy them. The interest in these lessons seems to be increasing, for we now have four classes and a normal class, consisting of three young women who are to take a certificate after persuing a regular course. We suppose they will then be prepared to keep house, and we should like to look in upon them one of these days, when beaming husbands shall bless their accomplished wives and good old Lasell. The girls are getting to think that their educations are not complete without a careful knowledge of this useful branch, and Lasell can congratulate herself upon being the first school to introduce it in this light. May the interest in it continue to increase, and may our dear old school prosper in the years to come as it has in the past.

THERE is some excitement among the girls at present about the much-talked-of extra week of school. A vote was taken among the girls as to whether we would prefer to keep right along until June without any vacation, or, taking the spring vacation, keep one extra week in June, in order to make up the week lost at the beginning of the school year. The week lost was off our fall term — consequently off the branches studied in that term; and as they are all finished now, why should we be compelled to spend an extra week on the new branches taken up at the beginning of this year? A few remarks had been dropped by the Faculty, but nothing definite was known in regard to the matter. Since the voting, however, nothing else has been talked of. The majority are in favor of the usual two terms, making up lost time in June. The Eastern girls, who can easily go home, talk in favor of the latter plan, insisting that selfishness prompts those who vote the other way, as they are too far from home for such a short visit as that in March must necessarily be. Since the early days of our fathers and mothers, when everything was expected of children, we have never heard of such a thing as six months of school without a rest, and they tell us that each generation is weaker than

the preceding. College students require a vacation every three months; and are girls stronger than boys?

ON Monday evening, Dec. 19th, the S. D. Society gave its second public entertainment, consisting of the following programme:—

PIANO DUET—Misses Baker and Brown.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS—Miss Macmillan.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Stedman.

READING—Miss Seeley.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Shoemaker.

DEBATE—"Resolved, That Man is the Architect of His own Fortune." *Affirmative:* Misses House and Reynolds. *Negative:* Misses Winslow and Peabody.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Ferguson.

READING—Miss Bragdon.

PIANO SOLO—Miss Snell.

VOCAL QUARTETTE—Misses Gould, Seeley, Shoemaker and Stedman.

The evening was very fine, and the Chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience. The members of the two literary societies, the Lasellia Club and the S. D., were present in a body, and the S. D. girls wore the society badge. The opening duet was very brilliant, and was finely rendered. The President's address followed, and in a few well-chosen words she welcomed the friends who were present, and gave a brief history of the Society from its organization to its present condition. The vocal solo by Miss Stedman was rendered in her usual pleasing manner. The reading by Miss Seeley was fine; the selection itself, though well chosen, was sad, and in the pathetic parts her rendering brought tears to the eyes of many. The vocal solo by Miss Shoemaker was very fine, and showed to good advantage the power and sweetness of her voice. The debate, "*Resolved, That Man is the Architect of His own Fortune,*" then followed; Misses House and Reynolds being on the affirmative, Misses Winslow and Peabody on the negative. Both sides of the question were well-sustained, each speaker occupying about eight minutes. The arguments were clear and well put, and some very good points were made. At the end of this there was a short intermission, for the judges to decide the merits of the debate. The judges appointed for the evening were Mrs. Dr. Lattimer, Rev. Dr. Cutler, and Rev. Mr. Bashford; and after an animated discussion it was decided in favor of the negative. Then followed a vocal solo by Miss Ferguson, which was listened to with much pleasure by her friends, who were glad to welcome both her face and voice among us once more. The reading by Miss Bragdon was very humorous, and she held the

close attention of the audience throughout, exciting them to frequent laughter. The piano solo, by Miss Snell, was exceedingly brilliant, and was rendered in her finest manner. The exercises closed with the vocal quartette, after which the President thanked the audience for their kind attention, and wished them a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." As several of the young ladies had friends present, an informal reception was held afterward in the parlors, and a very pleasant half hour was passed there. The entertainment was a success in every way, and the proceeds amount to \$30, which are to be expended in additional furnishings for the Society room. The condition of the Society is most encouraging this year. A large number of new members were admitted at the beginning of the year, and several more names have been proposed and accepted this term. At the last regular election of officers, the following were chosen:—

Miss Macmillan,	<i>President.</i>
Miss Snell,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Miss Winslow,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Miss Stebbens,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Miss Libbey,	<i>Critic.</i>
Miss Clemson,	<i>Usher.</i>

Personals.

ANNA BEACH is visiting in Trenton, N. J.

FANNIE BAKER passed the Holidays in St. Louis.

CORDELIA GILBERT gave us a call on Monday last.

E — WIRES spent the 12th at the Seminary.

MAY HUNTINGTON is going South, to spend the winter.

MISS STEDMAN spent Sunday in Boston, with friends.

LINA MAYNARD was made happy by a visit from her father.

THE Holidays proved very auspicious for Miss Jessie G —; he is only a "porter."

GRACE FRIBLEY is taking lessons in china painting, in Delaware. We wish her success.

MISSSES THORNTON AND HOLMES spent the 16th with their friends Misses Snell and Winslow.

WE miss a few this term who were formerly of our number, and we cordially welcome the new members.

LUCIE FENN was heard from the other day. She is in Portland, and contemplates seeing the class of '82 graduate.

Miss Brooks and Miss Mills were prevented from returning on time, by the former's serious illness during vacation.

MISS ETTA R — has recently become the possessor of a handsome diamond ring, — a present from her father. Ahem!!

ELLA ELLIS, '81, spent an afternoon with us last week. It is delightful to see the old graduates with us from time to time.

MISS TAPPAN received calls, with Ella Morrison, at her home in Washington. Susie Alling did the same with her friends in Brooklyn.

MAMIE COLSON attends the Somerville High School, likes her studies, especially Latin, but is "homesick for Lasell." That is as it should be!

THE Lasellia Club will celebrate their first birthday, Saturday night, Jan. 21st. We congratulate them heartily. Long may they live and prosper.

MRS. BRAGDON's table presented Miss Savage with a handsome album as a Christmas present, in return for the numerous kindnesses she has shown them.

ANNIE BURNEY is taking music lessons of Prof. Hills, in Boston. We were glad to see her here last Monday, and hope she will repeat her call often while so near.

MRS. MORRIS has been visiting her daughters Bettie and Cora, for a few weeks past, the latter of whom she took home with her to Texas. We shall miss Cora's happy face.

IDA SIBLEY spent a part of the vacation with Hattie Weber, and reports a good time. Hattie is taking painting lessons. We are glad to hear that the girls are not idle.

THIS is what Hattie Bailey, '79, has come to: "Mrs. Esther Blodgett invites you to be present at the marriage ceremony of her daughter, Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1882, at ten o'clock, A. M., Trinity Church, Claremont, N. H.;" and his name is James L. Pease, and we hope he is half good enough for Hattie.

MRS. JONES — Georgia Hatch that was — sends us a great overgrown package, which calls itself the *Denver Tribune* of Jan. 1st, and has, in its one issue, complete histories of all Colorado. We should think it might be, if spread out, about as large as the State itself. Hope Denver people don't have to read such often. The description of Gunnison City, where Georgia lives, is interesting and full.

Miscellany.

AN EPISODE.

On the first Thursday evening of '82,
When the evening study-hour was only half
through,

There came a ring at the front-door bell,
And who should it be but Mr. L —.

Presenting his card with a dignified air,
And bestowing on Louis an indifferent stare,
"Miss M — is the young lady I wish to see —
And I trust that her time will unoccupied be."

Ah! fate has disappointments in store for us all;
But who would have thought, when Mr. L —
came to call,

Miss C — would have been so enraged
As to send back the answer, "Miss M — is
engaged."

Ten minutes later Miss C —, a smile on her
face,

Took the seat on the platform, her usual place;
She little did think of the darkness and snow,
And the youth on his way to the little depot.

Soon she marched down the aisle with measure-
less tread,

Paused at the desk of Miss M —, and to the
maid said,

With looks quite severe, and in tone very low,
"Who is Lyman Learned, I'd like to know?"

Miss M — was vexed enough not to live,
And an explanation tried to give;
But this availed nothing, unheeded was all,
As Miss C — walked away and entered the
hall.

Poor Miss M —, perhaps it was all for the
best,

But that it seemed rather hard must be con-
fessed;

There is only one thing we can all of us say,
When Miss M — "gets left," it's a pretty
"cold day."

"SLANG."

The Professor slowly arose from his chair,

When the "self-governed" names he had read;
With plaintive voice and face worn with care,
He slowly and mournfully said:

"My girls, would I could be excused,
From grieving you all so;
But every girl who slang has used,
From this first list must go.

"We must not take for examples here
(Let the pupil be old or new),
Girls who will ever rude appear."
All felt this to be true.

Ah! not in vain those words were said
On that remembered day:

We tried, and conquered; the tyrant "slang"
No longer has full sway.

Oh, give us back the good old days
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned words,
And slang was never "slung."

Two of Jack's sons (Jacksons) are among
the new students.

LOWE spirits in No. 6.

WHERE *did* Miss S.'s diamond come from?

THE sleighing is excellent this winter,
they say.

THE toothpick way will be lost to view
hereafter.

MISS S.'s watch is apparently of little
use to her.

A CHANGE in the rising-hour was insti-
tuted Jan. 12th.

Is Chessley of the tribe of Israel? Prob-
ably Miss B. R. can inform us.

FAREWELL, expressive slang; nothing but
pure English henceforth at Lasell.

WHY is Miss W. so one-sided in her
views? Influence of Dr. Metcalfe.

THE Seniors will take a class ride before
long, if the snow lasts long enough.

STOLEN: A sleeping-cap from an uncon-
scious young man. A liberal reward will
be paid if returned to —

POOR Laura, Memorial Hall cannot be
distinctly seen from your window, espe-
cially by moonlight!

BEWARE of giving friendly nudges until
the patients recover from vaccination.
They are "taking" enough now.

PROF. H., speaking of matrimonial mat-
ters, suddenly turns to Miss B. and asks
what she is thinking of. Wherefore?

FROM Miss W.'s remarks one would infer
that the masculine of goose is drake. The
clearness of Miss D.'s style is something
admirable.

"If any one wishes to purchase a *pshawl*-
strap, please call at No. 12." Perhaps the
owner would be willing to exchange for a
dictionary.

It is hoped that the rising-bell will never
again ring out its cheerful summons at
half-past five. Anything of that kind is
"*unpardonable*."

WE would like to assure the numerous
friends of Miss W —, that there is no
cause for alarm; her illness is altogether
a sympathetic one.

THE plan for the European trip is grow-
ing, and already some of the girls have
given their names to make one of the
party, and more are talking of it.

FIGHTING over the "shiny spoon" at the
table is childish, to say the least. In fact,
we think it shows that the children are not
old enough to be trusted with spoons.

WHY is Miss B. R —, of "Liberty
Hall," so deeply interested of late in the
Bible lesson? Why, because it is about
the *Israelites*, of course.

By the number of new rings sparkling in
the school, we believe that some of the
girls and their — friends were earnest
in their endeavors to *ring* in the new year.

THE Seniors are deep in the mysteries
of mineralogy and mental philosophy.
From the remarks we hear we judge that
"life is not one continual round of pleas-
ure" for them.

A SOPH. was standing in the front hall
anxiously comparing her new watch with
the clock. "What is the matter?" "Oh!
I *never can* tell the time by a watch!" was
the solemn reply.

TEACHER (continues). — This beautiful
cave is ornamented in the interior by many
crustations, which can only be removed by
a pick —. Miss E. (innocently?). — A
toothpick, Miss T.?

SOME engagements are already made for
the European trip next summer, and if any
of the old girls are intending, they will do
well to send on their names at once. Cir-
culars may be had of Mr. Bragdon.

NEW chairs are badly needed in the
"Forum," and it would be an act of *chair*-
ity to obtain them soon, as some of the
members must be *chary* of their strength,
and can't waste it carrying seats upstairs.

WESTERN girl to a companion. — "Yes,
Aurora is one of the prettiest cities in
Illinois." Eastern girl, hearing the word
"Aurora," rushes up and earnestly in-
quires, — "How far is Illinois from
Aurora?"

PROF. B. — "I see there is a collision
here between two classes. Are any of the
girls in the first cooking-class studying the
'History of Greece?'" No; but they will
be learning a full history of "*grease*,"
when they take their cooking-lesson.

MISS C. (to Senior class). — "Which of
Bryant's poems do you most enjoy read-
ing?" Miss B. — "'Thanatopsis' and a
'*Psalm of Life*.'" The time is *long-fellow*-
student, since W. C. B. told us, in mournful
numbers, that "Life is but an empty
dream."

The entertainment which was to be given
by the "L. M. A.'s" this term, has been
postponed, for lack of time, until the winter
term. All members of this society are
hereby earnestly requested to return from
the holiday vacation "fully equipped,"
and with their parts well learned.

THE students may all expect a great treat if the play of "Lou and Myself" is brought before the public this term. On Saturday evening the company gave a full-dress rehearsal, which was highly appreciated by the spectators, although the principal actor in the play was *frank* enough to confess her inability to sustain her part at the rehearsal.

PROF. B. — "Well, doctor, how does the vaccinating process progress?" "I have used fifteen points for as many persons." Prof. — "Then you have got it down to a fine *point*." "Ah, Professor, your pun was not *pointed* enough; but as a pun is *appointed* to the lowest *point* in the scale of wit, we should not be disappointed that the *point* was a little blunted. Do you see the *point*?"

WE are glad to announce Prof. Raymond's annual course of Readings, from Shakespeare as follows: February 1st, Julius Cæsar; March 1st, Much Ado About Nothing; March 15th, Winter's Tale; April 12th, King Henry IV, part first. None of these plays have been read here, and we who have heard Prof. Raymond, anticipate the richest treat of the year. The tickets are \$1.50 for outsiders; \$1.00 for the members of the school; and, just think of it! *free* to the pupils in Elocution. We also hear that Walter Smith, Massachusetts State Director of Art Education, will soon give one or two lectures before the school. Good things in plenty for us, girls!

MR. HENRY A. PARKER, of Dorchester, has very kindly presented our Library with three books, "What Our Girls Ought to Know," by Mrs. M. J. Studley; "Dante," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Opening Plain Paths," a story for girls. A vote of thanks to Mr. Parker was proposed and unanimously passed at a late meeting of the school.

The Mistake of the Rising-Bell.

One dreary morning not long ago,
When without "softly fell the beautiful snow,"
Within, all the girls were in dreamland bright,
Forgetting all care in a long, peaceful night,
When away in the distance, most strange to tell,
Was heard the sound of a tinkling bell.
Approaching still nearer, it made such a clatter,
All jumped from their beds, to see what was
the matter.
One glance at the clock, to the halls all then
sprang,
To see why so early the rising-bell rang.
The chorus of queries through the halls, up and
down,
Soon brought forth a teacher, who, with terrible
frown,

Asked us the cause of this "riot" to tell.
"Oh! 'twas the dire sound of the rising-bell!"
With each new arrival the shouts would revive,
"Oh girls! how provoking! 'tis but little past
five!"
The crowd not dispersing, the din increased so,
The teacher said, "Each to her own room must
go."
Back to our couches we went in despair,
But no "rest for the weary," could we find there;
In the "arms of Morpheus" we wished to fall,
But, alas! we were too near "Liberty Hall."
It did us no good to fret or to fume,
So we soon found our way to the breakfast-room;
And any grumbling heard that day at Lasell,
Concerned "the mistake of the rising-bell."

Cooking in Austria.

THE Ausirian lady of station who does not know how to cook, one may almost say does not exist. Every detail of the *cuisine* she is acquainted with. A story is told by Austrian ladies of another who, having neglected her education, allowed, at a great dinner party she gave, two dishes of the same color to be served in succession—a fault for which she was hardly to be forgiven. The princesses of the royal households attend a course of lectures from a *chef* entirely upon the order of serving. Young ladies do not learn the art of cooking at cooking-clubs, or from public lessons, as here in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house, the house of a princess or at a very rich banker's, where there are famous *chefs*, from whom they learn. When a *chef* engages to cook for a great house, he stipulates that he is to have the privilege of teaching as many young ladies as he chooses. These young ladies need not even know the mistress of the house, and they make their arrangements with the cook only. For a course of lessons lasting through the winter, each pupil pays the cook thirty gulden—about \$15. This includes instruction in every particular. If a banquet is to be given, a grand breakfast or an elaborate supper, the young ladies are notified and are there to see dishes decorated, and to learn the order of serving. They watch every process. Were you to descend to a kitchen at such a time, you would, no doubt, find these girls suffused with blushes; for these lessons always foretell marriage, and are the last and finishing touches of a maiden's education. But it would be a breach of etiquette for any member of the household to trespass in that department which belongs to the cook and his noble young pupils. This is very much as if the cooks of the Astors and Vanderbilts were per-

mitted to receive a half-dozen young ladies from Fifth Avenue, on the occasion of a very grand dinner party, and explain to them the mysteries of each dish as it left their hands. Since young ladies must be in the dining-room, themselves, on such occasions, in their own households, it follows that these processes they cannot watch at home, never mind on how grand a scale things are. And so in Austria, all noble young ladies learn these things in another kitchen than their own.—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Garfield as a Bread-maker.

THE late number of the *Student*, a little paper published by the students of Hiram College, quotes an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband some ten years ago, and intended for no eyes but his. It fell into the hands of President Hinsdale, who made use of it in a lecture to the students; and, as it showed the qualities of Mrs. Garfield's mind, and her opinions upon the subject of woman's work, he gave it to the students. The extract is as follows:—

"I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day. 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am compelled, by inevitable necessity, to make our bread all this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed floating down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be a shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield to me its best fruits.

"You have been king of your work so long, that may be you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown; but I am too glad to have found it at all, to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists

complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regal; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it."

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

VACATION is over, and we come back to find a host of exchanges awaiting us. We are appalled at the outset to think of choosing from this collection those upon which to comment; but it seems still more difficult, in glancing through them, to find so many of so much merit that it seems unjust to praise one and not another. A large number came to us attired in the most brilliant Holiday costume, and we are glad to say that their reading-matter is as bright and pleasing as their exterior.

The *Harvard Daily Herald* makes its first appearance among our exchanges, and we welcome the new-comer. So far in its career it is a very readable little sheet. It is quite a relief to find something in its columns besides the report of the thermometer at Hubbard's, and advertisements. We wish it the best of success.

The *Mercury* is very frank, to say the least, in its dislike of us, and in declining to become one of our admirers, evidently expects to annihilate us. We find, upon further perusal, that all the exchanges were treated alike, so we infer that the *Mercury* must have been decidedly out of humor at the time of writing, so we will forgive. We are always glad of criticism, either averse or otherwise, where we deserve it, and when given in a friendly way; but the decidedly "cross" appearance of those ominous dashes, and the whole exchange department, we must say, we fail to admire.

The *Athenium* is still a welcome visitor, and maintains the high reputation which it has so honestly gained. Its columns sparkle with fun and jokes, as well as with solid matter. We observe that we are not alone in our admiration and appreciation, for we hardly take up a college paper which has not some quotation from it.

Next, our eyes fall upon the *Queen's College Journal*, from over the Line. We consider this among the best of our exchanges. We notice the article on "The Characteristics of Shakespeare's Female Characters," as being well written; also,

a very sensible editorial on the "Weekly Holiday."

There are many more exchanges before us, some deserving of praise, and some which would bear criticising, but our space is filled, so we will have to leave the rest without further comment.

Publisher's Notices.

FOR nice-riding horses, go to C. G. Tinkham's Livery Stable, Lexington Street, Auburndale.

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WHEN any of the friends of the LEAVES are shopping, they would confer a favor upon the paper, as well as upon themselves, by patronizing those advertising with us.

THE girls who are going to take lessons on the violin and cornet, would be wise to look at Thompson and Odell's assortment, at 177 Washington Street, Boston, before deciding to purchase elsewhere.

ALL who have used a Stylographic pen know what a convenience it is; and all who have not used them we advise to go at once to L. E. Dunlap's, 290 Washington Street, Boston, and get one, and be free from the nuisance of an ink-bottle.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1882.

NUMBER 5.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

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These goods need no recommendation from us; the fact that they have, without exception, received diplomas or medals whenever exhibited, together with the high reputation and standing of the Bigelow Company, is sufficient guarantee to the public of the real worth of these fabrics.

The fall line of patterns is unusually attractive, and includes many novelties of design and coloring, to an early examination of which we invite our friends and the public.

Miserere Domine.

[Written for the "Leaves."]

Through an arched eathedral door,
While the light of morning gray
Lay upon the marble floor
And the altar's rich array,
Steals in low, sweet melody,
"Miserere domine."

Rolling through the choir and nave,
Through the arches vast and dim,
In a soul-subduing wave
Pealed the old monastie hymn:
"That we may thy glory see,
'Miserere domine.'"

Up and down the shadowy aisle,
In the tapers' ghostly gleam,
Chanted softly all the while,
Like the spirits of a dream,
Lads in snow-white purity,
"Miserere domine."

Bowing at the altar-rail,
Seeking help in their despair,
Pale lips told their sinful tale,
Ending with the Christian's prayer:
"Though our sins as scarlet be,
'Miserere domine.'"

One, unbidden to the feast,
Shivering in the clinging mist,
Hears the voice of chanting priest
Presiding at the eucharist:
"Though our sins as scarlet be,
'Miserere domine.'"

Timidly she stepped within,
A leper in the holy place,
Uncleanly with the brand of sin,
Deep graven on her haggard face;
Fitting prayer for such as she:
"Miserere domine."

Wearily she closed her eyes
In the dwelling-place of peace;
Bitter, burning thoughts arise,
Clamoring for a soul's release:
"From this torment set me free;
'Miserere domine.'"

For a father's weight of woe —
For a sainted mother's tears —
For the hearts that loved thee so
In thy earlier, purer years,
God have pity upon thee!
"Miserere domine."

In joyous burst the music ended
On the incense-laden air;
With its final notes were blended
Accents of a whispered prayer:
"Lord, be merciful to me!
'Miserere domine.'"

So the gray-haired sexton found her,
With her head sunk on her breast;
Prayer and praises floating 'round her,
She had entered into rest.
Was it for eternity?
"Miserere domine."

"Cape Cod Folks."

THIS book, which has come into sudden popularity, and is about to appear as a drama on our Boston stage, was written by Miss McLean, of Connecticut.

She came, as her story states, to a small village in the suburbs of Plymouth, to teach the district school. We of Cape Cod cannot claim that village, as it belongs to Plymouth, and not to Cape Cod; so the very title is a misnomer.

The truth is this: Cedarville has never had a railway, and has no natural advantages, such as brooks or rivers, and so is, in some respects, a little "behind the times." But its people are honest farmers, industrious and kind. This teacher came to them as a stranger, and they opened their hearts to her, and loved her. By her protestations of friendship she especially won the love and confidence of the girl Zetta, who became unsuspectingly a most convenient tool for Miss McLean, which she wielded according to her own sweet will; and now repays the girl's warm affection by representing her to be guilty of that which, though her life be as pure as snow, has given her the appearance of being unprincipled. Yet, in the eye of the law, Miss McLean is free from blame, because she calls her book "a novel"; she wins the confidence of these people, and then blazes to the world their very heart-secrets; and though she uses their real names, yet she is safe, because, forsooth, it is "a novel."

In the guise of a friend, she crept into the homes of her unsuspecting victims.

Then, with just enough truth to make her words stab mercilessly, she gives to her readers, in pleasing language, the private affairs, the little economies, the dispositions and peculiarities, of these people.

One of them, more delicate and sensitive than the others, has given way under the

sense of disgrace and sorrow, and to-day is dying of a broken heart.

But it is "a novel;" why should this one or the other victims care?

Ask yourself how you would like your home-life and secrets, with your own name attached, published to thousands, and then acted out upon the stage!

When at school, we looked one day into an encyclopedia, and under the title of "Cape Cod," read: "A desert waste extending into the Atlantic from the eastern shore of Massachusetts. The vegetation consists of pine-trees and moss. The inhabitants subsist by hunting and fishing."

The one who furnished this item was a mistaken person. We cannot think of a mile in all our beautiful Cape where this statement could be true; but if there be such a one, is it right to judge the whole sixty miles by that one spot?

It is needless for me to repudiate that statement by telling of our many and varied industries, of our extensive manufactory of glass, of our pleasant farms and thriving schools; but in the same manner that this encyclopedia will mislead hundreds of students in regard to the nature of our Cape, so will Miss McLean's novel lead thousands to misjudge our people, more especially as such misconceptions of us are already quite general. Her characters do not live on Cape Cod, but there may be some like them, as there may be in any town or city in our land. But should all be classed as ignorant and low, because a few may be selected who are so? Our Cape people as a whole are refined and cultivated, and I for one am proud to be called

A CAPE COD GIRL, '81.

A Sail Up the Hudson.

ONE day last summer, in the month of July, I started from New York City for a sail up the Hudson River.

As I stepped on board the steamer the band commenced to play, and the music seemed to welcome me.

There were a great many people on board, and they all looked very happy—or perhaps it was I who was happy, for I had been looking forward to this trip with a great amount of pleasure. I immediately took a camp-stool under my arm and started for the forward deck, in search of a place to sit where I could have the best view on either side of the river, and enjoy the scenery, which I knew was considered both beautiful and grand.

Just as I got comfortably seated in a good spot, the steamer moved away from the pier, and in a short time the buildings of the city and the Brooklyn bridge were far behind us. Among the first to be seen of the many beautiful residences on the east bank of the river are those of James Gordon Bennet, near the site of Fort Washington, and Stewart's castle, a large stone structure, now the property of Mrs. A. T. Stewart.

On the opposite side of the river we see the Palisades, in all their grandeur, extending for fifteen miles from Fort Lee almost to Pierpont—a sheer wall of trap rock from three hundred to five hundred feet high. On the top of this wall of rock is seen a large hotel, which is the Palisade Mountain House.

After we pass Pierpont, on the west side of the river, we can just see among the trees the residence of Cyrus W. Field, and just above this is George Schuyler's mansion, one of the pleasantest locations on the Hudson.

By this time we are up the river twenty-five miles, and opposite Sunnyside, one of the most classic and poetic spots of our country, and which was the home of Washington Irving, who laid the corner-stone of American literature.

The next place of importance is Tarrytown, another of the historic and poetic towns of the river; and a little way north is Sleepy Hollow. From the steamboat we see here a little grave-yard and a few monuments. The place looks dreary and sleepy enough, and I could almost imagine that I saw the "headless horseman" galloping among the trees.

The Hudson River Railroad extends along the east bank very near the water, and as the cars went hurrying past us they seemed challenging us for a race.

A prominent feature of the river is Anthony's Nose—a peak which rises fifteen hundred feet high. Opposite is the beautiful island of Sona.

As we near West Point we can just see a few of the school-buildings; but as they are some distance from the river we cannot see them plainly. The view at this part of the river is truly grand. At this point we behold the two mountains Old Cro'-Nest and Storm-King at the north. Now we pass Poughkeepsie, and I was so interested with what I saw on the east bank, that I forgot to look awhile on the west side, where the Catskills loomed up beside me.

As I sat and looked at these mountains stretching away to my left, I thought to

myself they were rightly named "The Glory of the Hudson." After passing many more beautiful and interesting places we see the Government buildings at Albany ahead of us, and although I had enjoyed my day's sail very much, I was glad to land there, and was soon on board the train for Saratoga.

"Lasellia Club."

SATURDAY, Jan. 21st, the "Lasellia Club" celebrated its first birthday. A committee of Misses Morris, Mason, G. Lowe and A. Lowe had been appointed to arrange for the entertainment of the evening, and they acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner. During the first part of the evening a farce, entitled, "Not a Bit Jealous," was rendered, the various actors doing themselves much credit; then followed the usual feast of cake and ice-cream, which was greatly enjoyed; the programme of the evening terminating with a good dance all around. At ten o'clock the members disbanded, with many hearty birthday congratulations and good wishes for the "Club," and hopes for its long life and prosperity.

Not long since the long-awaited-for "Club" paper arrived. It has in the left-hand corner the motto of the "Club," D. A. N., as a monogram, in pale blue, and is very neat and pretty. Closely following the paper came the pins, and the new members profess themselves highly delighted with them. Jan. 23d the re-election of officers took place in the "Club," and resulted as follows:—

Miss E. Shift,	<i>President.</i>
Miss Hugus,	<i>Vice President.</i>
Miss Morrison,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Miss Hinkley,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Miss S. Mason,	<i>Critic.</i>
Miss Whipple,	<i>Guard.</i>

Proverbes Français.

QUAND on parle de la rose, on sent le parfum.

UN peu d'aïd fait grand bien.

ON est assez riche quand on a le nécessaire.

BREBIS comptées, le loup les mange.

QUAND les chats n'y sont pas les souris dansent.

QUI ne risque rien n'a rien.

"MA chère amie:—

N'ayant rien à faire, je vous écris;

N'ayant rien à vous dire, je finis."

LES demoiselles de la table française vous font bien leurs compliments, et vous prient de leur faire l'amitié de venir souper chez elles, le vingt et un courant.

On parlera français.
Le 19 Janvier.

Ayant reçu la réponse désirée à cette invitation, les demoiselles de la table française se sont préparées pour le soir, et quand le temps fut arrivé elles se sont trouvées en grande tenue au salon, en attendant avec grande anxiété leurs conviés.

"Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre," et bientôt on a reconnu les voix du Professeur et de sa femme, dans le corridor. Un moment après ils furent introduits à la présence des demoiselles. On a échangé des salutations, bien que les demoiselles n'aient point su répondre qu'avec les sourires et les révérences aux phrases pleines de bonté qu'on leur adressait. D'abord elles se sont rangées le long du mur, et ont refusé à parler excepté dans les monosyllabes, mais bientôt elles ont regagné leur courage, et elles se sont empressées de faire agréable le séjour de leur conviés. Une des demoiselles, s'efforçant de se rendre agréable, s'évertua presque trop. Voulant paraître intéressée dans la conversation du Professeur, bien qu'elle ne l'eût pas compris, elle s'est faite un devoir de rire; mais hélas! ensuite elle apprit, à son chagrin, que le rire était arrivé fort malapropos, quand il racontait les circonstances excitantes d'un suicide.

La sonnette les a rappelé aux lieux communs de la vie, et l'assemblée se rendit à la salle à manger, pour trouver que leur table remplissait la place d'honneur au milieu de la salle, chargée de toutes les délicatesses et ornée des plus belles fleurs. Après le souper, nous sommes revenues au salon, où nous nous sommes amusées à la conversation et à la musique. Monsieur le Professeur Bragdon et que plusieurs des maîtresses se sont associés avec nous, et, il n'est pas nécessaire à dire, ont eu la bonté de se servir de tout le français qu'ils possédaient. Vraiment, notre bon Monsieur Bragdon s'est montré très fort dans ses études françaises, mais son accent bizarre — sans doute d'après une nouvelle méthode qu'il venait de développer — avait quelque chose de tout-à-fait nouveau pour nous, et malheureusement il ne s'est pas fait comprendre de toute l'assemblée. Mais toute bonne chose a sa fin, et c'était ainsi avec notre soirée française, dont le souvenir nous restera à la mémoire pendant long temps.

SCENE A LA TABLE FRANCAISE.—M^{lle} H.—
"Quel est ledifférence entre vous et un miroir?" M^{lle} M.—"Je le donne haut."

UN jour les académiciens discutaient la prononciation du mot *bataille*, et ils n'étaient pas d'accord. Enfin, l'un d'eux se leva et dit: "Messieurs, en français on écrit *bataille*, mais on prononce *victoire*."

Mon premier est un ordre.

Mon second est un ordre.

Et mon tout est un désordre. — *Vacarme*.

Letter from Baltimore.

AT last a long-felt need has been supplied to our beautiful and prosperous city, through the unparalleled generosity of one who by years of toil and self-sacrifice has accumulated a great fortune, and who now gives back over a million dollars for a free circulating library, to be called "The Enoch Pratt Free Library."

Mr. Pratt has begun the erection of an attractive fire-proof building to accommodate two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, having branches connected with it in four quarters of the city — the building to cost, when ready for occupancy, two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

On its completion and equipment he deeds it to the city — the title to all books and property to be vested in the city; and in transferring them, Mr. Pratt gives the additional sum of eight hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the LEAVES to know that Mr. Pratt was born in North Middleboro, Plymouth County, Mass., and early imbibed the true, energetic spirit of his ancestors, that has placed him to-day in the first rank of our business men; and by this great gift the crowning act of his life completes the man whose practical life has been dedicated to saving, and consecrates the remaining years to giving.

This generous man can truly be compared with two others whose chief aim was the advancement and culture of the people in this Monumental City; namely, George Peabody and John Hopkins. George Peabody, founder of the "Peabody Institute," will forever live in the hearts and memories of our people, for by his liberality we have one of the first musical conservatories in the country, a noble reference library, and the foundation of an art gallery.

The John Hopkins' University, with an endowment of three million, the John Hopkins' Hospital, with a like endowment, are too well known to require commendation.

The majority of wealthy men, however, defer such acts of liberality until after death, when money can no longer be of use to them.

Mr. Pratt chose the wiser course of giving from his wealth while living. He thus avoids a possible contest over his will, and has the keen pleasure of beholding, in a measure, the grand results of his princely generosity.

A FORMER PUPIL.

Classical and Non-classical Education.

THE discussion which has been going on for the last twenty years as to the respective merits of the classical and non-classical education, has received a really important contribution from Germany. Before 1870, a thorough classical training was essential to admission in the Prussian universities, — such a training as was furnished at the gymnasia. Those pupils who had prepared at the "real-schools," in which a scientific or practical education is given, were obliged to go to the universities outside of Germany. In 1870 the Government, against the protest of the professors, opened the doors of the Prussian universities to non-classical as well as classical students. After ten years' experience, under the new system, the philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin have made public their impressions as to the result of the change. The paper which embodies these impressions received the signatures of all the scientific as well as of all the classical members of the faculty; and will have, therefore, very great weight. It declares that even in advanced mathematics the students who have received a classical training, though less quick at the beginning, show a clearer insight into abstruse mathematical relations, and in the end, decidedly surpass the non-classical students. The professor of astronomy says: "The students prepared at the 'real-schools' show at first more knowledge and more skill than those prepared at the gymnasia, but their future development is slower, more superficial and less independent, while they show still greater inferiority in point of ability to carry on the more difficult processes of independent research." The professors of chemistry say that the non-classical students cannot be placed on the same plane, in their departments, as the classical students; while in English studies the attainment of the non-classical students is very inferior. This testimony, coming so largely from scientific teachers, will have great weight. — *Christian Union*.

Lasell Leaves,

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— BY THE —

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From the Chair.

THIS the middle month of our winter term seems to bring to us, as a body of students, nothing new. We pass through the same experiences day after day, till it seems as if nothing new can happen to us in this our quiet abode.

Some of us may get tired of the monotony, but regularity is what is needed for our mental labor, with an occasional going outside, to remind us that we are not all the world. If we were permitted to attend theaters, make visits and receive callers as often as might be agreeable to us, we should soon find our minds in such a perfect whirl that it would be useless to attempt anything like study.

HAS money no attraction to Lasell students past and present? Then why has there been no response to the generous offer made a few months ago by our Princi-

pal? It will be remembered that he offered prizes for the best poem and continued story. Girls, you do not realize your opportunity, or you would make an attempt at poetry or story-telling. Imagine with what awe and admiration we, and those following us, would look upon you as the author of our Lasell song. We will suggest, also, that if money is no object to individual girls, it would be most acceptable to any of the literary societies of the school.

It has been hinted that in our zeal for study, our social life here is somewhat neglected. When we leave school, we are expected to meet and entertain strangers as well as friends, and we cannot do that easily and without embarrassment unless we become accustomed to it while in school.

In times past, the students were frequently invited to the parlors to spend the evening in agreeable conversation, games, music, etc.

But of late, so many of the girls have declared it to be "such a bore," that this custom has been done away with. It would be very pleasant for those living near to invite in their especial outside friends of a Saturday evening. Yet the number would be too few to contribute to the general pleasure, while the presence of strangers would render the company more formal.

Let us rather depend upon ourselves, and, as our girls have done in previous years, meet by ourselves in the parlors for music and games. It is true, sociables are not often, as in our case, composed of ladies only, but surely none of us have lived in the city so long, or been in society so many years, that we cannot find our own sex congenial three or four evenings in a whole term.

WE presume that the touching speech that Prof. Bragdon made in the Chapel a few mornings since would apply as well to former students of Lasell. His proposition was that some two or three girls each give a thousand dollars for the purpose of building a gymnasium and bowling-alley on the brow of the hill back of the Seminary, with a covered iron bridge leading to it from the hall, so that we need not go out in stormy weather. The proposition is still open, and every daughter of Lasell, however distant she may be removed by time or space, is at liberty to respond.

SEVERAL attempts have been made by the school to have a sleigh-ride into Boston, and, after three failures, the affair came off. Saturday morning the subject was again brought up, and, after some discussion, it was decided to start at half-past three, ride to Boston over the Brighton road, through the principal streets in the city and back to the Seminary for the supper, which we thought best to have here instead of in the city, as has been the custom. At half-past three the hall was filled with girls well cloaked and hooded, and all impatient for the barges. At last three well-filled vehicles started from the door. We were all in high spirits, but felt constrained to keep them a little in check, if we would retain our reputation of model young women.

When, however, we were fairly on the Brighton road, and felt ourselves part of the moving throng, we forgot everything but that we were out for a good time, and meant to make the most of it. Comments on the twenty-five hundred dollar teams were freely offered. We felt, too, that we received our full share of attention, and "from Auburndale" was frequently heard by the way. We were agreeably disappointed in the roads, which were all we could wish, and felt our fears had been vain ones. When our horses' heads were turned homeward, some disappointment was felt. We finally drew up before our own door, and after the nice warm supper which we found ready for us had been fully enjoyed, we all declared ourselves thoroughly satisfied with the afternoon's trip.

SUNDAY, February 5th, on account of the severe snow-storm, not one of our number ventured out to church. Unwilling that the day should pass without some observance, our Principal remarked that there would be a few exercises in the Chapel, and invited all to be present, adding, however, that attendance was not compulsory. At the time appointed nearly all of the students had assembled in the above-named place. From the *Heathen Woman's Friend* Mr. Bragdon read a few selections, among which were two letters by a sister of one of our former pupils, Clemmie Butler. With singing and a story read by Miss Eager, the hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and I think none of us would object if stormy Sundays came a little oftener.

FRESHMAN. — "Now, girls, do behave, or you will spoil our repetition." Good word.

Courtesy.

Most persons like to be considered polite, and from the discussions we frequently hear concerning some "point of etiquette," or "custom of the best society," we judge there are quite a goodly number who are really trying to learn the art of appearing well. Even in the rush and bustle of American life it is found that good manners pay; and so our young men and maidens read various books of etiquette, and study the various rules of politeness contained therein, expecting to graduate from their course of study as "highly polished gentlemen and ladies." But the "polish" is merely a showy gilding, which is apt to wear off and reveal the baser metal beneath. The young lady can answer party invitations in the most approved style; she can receive callers gracefully; and her table etiquette is irreproachable. But she can, and does, act in a most unladylike manner in the privacy of the home-circle. Here she is to be found, in the most luxurious chair, in the pleasantest corner of the room, regardless of the comfort of the other members of the family; and at the table she is sure to secure her full share of the dainties. Her "gentlemanly" brother, whose graceful dancing and abundant flattery won the hearts of the fair sex at last evening's ball, fully equals her in selfishness. Already the gilding needs repairing. How much better it would be to have a character of solid gold, which would not be injured by wear, but would receive a brighter polish from the friction of daily life.

There is a couplet which is a better rule of good manners than the rules found in most books of etiquette:—

"Politeness, is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

A truly unselfish person is generally courteous. Striving to make others happy, even at the sacrifice of personal ease, is true courtesy.

Let us for a moment emphasize the last word of the first line of the couplet, and see in what respects we fail to

"say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

First, *gossip* is not courteous, for it usually consists in any but the "kindest thing," said in any but the "kindest way." The Book which is the best authority on the matter of courtesy, as on every other matter, tells us to "speak evil of no man."

It is not courteous to ask personal questions. If your friend does not wish to confide her secrets to you, it is not kind,

and therefore not courteous, — for unkindness is rudeness, — for you to annoy her with artful, pointed questions.

It is, of course, almost needless to say that angry words and words of fault-finding are not courteous. It is courteous to return good for evil, and to meet the annoyances and unpleasantnesses of life with a smile instead of with a frown.

True courtesy sees the best side of humanity, and ignoring "society" distinctions of rank and caste, remembers simply that God's great family is composed of brothers and sisters who are to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

We are apt not to realize how much happiness a pleasant, courteous word may give. A cheery "Good-morning," a hearty "Thank you," or a prompt "Pardon me," are sometimes like stars in an otherwise dark sky. The following, which appeared in a recent paper, is a good illustration:—

"Civil words are the cheapest things in the world, and yet they are things which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of civility on a rough little street-boy. The other evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner, and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: 'I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry.' The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then taking off about three-fourths of a cap he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered, 'You can have my parding, an' welcome, miss, an' yer may run ag'in' me an' knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word.' After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, 'I never had any one ask my parding, au' it kind o' took me off my feet.'"

The earnest Apostle Peter, when writing helpful words of comfort and advice to the persecuted Christians, thought it worth while to give them the exhortation, "Be courteous;" and surely we of to-day need the reminder also.

The best rule of politeness ever given to the world consists of a few words spoken long years ago from the summit of a hill in Asia Minor. The words, which have come down to us through the centuries, and are now known as the Golden Rule are these: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

HELIOTROPE, '83.

The Gymnasium Promenade.

ON Saturday evening, January 28th, our annual "Gym. Prom.," or reception was held in the new dining-hall. The large room, with its smoothly polished floor, was a delightful change from the Gymnasium, which has always been used before. The folding-doors between the dining-room and club-room were thrown open, and when the eight chandeliers were lighted the hall had a very gala appearance. The club-room was used as a repository for the hats and canes of the "gentlemen;" and later in the evening stray couples were seen occupying the "sofas." The reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Astor, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, and at eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Astor led off the grand march. The order of dances was as follows:—

Grand March, Quadrille, Waltz, Racquet, Waltz. — Supper. — Waltz, Newport, Polka, Waltz, Virginia Reel.

Supper was served at nine o'clock, after which dancing was resumed, and continued until quarter-past ten. About fifty couples were on the floor in fancy dress, and during the dancing the scene was very bright and pretty. Many distinguished persons were present; among others Mr. Wm. Vanderbilt, his Highness the Duke of York, Judge David Warden Ducharme, Duke of Omnium, Widow Bedott, Lord and Lady Montague, Romeo and Juliet, Lady Cecil and Lady Rose Fotheringay, Lord Cyril Erceldoune, and Mr. Nobody, from Constantinople. The costumes were numerous and very pretty; some very handsome. Mrs. Jacob Astor had a handsome cardinal satin dress, cut princess, with a long train, trimmed with old-gold satin, and a profusion of lace about neck and sleeves, hair done high and thickly powdered. Mrs. Jay Gould wore a very handsome light blue satin dress, lace and diamonds. Juliet was charming in a white brocade satin skirt, and blue satin waist and overdress. Lady Cecil and Lady Rose Fotheringay wore black velvet suits trimmed profusely with pop-corn fringe, long black gloves and white fans. Oscar Wilde was present, quite too æsthetic in black velvet and sunflowers. Several fancy costumes were worn, and among the ladies, satins, light silks and white predominated. There were several desperate flirtations, and one gentleman was seen on his knees proposing *à la mode*, while the blushing girl accepted with tears of gratitude and joy streaming down her face. One of the great successes of the evening was "Topsy" and "Sambo." Arrayed in "most fantastic garb," they

announced guests, attended to the wants of the company, even cared for some of the mustaches of the gentlemen during supper-time, and were quite invaluable. To see them was to laugh, and we all did it very heartily. The evening passed very pleasantly, and all enjoyed it. We only wish it could come often.

A True Love Story.

TO BEGUILE THE WEARY HOURS OF THE "PREP."

It is several years ago, now, since I returned from Germany; still, I can never forget the events that took place there one evening, so vividly were they impressed upon my memory. We were traveling from Tübingen to Bebenhausen. Our party had just settled themselves comfortably in the coach, and the driver, reins in hand, was about to give the starting word to the horses, when suddenly we were startled to see the door of the coach silently open, and a man of most mysterious mien enter, and quietly take the only unoccupied seat. He was tall, and had a most commanding aspect. His dark, piercing eyes seemed to take everything in at a glance, and the sad, almost stern expression of his face indicated to one that he had experienced some of the hardships of this weary world. Our coach started, and knowing we had several hours to journey in this fashion, we beguiled the time by merry conversation and anecdotes. We had almost forgotten our silent companion, when we were suddenly aroused to the fact of his presence by hearing these words pronounced in a melancholy voice, "I also have a tale to tell." Without waiting for any word on our part, the stranger began: "Friends, you see before you a mere wreck of what was once a happy being. Years ago I fell in love with the beautiful daughter of our neighbor, Herr Von Feld. We were betrothed, but, being both young, our marriage was deferred for seven years. The lovely Gretchen, to prove my faithfulness, gave me a ring and sent me from her, telling me to return that day seven years hence, and on the presentation of the same ring she would be mine. With a heavy heart I started, and wandered, a weary pilgrim, through many a strange and foreign land. At last the long, long weary years drew to an end, and I was at liberty to return to my beloved Gretchen. Joyfully I started on my homeward journey, and it was not many days before I found myself on the bridge of the village

where dwelt my darling. I took from my pocket the ring which was to bring me so much happiness, and fastened my eager gaze upon it; but, in my excitement, it slipped from my trembling fingers, and with a splash fell to the pebbly bottom of the stream. Terrified to think I had lost my treasure, I hastened madly to the place where I had seen it drop, and searched for it. In vain; it did not appear; and with an aching heart I wandered off, I knew not whither, till I saw before me a house. Feeling utterly exhausted, I knocked at the door and asked for a night's lodging. I was admitted, and found myself in the home of a poor miller, who with his wife was just in the act of sitting down to his scanty supper of fish and bread. I was invited to partake of the homely fare, and a plate of the fish was placed before me. I began to eat, but had hardly taken a mouthful, when I found in the fish "What?" we exclaimed. "The bones," quietly responded the man. "R. and J."

Personals.

MISS MINNIE HOLMES is making a visit in Philadelphia.

MISS SADIE READ is teaching school near her home in Florida.

MISS ADA HIBBARD spent a few days in New York, last week.

MISS SUSIE GRIGGS spent Sunday with her friends in Boston Highlands, last week.

MISS HALEY was favored with a call from two of her home-friends on Monday, the 6th inst.

MISSES MARSHALL and RUSSELL were made happy last week by visits from their mothers.

News from Alice Magoun says that she is well, and that she still keeps up her interest in her studies.

MISS LAMSON, of Lowell, Mass., spent Sunday at the Seminary a week ago with her friend Miss Lina Maynard.

TEACHER. — "Miss —— may give the principal parts of the verb to think." Student. — "Think, thunk, thank." "Bravo! Try again."

MISS JESSIE GODFREY has had rather more than her share of company lately. A week ago she had a call from her brother, and on Saturday last her mother and father surprised her with a call. She spent Sunday in Amesbury, Mass., with her parents.

MRS. CLAFLIN spent Wednesday afternoon and night with Miss Macmillan. We are always glad to see her face, and hope to see her again.

WE were glad of a letter from Nellie Chamberlayne, not long since, and to hear that her interest in Lasell is not in the least abated by long absence.

WE were glad to see Miss Evie Wires here last week, and to learn that she is to take studio lessons here. It seemed good to see her bright face among us once more.

MRS. DR. JOHN DAVIS, of Cincinnati, aunt of Miss House, and an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, made Lasell a very hasty but welcome call on Wednesday last.

WITHIN the last four weeks Dr. Porter has given two lectures; the first was on "Circulation," the other on "Digestion." These lectures are of great value, and are worthy of our strictest attention.

WE learn that Mrs. Dresser, of Lafayette, Ind., has taken Alta, of '84, last year, to Hot Springs, Ark., where it is hoped the latter may be entirely freed of the rheumatism which has affected her for a long time.

WE were very pleasantly surprised about two weeks ago with receiving a box of delicious cake, accompanied by very neat and pretty cards, which announced the marriage of Miss Mabelle Cheney to Mr. Frank A. Wilber. We wish them a long life of prosperity and happiness.

ON the 6th inst. Miss Parloa's familiar face was seen in the cooking-lecture, much to the delight of all her old pupils. She had just returned from the West, where she has been giving a series of her valuable lectures. It is her purpose to sail for Europe early in the spring. We wish her a very pleasant trip.

MISS EMMA HOWARD had the honor of making her old room-mate's — Miss Hattie Bailey — wedding outfit. Miss Howard took dress-cutting while at Lasell, and has since perfected herself, with Miss Burbeck, in Boston, in the art of draping, etc., and is now able to do the best of work. We congratulate her upon her success.

Miscellany.

How is sleighing, girls?

WHAT kind of flies are "Baron flies?"

INDEFINITELY postponed — "S. D." ride.

WHO is Brigadier-General S. L. S. of the S. T. Brigade?

SAYS one brilliant Fresh. on meeting another, "You're the most facetious girl I ever encompassed."

"What is Olympus?" "The mountain where Jupiter held his court." "Ah! then suppose it was the favorite residence of the gods."

PREP.—"What is a circumflex fraction?"

JUNIOR.—"Why, I do not just remember, but ought to know. What part of the arithmetic is it in?"

POOR Helen!! sits and shivers, a shawl around her shoulders, mittens on her hands and slippers on her feet. Has no one an extra pair of shoes?

A FRESH. in composition class volunteered to write on "Moonlight," and consequently has been sitting up quite late every night since to see the moon alight.

IF "Baby" had not been so wild, if the girls had not been so wild, and if the evening had not been so wild, we might have seen Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Willis Wilde.

"Cassia buds" are plentiful in the Seminary since vacation. We frequently see one girl feeding them to another; perhaps to remind her of "those good old times."

ONE of the Sophs. is particularly anxious that the "new hotel" should be finished by the spring vacation. She *brooks* her disappointment but poorly when told that completion by that time is impossible.

SCENE in Junior Literary Class. "Who was Latona? The reply came faintly, "Latona was the mother of Apollo and Diana." "Who! *Paul* and *Virginia*, did you say?" Moral: always speak plainly.

PROF. G.—"Miss E., will you please translate 'Curios elephantes quattuor Romane duxit.'" Miss E.—"Curios led four elephants into Rome." Miss W.—"Why! I thought it was 'Four curious elephants ruled Rome.'"

THE intellect of one of our worthy Seniors is developing in a startling manner. Miss B. asked mineralogy class "the difference between magnesium and magnesia." Miss S. wisely replies, "One is singular, the other plural."

A JUNIOR'S RECIPE FOR "MAN CAKE." — 1 cup of conceit, 3 cups of flattery, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of brains, 2 cups of self-esteem, 1 cup of small talk. Mix with a little "cash;" when done stir in a little love of notoriety, and you have the man of the present age.

EXTRACT of artificial rose is good for the complexion. Any one doubting this statement may inquire of Miss B.

WHO gave that concert in the hall during room-hour a short time since? No one knows! Strange sounds for spirits.

INFORMATION WANTED. — Received by Miss S., Christmas, 1881, a beautiful hand-painted card with "compliments of Beef, Iron and Wine." She would like very much to know who these three are, that she may return thanks for the kind remembrance.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once said, "If a man is a friend of mine, let him show it by a warm, heartfelt hand-shake." One of the girls and her friend evidently has heard of this, but we do not remember Mr. Lincoln's saying anything about covering the hands with a "silk handkerchief."

IF any one wishes to learn the effects of ammonia, let her call on the young lady who, after thoughtlessly putting her indelible pencil in her mouth, attempted to remove the purple stains from her lips and tongue by a copious wash of ammonia. Experience is a bitter teacher, as her table-mates will testify.

AT the ball recently given by Mr. J. J. Astor and wife, Judge ——— asked to see Lady ———'s order of dances, which, to his disappointment, he found completely filled. After expressing his regret he turned to leave, whereupon Lady ——— stopped him by saying, "Judge, I shall be most happy to dance the grand march and intermission with you."

WHEN reading the description of the lady's petticoat of ancient days, in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," one of the Juniors asked for an explanation of the line:—

"Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale."

"Why," said another, "does it mean that they used *whales'* whole *ribs* to make petticoats stiff in those days?"

ONE of the girls is able to cope with circumstances. After she had retired, we observed that she had barricaded herself with only a broom, a pile of shoes, chair-rounds, books, and other articles too numerous to mention. When asked for explanation, she made reply, "Mice." Her room-mate has kindly packed her valise for her, and placed it by the door, saying, "If she goes crazy again she may start for home, so I have this packed in case of emergency." *That settled it.*

ONE of the members of Prof. Hudson's literature class was so imprudent as to pronounce humble with silent h (umble). The professor, who is an advocate for the just rights of every letter, said, "Oh, do not pronounce your words like that man — what *is* his name?" "Oscar Wilde," was suggested by some enthusiastic non-æsthetic. "No!" said the professor, in tones of disgust; "I meant Uriah Heap."

Cooking-Class A.

Thursday afternoon at half-past two,
If the hall you are passing through,
Six little maidens you will see,
As neat, nice and clean as can be.
Paper and pencil in each hand,
Before the kitchen-door they stand;
On each an apron large is put,
Covering her from head to foot.
Their names are Lillie, Gus and Lu,
And Bettie, Stell', and Ava, too;
They are the best of little cooks,
And not, as yet, have spoiled their looks.
In the kitchen these busy bees
Run "like mice to a piece of cheese,"
And soon are making some good things,
I tell you, dishes fit for kings.
One makes soup, and another cake;
This one is busy broiling steak;
Here is some dainty water-ice,
Which we all know is very nice.
At half-past five these maidens fair
Sit to a table spread with care.
"This is delicious!" they all exclaim;
And do not we all think the same?
Mistakes will happen everywhere,
And 'tis not an exception there;
But still we do not think we'll tell
Who cooked "the little cake that fell."

THE solving of the following enigma will be instructive as well as pleasing to those interested in physiology. The answers are common names given to the different parts of the body:—

1. Prominent part of a tree.
2. Musical instrument.
3. Cures.
4. Are positive.
5. Large trees.
6. Young domestic animals.
7. Attend school.
8. Hinges.
9. Handsome animals.
10. What a tug-boat does.
11. Fast animals.
12. An edible.
13. Edges of hills.
14. Used in carpentry.
15. Workmen.
16. Weather-cock.
17. To handle.
18. Part of a table.
19. Submits.
20. Used to convey liquid.
21. Fortify.
22. Covers.
23. Part of a rake.
24. Shell-fish.
25. Place of honor.
26. Is found on trees.
27. To add up.
28. Garden flowers.
29. To push one's way.
30. Place of worship.
31. Scourges.
32. Used by painters.
33. A spike of grain.
34. An oar.
35. A support.
36. One

who exists. 37. Kindred. 38. Part of a bottle. 39. Hide. 40. To give courage or energy.

THE "S. D." Society has lately added to the furnishings of their room by buying new chairs for the members. At a recent meeting the following officers were chosen: Lottie E. Snell, President; Clara J. Prentiss, Vice-President; Annie S. Harbaugh, Secretary; Susie S. Griggs, Treasurer; Annie R. Bragdon, Critic; Etta E. Reynolds, Usher.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

THE most conspicuous object on our table this month is the *Hamilton College Monthly*, and our first impression was that it came from a college of color-blind boys. On glancing over the pages we discovered our mistake, and our consternation increased. How any collection of girls could allow their paper to appear with such a glaring cover, is beyond our comprehension. If that is a fair sample of Western taste, — and we hope it is not, — Kentucky would be a fair field for the labors of Oscar Wilde. The interior is worthy of a far better exterior.

We are glad to welcome the *Swarthmore Phoenix* to our list of exchanges. The articles are good, and we anticipate a great deal of pleasure from the future numbers.

The *Dartmouth* is one of our favorites, for its articles are always sensible and readable — more than we can say for some other of our exchanges. Its exchange department is good, and we quite agree with its editor in his estimation of the stale jokes which are so abundant in our average college paper.

The *Knox Student* has a very good editorial on the length of Commencement programmes. If more of the colleges would give that matter a thought, graduation day would be made much more enjoyable.

THE following is the trip Mr. Bragdon proposes for his Lasell European party this Summer: —

June 17.	Leave New York.
" 27.	Arrive at Glasgow.
" 28.	Scottish Lakes, Ellen's Isle. The Trossachs, Stirling.
" 29, 30	Edinburgh.
" 30.	In " . Melrose, Abbotsford.

July 1.	To London.
" 2-6.	In "
" 6.	To Paris (evening).
" 7-11.	In "
" 12.	To Berne.
" 13.	Lakes Thun and Brienz, Interlaken, Giessbach.
" 14.	The Brunig Pass, to Alpnach and Lucerne.
" 15.	In Lucerne. Ascent of the Rigi.
" 16.	In "
" 17.	Fluelen, St. Gotthard Pass to Locarno.
" 18.	Down Lake Maggiore to Milan. Cathedral.
" 19.	To Florence.
" 20, 21.	In "
" 22.	To Rome.
" 23-26.	In "
" 26.	To Naples in P. M.
" 27.	In " Pompeii and Vesuvius.
" 28.	In " To Rome, P. M.
" 29, 30.	In Rome.
" 31.	To Florence.
Aug. 1.	To Venice.
" 2, 3.	In "
" 4.	To Botzen.
" 5.	Through the Brenner Pass (Tyrol) to Munich.
" 6, 7.	In Munich.
" 8.	To Nuremberg. (Here those who sail Aug. 17, leave us and go direct to Glasgow.)
" 9.	To Dresden.
" 10, 11.	In "
" 12.	To Berlin.
" 13-15.	In "
" 16.	To Frankfurt.
" 17.	In " . P. M. down the Rhine to Coblenz.
" 18.	To Cologne. Cathedral in P. M.
" 19.	To Antwerp.
" 20.	In "
" 21.	" " . P. M. to London.
" 22.	To Stratford-on-Avon, etc.
" 23.	To Glasgow.
" 24.	Sail for New York.
Sept. 3 or 4.	Arrive in New York.

Total cost, \$575. Some of the girls have already joined. Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon will take twelve or fifteen.

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BOSTON.

Doctor Mary.

(Written for the LEAVES.)

While sipping nut-brown coffee piping hot,
And breaking snowy egg-shells at our cozy
Breakfast, we were chatting, in true
Girlish fashion, of the latest gossip, styles,
The Abolition fracas and the last "Littel,"
When Thomas entered with the morning mail.
Then all was silence, until Sue threw down
Her letter with a "Girls, what *do* you think?
You'll *never* guess who's coming! Doctor Mary!
And she'll be here on the twenty-third, the
Day before our picnic up the Lake! Won't that
Be grand?" to which we all assented with delight.

This Doctor Mary was a distant cousin: no
Rampant dress-reformer, or compounder of
Specific pills; but just a quiet, unassuming
Girl, whose father was an army surgeon in
A distant fort upon the far frontier.
From early childhood she had lived in this
Lone spot; and, robbed of all those pleasant
Trifles that make bright a woman's life,
Had been much with her father — walked and
Talked with him, and drawn a broad, deep
Fund of knowledge from the quiet, studious
Man whose books and nature were his daily
bread.

Now when her brother came to
Study with his father his profession, Mary
Begged that she might study too, to pass away
The time. She did so; and until he started
For an Eastern school kept pace with him
In all he learned; and thus we called her
"Doctor" Mary, in distinction from a Southern
Cousin of the self-same name.

"Poor brother John — what *will* he do?" cried
Sue, mischievously. Now brother John, like
Every only son, was somewhat spoiled.
A splendid fellow, — tall, broad-shouldered,
Talented, — now fresh from European travel, he
Had come to play the tyrant over us, his sisters,
Willing slaves to all his lordship's whims.
His pet aversion was "strong-minded women;"
And our Doctor Mary — though he never saw
Her — was the frequent object of his fierce attack.
"Let her learn music, painting or embroidery,"
He said; "or how to make a decent loaf of bread,
Instead of dabbling in a man's profession;" and
Much more in this same manish style.

We formed a plot; we'd simply say to John
That "Cousin" Mary was to visit us, by which
He'd understand the cousin from the South,
Who several times had been our guest, but
Always in his absence; then we'd stand aside
And watch the fun.

A tall, fair, brown-haired girl, with eyes as
Brave and true and tender as the soul whose
Depths they mirrored; a small but shapely head;
A firm, sweet mouth, and with a quiet, easy
Grace pervading every movement, — such was
Doctor Mary, as she came among us. And

In walks, drives, sails, in all our merry-making,
John was ever at her side — a gallant cavalier,
Who took no pains to hide the admiration that
He felt for our fair cousin.

Mary, too, flushed brighter at his coming, and
All sorts of rosy dreams were flitting through
Our vision, when John suddenly found out
The harmless ruse played off upon him.
His pride was touched; he grew constrained
And cold, and Mary felt it. Now and then
She turned her eyes upon him with a
Questioning look, but got no answer. Thus
Her visit ended, and she went regretted from
Our midst. Then John grew self-constrained
And moody, while we girls, discomfited, and
Angry at our ill-success, were dull and spiritless.

But those were stirring times; and when the
Gun that fired on Sumpter boomed across
The waters, bringing with its echoes that
Stern call for volunteers, among the first
To answer it was brother John.

Then followed months and years of dreary
Waiting; while, for gallant conduct, step by step
John climbed the grade, until a thousand
Fearless horsemen rode at his command.

It was a hard-fought battle; since the early
Morning, column after column had been
Hurried forward, only to be hurled back,
Crushed and bleeding, from the guns of that
Fell battery upon the hill.

The General paused before the Ninth, and,
"Boys," said he, "we'll never win the day until
We take that battery. Can you do it?" and
They answered with a ringing cheer that brought
A gleam of hope across the smoke-grimed face.
A moment later, and they moved across the
Slope, dashed up the hill, while ring of bayonet
And sabre-clash told how they fought, until,
Above the smoke, the stars and stripes streamed
Forth, and all was won.

John led his heroes well; his noble horse
Was first to leap the barriers, and while
Shouting to his men to follow him, he fell.
For days he lay unconscious, while the
Surgeons probed in vain to find the ball
That struck him down. They stood one day before
His couch: "It must come off," said one; "it is
The only way to save his life; we cannot find
The ball."

Down through the narrow aisle, between the rows
Of sufferers who blessed her as she passed,
A woman came, and paused before the couch.
Her face grew drawn and colorless, and she
Leaned a moment on a pillar for support.

"How came he here?" she asked; and then they
Told her of the wound, and what they were to do,
"It must not be," she cried; "I know this man,
And he would rather die than be a cripple.
Let me try. My father was a surgeon, and
He taught me something of his art. Oh, let me
try!"

They smiled, those bearded men, but were not Proof against the pleading tones of one they loved And honored for her work among them.

"It can do no harm," said one; and then they Brought her instruments, and watched her while She worked.

The small, white fingers seemed as strong as steel, And not a tremor passed along her nerves as Patiently and skillfully she searched.

It was a cruel task, and every moan the Sufferer made her face grew white, until she Seemed almost despairing; when, with heavy Thud, the murderous bullet dropped upon The floor. The fever followed; and through Weeks of wild delirium she watched beside him, Until nature triumphed. And one bright spring Morning brother John came home, and with him Doctor Mary. "They did not want to let her come."

Said he, "but I persuaded her I needed her The most." "But how about strong-minded Women, John?" we asked. He only smiled, and Proudly looked at Doctor Mary for his Answer. And thus happily our little plot Came to its end.

Pincian Hill.

ROME, ITALY, March 1, 1882.

DEAR LEAVES, — "Dogs and Englishmen (meaning English-speaking people) love the sun," is a modern Italian proverb. Admitting this statement to be true, will explain the "why" of our being on Pincian Hill this morning; for Pincian Hill is one of the sunniest spots in Rome. You will not find the name of our "lookout" mentioned among the seven hills, for its fame is a theme of later times. Indeed, it is only within the past twenty years that these beautiful gardens have been laid out. Previous to that time the hill was covered with a wild growth of under-brush — a favorite resort, it is said, of Nero's ghost. Now these sunny terraces seem to be especially dedicated to the use of the little foreign children, who, judging from their merry shouts, will remember "Pincio" as the jolliest playground in the world. What do their little curly heads care about the history of the Forum? That is left for wise (?) papa and mamma, who, understanding only English, have hired an Italian guide to tell them the story of the "Eternal City." Some of these little folks have big sisters, who prefer to visit the Coliseum by moonlight, and in other ways indicate their desire to become the heroine of a second "Daisy Miller," with the "dying part," for convenience, omitted. This is only *one* of the many classes of "people we meet." Here, too, we find scholars who have devoted a life-time to the study and teaching of history and art. How fitted they are to enjoy Rome. Others of us, knowing the outline

of the story which centers here, are endeavoring, under the inspiration of the place, to widen that knowledge. Let me give you a glimpse of the scene which at this moment is spread out before me. At the foot of the hill is the Piazza del Popolo — during the recent Carnival the scene of the greatest excitement. At our right stands the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, whose walls are covered with choice frescoes.

The Augustine Convent, adjoining this church, was the residence of Luther while he was in Rome. "In that house the great Reformer threw his inkstand at the Devil," said an Italian friend; laughingly adding, "It must have been a favorite habit with the good man, for there are eleven other places in the city where he is said to have done the same thing." Directly in front of us, looking westward, our attention is directed in turn to the Castle of S. Angelo, built by Hadrian as a family tomb, the Vatican, and last of all rises St. Peter's, "The grandest edifice ever built by man painted against God's loveliest sky." A little to the left can be seen the yellow waters of the Tiber; following its course for a short distance, and we can distinguish in the bed of the river the ruins of the bridge which Horatius so bravely defended against the Etruscan army. If we could remove the great palace which rises up between us and the south-west, the most interesting spot in Rome would be visible; namely, the Roman Forum. It is well the ancient city is invisible, for it would be a shorter task not to mention the interests which center in and about this spot, than to speak of the history of countries which, sooner or later, have been interwoven with that of ancient Rome. Before leaving the Pincian Hill let me tarry with you for a moment at the Church of "Trinità del Monti," which stands as a kind of sentinel at the entrance of these gardens. As an historical relic, or a gallery of art treasures, the edifice contains no especial interest; but as a house for divine worship, there is no church dearer to us in Rome. Here we come every Sabbath to hear the nuns chant their evening prayer. The impression felt upon our first visit to the church I shall never forget. Away in a distant gallery — hidden always from the eyes of the world — were the nuns, their sweet voices pleading for an evening blessing. Numbers of young girls from the neighboring convent bowed low their white-veiled heads as they repeated the petition for mercy. The poor cripple-woman who acted

as door-keeper held back the heavy leather curtains, as if to admit the flood of bright light which came as a contribution of worship from the setting sun. Although interests of the past claim my attention on every side, still, events of to-day in the home-land are fully appreciated. The reports of Lasell's success are a constant source of enjoyment. You see I have gotten over being jealous of the fact that you can prosper without the assistance of the "class of '80." Most hearty congratulations do I extend to the girls who are to have the good fortune and good sense of visiting Europe under Mr. Bragdon's guidance. How well I remember the last time he came. Every girl, to speak in mild terms, was crazy to come too. But the greatest excitement prevailed the next fall, when the girls returned with such glowing accounts of the profit and pleasure which had been theirs. Meetings for the purpose of devising ways and means "for going next time" were frequently held. Eagerly am I anticipating the coming summer, hoping the pleasure about which we have so often dreamed may, through our meeting in Europe, become a delightful reality.

L. R. P.

Society Items.

ON March 6th. the re-election of officers took place in the Lasellia Club, and the result was as follows:—

Miss Ada Hibbard,	<i>President.</i>
Miss Abbie Goodale,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Miss Hattie Peck,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Miss Tibbie Hosford,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Miss Lulu Orrell,	<i>Critic.</i>
Miss Lizzie Luther,	<i>Guard.</i>

We would like to say that all old members of the Club wishing to purchase Club paper, can do so by applying to the Secretary.

THE "S. D." Society is in a very prosperous condition. Interest in the Society seems to be increasing, and there has been a marked improvement in the meetings for the last month. It is reported that a public entertainment is to be given next term by the two literary societies — "S. D." and "Lasellia." We think this an excellent plan, as it will cause a little friendly rivalry between the two societies, thereby increasing the interest, and will be something out of the usual course.

THE other two societies — "Kappa Kappa Gamma" and the "L. M. A." — are still in existence, although very little is heard from them.

An "Old-time" Letter.

DEAR LEAVES, — Truly, as one of the Lasell girls once said, "The LASELL LEAVES is to one of the 'old girls' as a welcome letter from home." The old school was indeed a home, although some of us appreciate its true worth better now that distance has lent its enchantment. Thousands of times have I wished I were again within its walls, listening to the tones of the old bell, which, like time, never waited; that is, never except on one well-remembered occasion, when we were all frantically hurrying, after our tardy answer to the rising-bell, that we might not be late to "beans," and have to endure the decidedly unpleasant promenade past the tables of Professor and Miss Carpenter, and under the privileged stare of a hundred pair of eyes — when, lo! the bell did not ring, and breakfast was actually *fifteen minutes* late, for some unknown reason. Have you a mail-box now? or are you as solicitous as ever concerning the whereabouts of Miss C. at mail-time, until, grown wiser by experience, you learn to hide your impatience under a studied indifference of countenance? Many a time have we walked up to dear Miss C., standing with her arms full to overflowing with the coveted home-letters; and after chatting awhile with "eyes that saw not," sauntered away, supremely indifferent to such small affairs, to be rewarded, after walking the length of the hall, by the sound of, "Miss ———, I think *perhaps* I have a letter for you." Dear Miss C. — how I wish I could see her again! Girls, are bangs yet abolished? and do you always remember to have your nickel ready for the plate at church? Are the Saturday evening talks continued, or did the Professor find they tended to increase, rather than diminish, the quantity of slang with which some quarters reverberated? I often wonder if any one has yet been able to find Prof. B. when he was not in "a tearing hurry." If I were to return I should miss the kind face of Prof. D. I hear a "young Prof." takes his place. Did he find a large Greek class? How I should like to see Miss B. again, and listen to her charming anecdotes. I am so glad to hear that the "S. D." Society is flourishing. Of course I am an "S. D.," and proud of the fact. I find that small pin often serves as a passport. I have been surprised to find how friendly a feeling is awakened toward a mere stranger by the sight of that common badge. Long live the "S. D." Society! I can also cordially give my best wishes to the "Lasellia" Club, for

I number several good friends among its founders. As one of the "old girls," I send a special greeting to the "old girls" at Lasell. I think often of you all, and hope some time to see you, in one way or another, for this world is not so very large after all. I saw one Lasell girl recently in a new phase — as a bride. Some of you know her as a Claremont girl; now she is at her new home in Milwaukee. I visited last fall a former publisher of the LEAVES, whose home is not many miles away. She is as bright and lively as ever, and has such a lovely home! When I get started I find it hard to stop my "reminiscing;" but I will close now with my very best wishes for the success and long life of the LASELL LEAVES.

MARCH, 1882.

F. L. B.

Notre Loin Français.

NOTRE table française a perdu un visage souriant, celui de Mademoiselle Prentiss, qui nous a quittés dernièrement pour voyager en Europe avec sa père et sa mère. Quant à nous, nous sommes desolées qu'elle s'en est allée, mais d'aller en Europe est l'espérance chérie de tous les jeunes cœurs, et nous félicitons Mademoiselle Prentiss de sa bonheur. Nous espérons qu'elle ne nous oubliera pas et nous la prions de nous envoyer de ses nouvelles et de ses aventures par terre et par mer.

Il y a une place vacante à la table française à louer à bas prix. Toutes les postulantes peuvent s'adresser à No. 53.

Mot de Socrate sur les amis.

SOCRATE se faisait bâtir une toute petite maison. Un critique s'écria: "A quoi bon bâtir une si petite maison?" "Plaise au Ciel," répondit Socrate, "que je puisse la remplir de vrais amis."

Le nom d'ami est bien commun, mais l'amitié est bien rare.

Le Medicine et le Grand Frederic.

TOUTES les fois que le grand Frédéric rencontrait un médecin la première chose qu'il lui demandait, c'était le nombre de personnes qu'il avait envoyées dans l'autre monde. L'un d'eux lui répondit un jour. "Pas tant que vous, sire." Frédéric lui tourna le dos et ne lui parla plus jamais.

EN 1868, un habitant de Chicago se présente à la porte du paradis, il frappe: Saint Pierre vient ouvrir. "Qui êtes vous," dit il, "et d'où venez-vous?" "Je suis Jacob Francis, et je viens de Chicago." "Chicago!" réplique le saint étonné; "où est

Chicago?" "En Amérique." "Est-ce un petit village?" "Comment, saint Pierre, vous ne connaissez pas Chicago! c'est une grande et puissante ville qui a plus de deux cent mille habitants." "C'est étrange: vous êtes le premier qui arrive ici de Chicago."

LES rayons de bonheur, comme ceux de lumière, sont sans couleur jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient rompus.

CHAQUE jour nous amène plus près à l'éternité.

L'AMOUR est la musique de la vie, le cœur est son instrument, et le sort en manie les touches.

"SOYEZ content de ce que vous avez;" comme dit le rat à la trappe quand il y laissa sa queue.

Prof. Raymond's Readings.

FEB. 1st was hailed with great rejoicing by the students of Lasell, as Prof. Raymond was expected to read that night; but sudden illness detained him at home. Feb. 8th, however, he fulfilled his engagement, apologizing for the manner in which he "extinguished" himself the time before. Though still suffering from the effects of his illness, his rendering of "Julius Cæsar" was excellent. The famous speech of Marc Antony was particularly good.

We again welcomed him March 1st. It was very stormy without, but bright and pleasant within. The few who ventured out in the storm were fully repaid for their trouble. "Much Ado About Nothing" was enjoyed greatly, we judge, from the peals of laughter heard on all sides. The lively repartee between Beatrice and Benedict was very nicely rendered. The girls are careful now not to express a decided dislike for a person, fearing lest, like Beatrice, they may appear to others to think the reverse. March 15th, "Winter's Tale" was given. We liked this best of all. The last scene was especially interesting; we could almost see the curtain drawn back, revealing the statue slowly descending from the pedestal. The explanations which Prof. Raymond gives before the readings, adds much to the enjoyment and interest of the audience.

We regret very much that the course is nearly completed: the last reading, King Henry IV., takes place April 12th. We are sure that we could never tire of hearing Prof. Raymond interpret Shakespeare, and, like Oliver Twist, we continually cry for "more."

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From the Chair.

SPRING is here, and with it comes the close of the winter term, the longest and hardest term of the year. Very soon Lasell will be radiant in her new spring dress of green, and boating, excursions and out-of-door sports will be in order. The winter term has passed quickly and pleasantly; and though a very busy time for most of us, it has also been a very pleasant time. The social life of the school always flourishes best during this term, the girls being naturally thrown together by their inability to spend much time out of doors. The pleasant, friendly intercourse of seminary and college life, which we find no where else, is one of the things remembered with most pleasure when school-days are ended.

ONE of the things school-girls should learn is how to take care of themselves; and this branch of education is quite as essential to their future success and happiness as a profound knowledge of Greek and Latin. Carelessness and over-work, or

work pursued without sufficient relaxation, are the two things to be guarded against more particularly. How many girls we find in our seminaries and colleges with pale, tired faces, caused entirely by over-work and want of exercise. Ambition is a very good thing, but always make it your servant; never let it become your master. Study yourself, know how much you can do, and then apply your knowledge to your own advantage.

WHY cannot the attendance at Sunday afternoon Bible-class be optional? To those who have no interest in the lessons, and who go only from a sense of obligation, it cannot fail to be dull and wearisome, even though Prof. Bragdon does all in his power to make it otherwise. On the other hand, those who enjoy it would go anyway, the same amount of good would be obtained and the comfort of all would be preserved. Why cannot the wishes and convenience of the pupils be studied in this as in other matters? Bible-class, together with morning church service, and the inevitable "Sunday letters," make our Sabbath anything but a day of rest.

WHY are the girls so devoid of interest in the LEAVES? It is a school paper, and as such claims the interest and support of the members of the school. As it is, however, a few seem to feel all the interest, and certainly do all the work. When asked to write an article some look as if they had seen a ghost, or something equally startling, and refuse point blank. Others require an immense amount of persuasion, and a little judiciously administered flattery, before they will consent to favor distracted editors with their productions. This ought not so to be. Is the seeming apathy caused by a genuine lack of interest? or an idea that some one else will do the work? Every one can at least become a member of the Publishing Association, and in that way, both by their money and presence, show a certain amount of interest. What we want is the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all the girls.

KIND words and smiles are at times as good a medicine as one can have. Dr. Metcalf seems to know just the right thing to do and say to girls. Her presence in the sick-room is like a ray of sunlight. Always prompt and sympathetic, she has a cheerful word for all, and leaves her "blue, homesick" girls feeling brighter and better for her coming.

Lecture by Prof. Walter Smith.

WEDNESDAY evening, Feb. 15th, a lecture was given by Prof. Walter Smith, State Director of Art, on "Household Taste." He spoke first of the unconscious influence that our surroundings have upon us, and of their betrayal of our advancement in civilization ("As are the homes, so are the people"); also of the duty of every woman to make her home so attractive that no theater or club-room can compete with it. In order to do this it is necessary to follow the principles of good taste. Samples of different styles in carpets and wall-paper were shown, to illustrate the difference between good and bad taste, and suggestions were made to be observed in the making of selections.

After dwelling upon color as one of the important elements in furnishing a room, the distinction between fine art and industrial art was pointed out; the former being defined as that which ministers simply to the mind, the latter as that applied to the decoration of useful articles. To show the outrage of taste caused by the blending of the two, several examples were given; one of a carpet, whose pattern was a beautiful landscape. Upon first glance it filled the beholder with admiration; but to reach the opposite side of the room he found mountains and valleys had to be traversed, streams crossed, and animals cruelly used as stepping-stones, only to find on completing the journey that he was standing above the clouds; and the beauty of the landscape from that position was utterly destroyed. Another of a wall-paper—its design, "Eliza crossing the ice"—was worthy the study of an artist; the mistake was in applying it to the walls of a room. The sight of innumerable "Elizas" all vainly attempting to cross the ice, was described as bewildering.

In conclusion, an appeal was made that everything should be what it professed to be. Several articles were shown that professed to be what they were not; among them a cow that was supposed to be a cream-pitcher. What connection there might be between cows and cream, Prof. Smith was at a loss to explain, but said he had heard that some such existed.

The lecture contained much valuable information, and was extremely entertaining. We could not but feel that even while we were amused we were instructed.

Whatever else of the lecture may escape from the memories of the Lasell girls one point will remain: "Man is the only animal that has a forehead."

Letter from Camden.

CAMDEN, S. C.

DEAR "OLD GIRLS,"—I have been so glad to receive the LEAVES, and to know what you are all doing, and to hear what good times you have in the dear old school—though I suppose I ought to call it new, as so many additions and improvements have been made in the past year. I can hardly realize that I am to join you no more in your studies and pleasures; but I have a very happy home down here in the "Sunny South." The winter has been warm and pleasant, recently, decidedly so, the thermometer sometimes standing seventy-eight degrees in the shade—a "Sunny South" in truth, you see. It seems strange to have a winter without snow, or at least with very little. The flowers have been blooming in our gardens for a long time, and the spring flowers are beginning to fade and disappear. I cannot say much of Lower Camden, but Upper Camden, where we live, is very beautiful, especially in summer. We find that our new home is not without interest to the antiquarian, as well as being a "historic" town of Revolutionary fame. A little way out of town are two Indian mounds, probably very ancient. Soon after coming here we drove out to see them. The larger one, which was the burial-place of the common Indians, is about twenty feet high, and proportionately large. The smaller one, where the chiefs were buried, called "Chiefs' Mound," is about the size of a negro cabin. The larger one had been planted the previous summer with Indian corn, which seemed very appropriate. We climbed the mounds to see what we could discover, and brought away some pieces of pottery and fragments of stone tomahawks which we found there. They have been dug into a little, and I think if they could be thoroughly excavated many interesting relics would be found. The Revolutionary fame of Camden rests on the two battles fought here; the first between Gates and Cornwallis, whose headquarters were here for some time, the second between Greene and Rawdon. The British were victorious; but it was one of those victories so like defeat, that it may well be considered the precursor of Cornwallis' final defeat and surrender at Yorktown. There is a monument erected in the town in honor of Baron DeKalb, who fell in the first battle, the corner-stone of which was laid by Lafayette, when he was making his last visit to this country, in 1825. There are three pieces of cannon left here by the British, two of which

are placed in the ground, to mark the crossing of streets, and the other is mounted, and stands in front of the post-office. It is humorously said to have been placed there to intimidate the negroes at election time; but its condition is such that it is as harmless, perhaps more so, than the famous "Quaker guns." Sherman's army passed through Lower Camden, burning most of it, and it has never been entirely rebuilt. The people here are exceedingly social, and have been very kind to us. It seems strange to see so many more negroes than white people. I believe there are three blacks to one white in Camden. I like to watch the little negroes, they appear so funny when they look up into your face, roll their big, bright eyes, and show their white teeth. I am busy, now, studying under an excellent German professor, and am trying to keep pace with my class at Lasell, hoping to be able to return in time to graduate, at least. And now, with much love to all the teachers and girls, I hope to be still regarded as

ONE OF THE LASELL GIRLS.

Chronicles.

Chapter VI.

AND it came to pass in the seventh year of the reign of the good Prince Charles, that the wandering tribe of L. M. A. took up its abode in the country of the Lasellites, which country is known as Saints' Rest. Now these are the children of the tribe of L. M. A.: Emily, the daughter of William; Susan, Charlotte and Helen; Caroline, and Anna her sister; Augusta, the daughter of Caleb; Maria, Jessie and Sophia. And these also were of the tribe: Anna and Mamie; Nettie, the Wisconsinite; Stella, and Lillie her sister; Mary, Ava, Susan, the daughter of George, and Anna, the Pennsylvaniaite. Now, behold! In the seventh year of the reign of the good Prince Charles, Emily, the princess of the tribe, did assemble all the daughters, and said unto them, "Give ear and harken, oh my people! for Helen, the daughter of Hewitt, being yet young, and fond of the good things of this world, hath conceived a plan whereby we may obtain much enjoyment." Then Helen, the daughter of Hewitt, arose and said, "Hear me, my sisters; as for me, I conceived in my heart to bring my beloved sisters to that apartment in the palace of the good Prince Charles which is presided over by the provider of our daily soup; moreover, in this same apartment, to be united by the strong bonds of boiled molasses." Then

the members of the tribe of L. M. A. stood upon their feet, and cried with one accord, "It is well." Now, therefore, on the evening of the eleventh day of the third month, Emily, and all the members of the tribe with her, assembled at the appointed place. And they arose, all of them, and took up the fruit of the nut-tree, which was awaiting them in great abundance. Moreover, when the outer covering had been removed from the fruit, the damsels did all repair to another apartment, and did there proceed to watch, in turn, the utensil in which was placed the molasses for boiling. And lo! when the molasses had reached a desired state of doneness, the damsels did take up this same utensil and did bear it out into the night. And behold! the damsels, two by two, did pull this sticky mass until it did become of the color of gold. Furthermore, they did mix a portion of the fruit of the nut-tree with this, and did partake of it with keen relish. Now, when the excitement had waxed great, and they had wearied themselves with much sport and feasting, behold, the king sent a message, saying: "Lo! the night grows late; depart now from your festivities." So when the members of the tribe of the L. M. A. heard the words of the message, that it was from the king of the Lasellites, they did turn back and depart with much rejoicing.

THE New York *Herald*, speaking of the advantages and disadvantages of the competitive system in education, says: "The first boy in his class is rarely the first man when the real contest comes. This may be disheartening to the young men and young women, to the juvenile orators and poets and philosophers who now lead the class-rolls, but it is the verdict of history. It may be that they who bear off the honors in the first conflict of life are themselves to blame for their subsequent non-success; that study and industry, the conditions which won them success in the beginning, are not persevered in and continued. If this, as it seems to be, is the result of the system, it carries with it its own condemnation."

PROF. DOLE is staying with his daughter in Keene, N. H., and is making preparation for the publication of his Latin grammar. Lasell does not seem quite natural to the old girls without Prof. Dole, as they come back to visit it. We wish him all success in his new work.

Washington's Birthday.

THE most disloyal heart at Lasell beat lightly on the evening of February 22d. Each girl felt extremely thankful that so great a man as George Washington had ever lived—and died. The dining-hall, brilliantly lighted and prettily decorated, was the rendezvous of a merry company of girls, together with the teachers, many being in evening dress, Martha Washington style, and powdered hair. The doors of the club-room were thrown open at half-past seven, and we enjoyed the following programme:—

PIANO SOLO—Miss Mason.

ORATION—Miss Peabody.

READING—Miss Annie Bragdon.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Stedman.

TABLEAU—George Washington, with hatchet.

READING—Miss Morrison.

TABLEAU—Reception of Martha and George Washington.

CHARADE—Revolution.

TABLEAU—The Flower of the Family.

READING—Miss Morrison.

TABLEAU—Goddess of Liberty.

The music of the evening was good, and we all enjoyed it. The oration was brief, and to the point, and the humorous reading which followed brought a smile to the most rigid countenance. The charade and tableaux were very good, considering that the whole affair was impromptu, and only the afternoon was given for preparation. Miss Morrison's little brother Jamie, who was visiting her, was quite irresistible as little George Washington, and the girls were at a loss to find words strong enough to express their admiration for the "wee hero." The charade in four acts deserves the highest praise. The "Flower of the Family" was very pretty, and the dainty, many-colored blossoms were so sweet that a *bird* was seen hovering near during the scene. Both of Miss Morrison's selections were rendered in a style fully deserving the encore they received. Miss Morrison possesses marked ability, and her friends at Lasell trust that her future endeavors will meet with success. The "Goddess of Liberty" was the crowning event of the evening's entertainment. The "gentlemen" of the evening quite outdid themselves. The costumes were striking, and some even elaborate. After the programme was completed refreshments were served, which we enjoyed very much, of course. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly occupied in dancing, and at ten o'clock we went to our rooms, wishing there were more George Washingtons with birthdays to be celebrated.

Personals.

SUSIE GARFIELD spent Washington's birthday with us.

ANNIE MARBOLD is in Cañon City, Col., for her health.

SALLIE WEEDON is at her home, sick with intermittent fever.

"WHO was the lawyer, Grandma?" asked Alla, eagerly.

EMMA SIBLEY recently visited Alice Stevens, in Philadelphia.

ALBERTA WILLIAMS is teaching school south of Washington.

HALLIE SHULTZ is enjoying herself at her home in Lancaster, Penn.

MATTIE LORIMER has been spending the winter in the southern part of France.

FANNIE THORNTON comes back once in awhile to get a taste of old school-days.

NELLIE WHIPPLE is studying art in Boston, and at present is painting portraits from life.

LOTTIE SNELL received, recently, a visit from her friend Miss Marcy, who is studying music in Boston.

BERTIE STEELE spent a day and night with Lizzie Frost, at Galesburg, Ill., on her way to visit in New York State.

MISSSES HANSON, Clifford, Carlton and Salsbury have each had to take a short vacation, on account of their health.

JENNIE GOFF and Mabel Wetherell have returned from their furlough home, and look as "fresh and bright as ever."

WE were glad to see Miss Gilmore once more at Lasell. She gave us news of Mrs. Dodds, of Montreal, a graduate of '57.

MR. AND MINNIE BIGELOW have made arrangements to join the European party. Possibly Nina Bartholomew will go too.

HATTIE SETTLE was obliged to leave school, on account of sickness at home. We shall see her here again next term.

ADA HIBBARD will not return next term, as she expects to spend some time in Washington before starting on her trip abroad.

IDA COGSWELL made her sisters a visit the last of February. We were all glad to see her, and do not think her future prospect of matrimonial bliss has changed her.

A LETTER from Alta Dresser, written from Hot Springs, Arkansas, tells of her restored health, and the possibility of her returning to Lasell next year.

CLARA PRENTISS, in company with her parents, leaves New York April 5th for a trip abroad. We were sorry to have to say good-bye to her before the end of the year. We give her our best wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage.

It is rumored that Abbie Turner and Maud Newcomb were here the other day. We cannot vouch for that, though, as we did not see them. Would like to know where they stayed, and who the favored persons were who saw them.

BERTIE BROWN, her mother and two brothers, Cora Flint, Annie Burney, Susie Alling and her cousin, Ada Hibbard, Em. Peabody and Mattie Ransom, are among those who have joined Prof. Bragdon's party for the trip abroad this summer. Meda Watson and Belle Fitzgerald are the latest additions.

Miscellany.

VACATION SOON!

PICTURES are numerous.

SPRING, spring, beau —

THE Seniors are busy analyzing "pebbles."

No more mice. The ferrets have finished them.

WHY are the "Qu'est que c'est" girls so sleepy? Because they are near the Gap(e).

THE sound of the Osceregnough is heard in the hall, and the comb doth warble joyously.

ANY remedy warranted to cure a "tooth-ache," probably lasting, will be gladly received at No. 12.

SCENE in Philosophy. Teacher. — "What is a prism?" Student. — "Sunbeam going through the crack of a door."

At the recent candy-pull given by the "L. M. A.," one of the girls "put her foot in it." This is not slang, but fact.

STUDENT in Roman history. — "After the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey had his head cut off, and fled to Egypt." Great applause.

A FRESHMAN was recently seen drawing a "grave and reverend Senior" in John's little cart. We would like to inquire, with all due respect, if this is the Senior ride of which we hear so much.

FROM sounds heard lately in the Chapel during evening study-hour, one is led to believe in the theory of transmigration. Some unquiet spirit that long ago found a place among the felines, must have taken up its abode with us.

SOMETIMES we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. — *Longfellow.*

ONE of our æsthetic young ladies has adopted the "burdock" as her particular flower.

A YOUNG lady asserts that maple-sugar makes mustaches starchy. True; but how should she know?

STUDENT, translating in German class: "Das mochte der Baum gar nicht hören." "This made the tree hard of hearing."

SEVERAL of the young ladies were adorned with green in a very gay and festive manner on the 17th, in honor of St. Patrick.

ONE of our brilliant (?) Seniors while reciting in physiology on the convolutions of the brain, called them "the little businesses of the brain."

MANY have genius, but wanting art are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor. — *Longfellow.*

ANIMATED Junior, very much in earnest, to a crowd of girls: "Oh, girls, you know I could not go there, it such a *conspicuous* place!"

A Lasell Sem. young girl,
A bang and bangle young girl,
A "Delaware Water Gap,"
Who at our table sat,
Do as you please young girl.

JUNIOR EX., APRIL 4. — Girls, we have at last acquired the privilege of using slang — only be sure to clothe it in classical language, or it would be "*unparadonable*."

ONE Junior, with face very long and look very blank, bemoaning her fate to another Junior of like appearance, was heard to say, with a "dying fall" in her voice, "I have but *nine ideas* for my essay."

UPON entering No. 62, recently, we found the "Freshman" shedding copious tears. Looking about, we found nothing out of order; but the Chinese doll was gone, and that explained the grief of the Freshman.

SCENE IN ROOM. — Senior to Fresh., who is walking about uttering cries of distress: "Why, what is the matter? what are you stepping on your own feet for?" FRESH. — "Well, I must step somewhere, you see." We would suggest that this Freshman, who makes up in quantity what she lacks in quality, have an extra *foot* added to the dimensions of her room.

STUDENT TO PROFESSOR. — "Why do you laugh?" Prof. — "Because the *other girls* laugh." A sensation follows.

SCENE IN PHILOSOPHY CLASS. — Teacher. — "Miss H., what is the spectroscope used for?" Miss H. — "It is used for examining *animal* bodies."

WE recently heard a girl remark that she was going to sweep a *path through her room*, so she could get around until the next Monday. We have read somewhere that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

FIRST STUDENT. — "Is it not too bad they are afraid poor Miss X. has spinal meningitis?" SECOND STUDENT. — "Oh, that is awful! I once knew a woman who died with spinal meningitis in her leg."

LITTLE Belle recently had a birthday party, at which, of course, was the inevitable plum-cake. John helped himself to a large mouthful, and then exclaimed: "Oh! I like this; this is boss *gingerbread*."

ENTERING the dining-hall, recently, we discovered that mottoes had been hung near each table; but one was found to be without, so we hear this ambitious table has adopted as its motto, — "Get your money's worth."

SINCE Prof. Raymond's reading of "Much Ado About Nothing," we have decided after due deliberation, that several of our girls have "toothache;" that they have a severe attack, in fact. We can only hope for a speedy recovery.

SCENE in chemistry, where an extremely odoriferous gas has just been made. Promising student. — "It smells like some vegetable. What is it? Oh, I know; it is a lobster." We are glad to learn that the lobster is a vegetable.

SCENE: Class-room. Subject under discussion: Effect of ether on insects of various kinds. Miss L. — "Why, once I had a spider, and I put him in a bottle half full of ether, and instead of staying in the bottle he came right up and sat on the cork." Teacher: "Well, I think it was a very wise spider."

THE following was picked up in the hall, recently. Truly the flame of poetic genius still burns at Lasell: —

"If a body meet a body
Going through the hall,
Should one body to another
By their last name call?"

We venture the suggestion that it would "seldom ever" be a wise thing to do.

THIS is the way a Junior told it: "Take good or bad eggs — I've forgotten which; put them in hot or cold water — I've forgotten which; and they will rise or sink — I've forgotten which." And we understood it perfectly.

THE course of lectures given us during the winter by Dr. Porter, has been very entertaining. Her subjects are always well chosen, and her advice of practical value to us. It requires no effort to listen to her, as her interest both in the subject under discussion and in her audience is evident.

Two young ladies standing in the hall. First young lady. — "Did you know we were not allowed to send live animals by mail?" with a prolonged stare at the hair of the other. Second young lady, with a look of mingled rage and amusement — "Why? Do you wish for a lock of my hair to send away?"

WITHIN the last few days the uncommon brilliancy of the Seniors has filled the bosoms of the Freshmen with awe and admiration — the cause of the added brightness being the arrival of the class rings. Our sisters showed their good taste in selecting a badge which combines durability with beauty, — the design being a broad gold band, with raised '82 set in diamonds.

Ten girls in the Junior class, faces dimmed with care;
Each one sadly thinks of home, and wishes she was there.
Many Junior meetings called; each heart quakes with fear;
For time of dreaded Junior Ex. rapidly draws near.
"Junior essays" now the theme, begun anew each morn;
Seniors pity Junior girls looking so forlorn.
Never mind, poor half-fledged birds, this will soon be past;
The greatest terrors of your lives cannot forever last.

THE COMPOSITION OF A PREP. — Wednesday afternoon we did go to see the Art Club exhibition in Boston, we did. But we did get off the cars, which were run by steam-power, before we got to Boston, we did; so we did not go way in, as you may very easily see. But we are off. In other words, we are wandering from the paths of etiquette; and to return to the former subject. We did go into the Art Club exhibition, we did; but when we got there we could not see the exhibition, for the crowd and pictures; so we came home well pleased with our afternoon, we did.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Diserimine Habebo."

THE March number of the *College Transcript*, from Delaware, Ohio, is unusually full. It has with it a supplement almost as extensive as the paper itself. It contains several orations, which, no doubt, are very good, but we found one about as much as we cared to read. We are sorry that we cannot oblige the *Transcript* by sending one of our "finished" cooks, aged eighteen, weight one hundred and twenty-five, but unfortunately we have none at present who desire to try their fortunes in that line in the West.

The *Polytechnic*, from Brooklyn, is a welcome visitor. Its last issue contains a very graphic description of one of "Oscar's" lectures, which closes with these words: "Oscar would show more good sense if he put on his pea-green, fur-lined circular, and procured a first-class cabin passage on the first homeward-bound steamer." So say we all of us!

The *Amherst Student* makes a most ferocious attack on the colleges of the South and West, and states that their papers are utterly worthless, etc. The *Student* is evidently proud of its superior New England "culchaw," but we should like to remind it that the colleges of the West and South have advanced from their primitive ignorance, and are now quite as capable of producing something readable as the Eastern schools. If the *Student* is not fortunate enough to receive some of the better-class college papers from the West and South, we feel sorry for it. We find among our exchanges, many of the best come from the other side of the Ohio River.

The *Musical Journal*, published by Thompson & Odell, of Boston, has been a frequent visitor this year, and contains much that is of interest to the musicians in the school.

The *Premier* has just made its appearance upon our exchange table. It is a very modest little sheet published by the Fall River High School. It is bright and interesting, and bids fair to be a success. We welcome it most heartily, and give it our best wishes.

Household Duties.

It is said a woman once committed suicide "because she was tired of washing dishes." Probably not many women would put an end to their existence simply because of dish-washing or other household labor; but undeniably the "over and over again" is a weight which is at times almost

unbearable, unless aided by system, punctuality and order. Let housewives accustom themselves to regard their vocation as the most honorable employment in which women of intellect and education can engage, involving duties and responsibilities far above the fripperies and tinsel accomplishments of fashionable life, and more valuable than the labors of an exclusively literary career—let them do this, and they will soon acquire a love for its duties, and pride and satisfaction in their discharge. Let them gain all the information possible as to the best methods of housekeeping. There are many valuable books written by women, who know practically of what they write.

It is one of Mrs. Terhune's (Marion Harland) pet theories that the more a woman knows, the better housekeeper, wife and mother she can be; and she is herself a shining instance of such possibilities. Rose Terry Cooke is another. She not only writes good poetry about her garden, but she gets up before sunrise to work in it. She, too, is an excellent cook. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is an accomplished housekeeper, and is able to tell all about the "little things" which fill so large a space in a housekeeper's life. Many more women might be named who not only write books, but are capable and willing to work with their hearts and hands to make their homes comfortable, and a haven of rest to their families.—*Housekeeper*.

MARCH 22d a meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association was held, and the following officers elected for the Spring term:—

Annie Seeley,	President.
Alice House,	Vice-President.
Annie Wallace,	Secretary.
Cora Cogswell,	Treasurer.
Ava E. Lowe,	Publisher.
Tessie Shiff,	Subscription Agent.
Miss Carpenter,	} Auditing Com.
Miss Cushman,	
Miss Annie Bragdon,	

The editors for the next three months are Grace Durfee, Bertha Russell, and Lillie Packard.

GOOD-HUMOR is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home-life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the faculty to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and works of life. How it will brighten up things generally to have a lively, witty com-

panion, who sees the ridiculous point of things, and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold about them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with the sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 7.

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The Two Gates.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn and spent, crept down a shadowed
vale;
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain-side
A ponderous, sculptured, brazen door he 'spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair;
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lusterful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."
—Harper's Magazine.

Grandma's Memory-Box.

"WHY, my dear children, when you are as old as I am, you will remember as the happiest days of your life these days that you are now so disconsolate over." These cheery words seemed to bring sunshine into the room where Alla and May were bemoaning the dismal prospect for the coming year; for they were to leave the next day for a distant seminary. The girls looked up, and saw, smiling on them from the doorway, Grandma Reid's peaceful face, surrounded, as if by a halo, with silvery white curls. As she looked at the two clouded faces she laughed merrily, and crossing the room, sat down by the girls. "How well I remember the first experience I had of leaving home for boarding-school! Before I left, I succeeded in making myself and everybody around me miserable. But I soon became reconciled to my new life, and one of my greatest pleasures now is to live over, in memory, those past days." "I don't care," interrupted May, "I don't want to go one bit; and I'll get in every scrape I can, and — and I'll flirt with everybody I see but what I'll have a g-good t-ti-me!" Grandma's face became very

grave as she drew the excited girl toward her, and said, earnestly: "May, dear, we would all regret very much if you did not enjoy your school-life; but remember that a 'good time' can never come from acts that we remember with sorrow. I should be very sorry to have you leave home with such feelings, for your hasty words bring to my mind many incidents of my own school-life. Ah, if you young folks could only believe us when we tell you that pleasure is seldom found when sought for! But I suppose every one must, at some time, be a pupil to that stern old teacher, Experience." "Tell us about *your* school-days," said May, who was already ashamed of her petulant exclamation. "As it may benefit you to have an insight into the temptations of boarding-school, I will read you some incidents which I wrote in the little book you know as my 'Memory-box.'" When grandma had found her book, she read to the girls the following sketch:—

"Will I ever forget Margie Dean's eighteenth birthday! Early in the afternoon Daisy Green, Katie Maxwell and I had each received a slip of paper with the words, 'Come quietly to my room this evening at six.—MARGIE.' Many were the glances of inquiry which were directed toward her that afternoon, but her armor of indifference was impervious. By evening our curiosity, like the lights above the throne of Pluto, extinguished all other lights. In the history class, in reply to the teacher's question, 'On what depends the future prosperity of the country?' Daisy covered herself with glory by saying, dreamily, 'The words on a slip of paper.' At last the time arrived, and after giving urgent excuses for leaving the study-hall, we slipped into Margie's room. After locking the door, she turned to us, and with a mischievous laugh, said, 'Well, what is the matter?' 'Matter!' we echoed; 'that's cool! We know something is up, after getting such a note from *you*.' Without more words she pulled a box from its hiding-place under the bed. 'When did it come?' 'Where from?' 'What's in it?' To all of which she briefly replied, 'This afternoon, from home; look, and

see.' Then, kneeling, she began unpacking it. Every appearance of pickles, cake, jellies, etc., were greeted with the exclamations, 'Oh, Margie, how I love you!' 'Oh, my pearl, you *know* you reign queen of my heart!' 'Madge, darling, words cannot express my affection for you!' 'I understand you, girls,' she said, laughingly. 'Help yourselves!' Such a feast as we had that night! And I believe our enjoyment was enhanced by the strict care we were obliged to exercise to keep our fun within bounds. Many were the false alarms; and each time we would seek a hiding-place. Once, when footsteps were heard approaching, Daisy and I sprang for the closet, while Kate, with her mouth and hands full of cake, and with an evident desire to extinguish herself, crawled under the low French bedstead. Suddenly we heard a smothered cry for help, and, rushing to her assistance, we found her imprisoned so tightly that advance or retreat was impossible. Despite our efforts there she remained, to our great bewilderment, until Margie suddenly cried, 'Oh, for *revenge*! Pull her out by *force*, girls!' We did so, and as she came out we discovered the cause of her passiveness. Tightly clasped in her arms was a large box of delicious confections, nuts and figs. Simultaneously we looked at Margie. 'Whence came this, miss?' we asked suspiciously. 'Fred!' she stammered, blushing hotly. This was sufficient explanation, for it was well known to all of us that Margie had long held in her possession that most uncertain of treasures — a heart. 'How in the world did he send it to you?' 'Girls, such a time as I had getting those boxes! I saw the man with that one from home, waylaid him, and with a quiet air of assurance bade him leave it here. He obeyed, and departed without a suspicion that all was not right. Then I had a note from Fred, this morning, and ran down to the old corner gate, where I found this box hidden.' 'Well, please give my love to Mr. Fred,' said Daisy, 'and tell him *my* birthday comes soon, and — Mercy, girls, there comes Madam Sears!'

"Such a scrambling as there was then! The boxes disappeared as if by magic, and we were innocently 'practicing gymnastics,' when she rapped at the door. 'Come,' called Margie, sweetly. The knob turned. 'Young ladies, please to open the door!' 'A thousand pardons, Madam; how careless of me to forget it was locked.' Madam entered, and, after a keen glance at our flushed faces, said quietly, 'Miss Margie, as it is your eight-

eenth birthday, I invite you and your friends to a little feast in my room, this evening. I have not forgotten my own youth.' 'Thank you, Madam; you are very kind,' Margie stammered, as we all stood dumbfounded. With a gracious smile Madam took her leave. 'Oh that I had eaten but half of that cake,' groaned Daisy. 'Do you think she suspects us?' queried Margie, anxiously.

"At last we summoned all our courage and went to Madam's parlors. How we managed to eat as much as we did, I know not; but madam made no remark about our poor appetites until late in the evening. Turning to us suddenly, she said, 'How did it happen that you young ladies were all in Miss Margie's room during study-hour?' 'We were practicing that difficult movement in gymnastics,' we falteringly replied. 'Was that the time and place for it? To what movement do you refer?' 'To exercise the muscles of the neck,' replied Katie, with a mirthful look at us. 'I thought, perhaps, it was the muscles of the mouth,' said Madam, in a tone slightly suggestive of sarcasm. The comical situation proved too much for our gravity, and we burst into a merry laugh, in which we were joined by Madam. She soon became serious, and calling us around her, said, 'My dear girls, we older people can forgive anything in young people more than deceit. I saw both of those boxes delivered to Margie this morning. How grieved I was I cannot tell you, for misused confidence is like a broken vase: it may be perfectly mended, but we know it has been broken, and are in constant fear lest it will not hold water.' Many other things she said to us, and we left her room that night four very penitent girls. But the chains of habit once formed are hard to break, and the kind words, although making a deep impression in the strong links, did not sever them. Not a week had elapsed before we were again ready for anything to have a 'good time.'

"It was at this time I came near making the great mistake of my life. We were all at just the romantic age, and while Margie had made her life-choice, the rest of us were 'off with the old love and on with the new' about every two months. At this time my fancy was occupied with a young college Junior, and many were the tender notes I received. One evening a note tied to a stone was thrown into my window. He begged that he, with two college friends, might join our Saturday evening frolic in the gymnasium. He stated his plans for

gaining admittance, saying that he would bring a rope, which we were to put around a post in the gymnasium, so they could pull themselves up, as by a pulley. Then, after joining with us in a dance, they wished us to join them in a pleasure-ride, they pledging themselves to bring us home without discovery. Even *our* daring spirits stood aghast at this bold plan; but our love of adventure conquered reason, and we consented, although with many misgivings. At last the night came. The plan was a complete success. After dancing with the girls (who were all in constant fear of discovery), the daring intruders made an exit by means of their entrance-way, while Daisy, Kate and I stole out of the side door. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so we walked in the shade as much as possible. When we were about a square from the Seminary, and near where we were to find the carriage, I suddenly discovered that I had left my white wrap on the veranda, where it would be seen from the windows above. 'I will run back after it, and you girls come back slowly to meet me.' 'Well, do hurry, Nell!' I hastened back, but soon saw, to my dismay, a gentleman coming swiftly toward me, with my shawl. He was a talented lawyer, about thirty years of age, and I had long secretly admired him. Indeed, my *beau ideal* of a man closely resembled him, although I was as yet hardly aware of the fact. And now to be discovered by him in an act of which I was thoroughly ashamed! His face was very grave as he approached me, and raising his hat, said, quietly: 'Miss Nellie, I recognized this wrap, and even at the cost of seeming presumptuous and intrusive, I was hastening to you to prevent, if possible, that which I knew you would soon heartily regret. Pardon me if I say that Bert Howard is entirely unworthy of your notice.' Just as I was sobbing out some incoherent reply, Daisy and Kate, who had become alarmed at my delay, approached. With consummate tact my companion explained to the embarrassed girls how he had discovered us, and then after a few friendly words of counsel, and conducting us to the door, he departed. Acting on his advice, we went immediately to Madam Sears and confessed not only that night's failings, but many past misdemeanors, such as clandestine correspondence, 'spreads,' and reading by candle-light. Long and seriously she talked to us, and made us realize as never before the consequences of such a life in our youth. In conclusion, she said, 'I agree with your gentleman

friend, Nellie, that every day is a little life, and our whole life is only a day repeated.' Then she smilingly added, 'Let your light shine, but *not* in a closet.'"

"There, my dears," said Grandma, as she closed the book, "would you ever have thought that your staid old grandmother could ever have been such a wild, careless girl? You can now see that I speak from experience when I say, as my lawyer friend told me that night, that a hidden enjoyment will, at some time, show to you a side thick with thorns."

"Who was the lawyer, Grandma?" asked Alla, eagerly.

"Ask Grandpapa," was the reply, accompanied by an arch smile at him as he entered the room. "R."

Junior "Ex."

APRIL 4th was a warm, bright day, and as such was gladly welcomed by the Juniors, who were to give their annual exhibition at 7.30 p. m. At this hour those of the school who expected friends descended to the library and reception-room, which were thrown into one, where for a half-hour careless chat and introductions made the usually silent (?) room quite merry; while the open fire threw a cheery glow across the rooms in agreeable contrast to the dark, wet night outside.

In spite of the April rain, the majority of the invitations were accepted, and when at eight o'clock all repaired to the Chapel, there was no seat vacant. Across the organ at the back of the Chapel, on a white ground, was the class motto in evergreen, "Workers are Winners." The exercises were opened with an earnest prayer by Rev. Mr. McKeone, followed by an instrumental solo by Miss Orrell.

The class, containing ten members, chose one of their number as the Mortal to whom the other nine, as the Muses, should bring their gifts with the following representation:—

THE MUSES BRING THEIR OFFERINGS TO A MORTAL.

Prayer.

Music.

CALLIOPE Muse of Epic Poetry.
CORA E. COGSWELL.

POLYMNIA Muse of the Hymn.
ALICE M. HOUSE.

MELPOMENE Muse of Tragedy.
ANNIE WALLACE.

Song.

THALIA Muse of Comedy.
LILLIE E. WADHAMS.

ERATO Muse of Amatory Verse.
AVA E. LOWE.

CLIO Muse of History.
STELLA C. WADHAMS.

TERPSICHORE Muse of Dance and Song.

SERAPHINE G. MASON.

EUTERPE Muse of Lyric Verse.
LINA A. MAYNARD.

URANIA Muse of Astronomy.
LILLIE M. PACKARD.

Response of the Mortal,

SARAH M. COREY.

Song.

Calliope was well presented by Miss Cogswell. Her essay following the maze of Epic Poetry was clearly put, and delivered in a manner highly creditable to herself and class. Then came Polymnia, Muse of the Hymn. As such Miss House informed the Mortal that her infantine ears had been greeted with "Watt's Cradle-Hymn" long before she had ever heard of epic poetry. Miss House made a ludicrous allusion to the "Sweet By and By" as played by the hand-organ on the street-corner. She compared the child of to-day, who sings "Hold the Fort," with his progenitor, who sang "The earth shall shake, the heavens quake," etc. This was delivered in a bright, pleasing way, making it very attractive. Miss Annie Wallace, as Melpomene, read a highly interesting article on "Tragedy," quoting frequently and very appropriately from our great master, Shakespeare. Miss Lowe's subject, being of such universal interest, was greatly enjoyed by all. Miss Mason's subject seemed very aptly chosen, as she is Lasell's best musician. At the conclusion of her essay she played one of Chopin's waltzes, to convince the Mortal of her superior gifts; and we feel sure that every mortal in the room was convinced. Miss Packard's essay partook of the nature of her subject, and was of a high order in every way. The response of the Mortal was excellent, and greatly enjoyed by her school-mates, especially when she made the male portion of the audience wince at a cutting allusion to modern chivalry.

After the exercises the Juniors filed out, each distinguished by a knot of blue ribbon on the left arm, and adjourned to the parlors, to receive the guests. After a pleasant hour of conversation, refreshments were served by twenty-five young women; and when the adieus were made, every one seemed to say *truthfully* that they had enjoyed a delightful evening.

Notre Coin Francaise.

Les vacances des printemps sont venues et sont allées—elles ont pris leur place avec les recollections agréables que nous retiendrons longtemps après que nous

aurons dit adieu à Lasell. Comment avons-nous passé le temps, demandez-vous. C'est une question à laquelle on pourra trouver les reponses nombreuses et diverses? L'une dirait, dans la culture intellectuelle dérivée de la lecture des romans—l'autre que les cornichons et le gateau demandaient toute son attention. Pour quelques-unes les devoirs et les plaisirs d'Auburndale étaient tout qu'elles pouvaient désirer, pour quelques autres, les attractions journalières de Boston étaient trop grandes pour être résistées; mais, sans doute, les unes étaient aussi heureuses en regardant l'ours dansant et la maison mouvante, comme les autres en voyant les grands spectacles de la ville.

Quand on devenait las de rester à la maison, il y avait les longues promenades et les courses charmantes en voiture et en cheval.

La musique et les belles fleurs de Paques nous ont invitées à l'église, mais en vérité où est la personne qui pourra s'absenter de l'église le jour de Paques?

Enfin nous nous sommes tant amusées, que seulement l'envie plus importune d'arriver aux vacances de juin, nous a persuadées d'abandonner les vacances de printemps.

DEPUIS la soirée des Juniors, nous avons pu montrer que tout le sexe opposé ne pense pas comme notre Professeur, sur le sujet de la mère; n'est-ce pas?

UNE des demoiselles en traduisant, "Il vaudrait mieux être l'épécier du coin"—rende la phrase ainsi—"it would be better to be a piecer of coins!"

A Pleasant Time.

SATURDAY morning, April 15th, we received an invitation to be present at the reception given the same evening, by Misses Annie Bragdon and Lina Maynard. Of course we gladly accepted, and about half-past seven we wended our way to the parlors, where we were very pleasantly received by our hostesses. The evening was spent in social intercourse, interspersed with recitations, music and charades, which were presented so nicely that they added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Later in the evening we were invited to the dining-room, where refreshments were served; and this part of the programme we of course enjoyed. We then bade each other good-night, with many thanks to Miss Cushman, as it was due to her kindness that we had enjoyed this pleasant evening.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

OUR vacation has been unusually short this year, owing to the delay last fall in beginning our work. However, the extra day which the Faculty gave us made the recess almost a week long, and we managed to find a good deal of pleasure and rest even in that short time. The spring vacation seems to be needed more than the other vacations of the school-year, for the winter term is always a hard one, and when the warm weather approaches we feel like throwing books aside for awhile, and living out-doors as much as possible.

We resume our studies with more alacrity than usual, as we remember that at the close of this term we finish our year's work, and the next vacation will be spent by most of us *at home*. Let us strive to do our duties faithfully this last term, that we may close the record of the year with work earnestly done and opportunities well improved.

THE Honor lists are quite long this term, and many who were not able to reach the Self-Governed list last term, on account of some misdemeanor, are now happy in the possession of its privileges. The Roll

of Honor girls are to have a new liberty — that of walking alone. They certainly deserve this; for if a girl is considered worthy of a place on the Roll of Honor, she surely can be trusted enough to walk where she pleases without a teacher. This privilege is partly due to the disinclination of the teachers to appear in public with the "greatest show on earth."

HITHERTO the entire school has been united in one large Bible-class, taught by Professor Bragdon. But a few weeks ago the Professor proposed that we form ourselves into smaller classes, and choose our own teacher. His suggestion has been followed by a large number of the school, so that now four classes, taught respectively by Professor Goodridge, Miss Carpenter, Miss Tappan and Miss Le Huray, meet at nine o'clock Sunday mornings, those who preferred to do so remaining in Professor Bragdon's class. This class still recites at the former hour, two o'clock; but we think it would be pleasanter if it might recite at nine o'clock, also, as at that time we all feel brighter and more like studying than we do immediately after dinner. The division into smaller classes is quite an improvement, as we each feel more interest in the lesson, and more at liberty to ask questions about it.

ALTHOUGH this is the last of the year, we find several new faces among us this term. They come at the right time to see Lasell at its prettiest; and while acquaintances are made sooner during the winter term, when we are thrown together, on account of the stormy weather outside, yet this is the liveliest and most pleasant time of the year. We bid our new members a hearty welcome, hoping that they may find a pleasant home among us.

ABOUT a week ago, M'Cormick & Heald presented the school with a very fine life-size picture of Professor Bragdon. By a vote of the school a note of thanks was sent them expressing our appreciation of their gift. It is an excellent picture, and is highly valued by us all.

BACK numbers of the LEAVES from 1876 are now for sale by the volume. If any are wanted please order before June, as numbers left after that time will be destroyed.

Easter Sunday.

OUR Christian festival of the year has come again — the day upon which we com-

memorate the resurrection of our blessed Lord. All over the land spring is ushering in, with soft, warm winds and gentle April showers, the verdure upon old Mother Earth. Each day the shadows lengthen, and from the trees and shrubs tender buds are slowly developing. Here and there blades of grass are springing up from the evenly raked ground, making a soft, rich carpet for our feet to tread upon. The merry robins have come, waking us from our morning slumbers by their noisy chirping. Surely, Dame Nature has done all in her power to make this sacred day a pleasant one.

When, at the tolling of the church-bells, we leave our quiet homes and make our way to His holy sanctuary to join in worship, our hearts lift up in silent, grateful prayer to the Giver, as we behold all these rich blessings. On entering the place of worship, sounds of delicious harmony pealing forth from the organ greet our ears. Sweet odors from the rare and lovely flowers which adorn the altar, shed rich perfume over the congregation. A stillness reigns, with the exception of a gentle murmuring in the vestry, or now and then some member of the congregation walking up the broad aisle to his pew.

The choir bursts forth in that soul-inspiring hymn, "*Te Deum Laudamus*." Every heart joins in the blessed hymn, although some voices are silent. Then we listen to the story of our dear Saviour's sufferings, of his crucifixion and death. And at the end of the third day, when the women visit his sepulcher and find that Christ is risen, how joyfully they go forth to tell his disciples. This oft-repeated story breathes new life into every Christian heart. Faces light up and burdens become less heavy, knowing what perfect trust we may have in Him. Oh, this blessed story! Is it possible for us to listen to it without believing in Him?

We linger awhile after the benediction, when the people rise from their seats, and, greeting each other, return to their homes.

We watch the different expressions on the faces as they pass us: happy, innocent children, who, glad of their release, go laughingly along, chatting about their Easter eggs and prettily-designed cards, which some kind friend has sent them. The aged linger here and there to speak to one another. Their faces bear the mark of peace, knowing how soon they are to enter that eternal rest, and be with Him. The thoughtful and thoughtless alike pass by — those who know nothing of care or sor-

row, whose life has been one endless day of sunshine, taking no thought of the years to come; and others whose lot it has been to suffer, and who have grown strong in suffering. There is a middle-aged lady, whose face and dress indicate feelings of deep sorrow. We recall how but two short years ago the angel of death on Easter morn entered her happy home and carried to the Saviour's arms one so pure and good, and in every way so holy, that God claimed her for his own. We pity the mother, who, widowed and bereft of her only child, walks quietly apart from the crowd, reserved and absent-minded in her sorrow. Yes, we pity her; Easter will ever be a day of sadness to her. Sorrow must come to every heart, but we find it hard to be resigned or prepared for its blight at any time.

We, too, leave the church, thinking of what we have seen and heard. Again we breathe the pure, fresh air, and enjoy the sun's warm rays. Everything speaks of joy and gladness, for surely "Christ is risen!"

Letter from Milford.

DEAR LEAVES:— Would you like to receive a few lines from an "old girl" who rejoices so much in your unlimited success? Yes, I was at Lasell when the pioneer paper was started, only a little sheet then, but since, it has grown in size, and brings forth very abundant fruit. I have been thinking for some weeks past that I would communicate, through your pages, with the few dear friends and kind teachers who still remain at Lasell with a pleasant greeting and smiling face for the "old girls" when they return to their school-home.

I can scarcely realize that nearly two years have passed since I left school; but so it is, and Commencement Day will soon be here, when the Class of '82 will leave the field of action which must have become endeared to them. A few months will show them what a happy time they had at Lasell, and how few, cares. One who has spent five years at Lasell, and graduated there, must know something of its life.

Although I reside but a few miles from Auburndale, owing to circumstances, I have paid but one flying visit to the Seminary during the school-year. When there, I saw only a friend and a dear face which always smiles with such a happy welcome to the old girls—that of Mrs. Carpenter. I

was conducted all over the new wing, from top to bottom, and admired it as an old Lasell girl should. I was glad to see Prof. Bragdon's long-talked-of hopes realized. To tell the truth, girls, the subject of "a new wing" used to be quite a joke with the girls who were at Lasell with me; for every year we were to have that "new wing," and our hopes were brought up only to be dashed down each time. But at last it is a reality, and may many enjoy its advantages in the years to come.

The LEAVES for the month of March was very interesting to me. I was so glad to read the foreign letter from an old class-mate, L. R. P. What a delightful time she is having! That brings to my mind the European trip for the coming summer which some of the girls are to take under the guidance of Prof. Bragdon. The plan of the circular promises a delightful trip to the Old World. I see among those registered to go the names of two dear friends, and that of a class-mate. If my best wishes may insure you a prosperous voyage, friends, you will certainly have them. Only, girls, devote your whole time to sight-seeing, and do not lose your heart to any of those "grand seigneurs."

I have not much to say about myself, as, of course, I should not think of intrusting secrets to the public. I have passed part of the winter in visiting with friends, and have had a most charming time. The remainder of the time I have spent at my pleasant home in the country, very busy, too, and continuing my practice in the art of cooking, doing credit to Miss Parloa's instructions, I hope. Do you know, I often dream of my old school-life, and many times wish myself carried back to the years of '75 and '76, for they included one of the happiest of my school-years. Lasell was then the home of such a happy crowd of young girls! I hope to come back to the halls of my *Alma Mater* on Commencement Day, and then to meet many of my old friends.

The French item in the LEAVES I read with great interest, and am very attentive to the proceedings of the S. D. Society, of which I was, when at school, a member. My best wishes go with it. Prof. Bragdon must call this the yearly letter which every girl was to write after she left Lasell. Perhaps I have already taken too much of your time, so with my best love to friends and teachers, and a desire to see you all soon, I will say farewell.

A. M. H., '80.

The Pupils' Musical Rehearsal

occurred Monday evening, April 3d, consisting of the following programme:—

PROGRAMME.

- DUET.—"Sing Welcome to the Swallow."
Kücken.
- CHORUS CLASS.
- SONATA.—"Moonlight."
Beethoven.
- MISS PECK.
- DUET.—"I know a Bank."
MISSSES HUGUS AND BROOKS.
- POLACCA.—In E (Two Pianos).
Weber.
- MISS WEYL AND MR. HILLS.
- SONG.—"Gaily chant the Summer Birds."
De Pinna.
- MISS SEELEY.
- GUITAR SOLO.—Selection, "Bohemian Girl."
Balfe.
- MISS HUGUS.
- SONG.—"Stay with Me."
Reichardt.
- MISS HIBBARD.
- SONATA.—In B flat.
Beethoven.
- MISS BROWN.
- DUET.—"Vieni Meco."
Campana.
- MISSSES BAKER AND SHOEMAKER.
- SONG WITHOUT WORDS.—In B minor.
Mendelssohn.
- MISS DURFEE.
- SONG.—"The Lost Chord,"
Sullivan.
- MISS SHOEMAKER.
- ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS.—Op. 46. (Two Pianos.)
Schumann.
- MISS S. MASON AND MR. HILLS.
- TRIO.—"To thee, O Country."
Eichberg.
- CHORUS CLASS.

There was a little variation in the entertainment—the pupils of Prof. G. R. Bemis, guitar, being represented for the first time. The Chorus Class, conducted by Prof. Rich, made a pleasant change in the programme.

Much to our disappointment, the third number on the Programme had to be omitted. Miss Peck's "Moonlight" was very pretty, and was nicely executed. Miss Mason did herself great credit in the pleasing manner in which she rendered her difficult selection.

We were all charmed with Miss Hibbard's sweet song. Miss Durfee's selection was "short and sweet." Miss Weyl was heartily encored for her fine rendering. Miss Brown, as usual, did very nicely. Miss Seeley delighted us with her bright, gay song. "The Lost Chord" was very beautiful, and touched the hearts of all, Miss Shoemaker singing even better than usual.

Commencement.

DR. JOHN HALL, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York city, will give the Address June 14th.

We cordially invite the friends of the pupils and all interested, to this rare opportunity to hear in New England one of the foremost clergymen of our day.

Bishop Matthew Simpson is expected to give the Baccalaureate Sermon, June 11th.

Street Scenes in San Francisco.

BENJ. F. TAYLOR describes street-life in San Francisco perfectly when he likens it to a kaleidoscope, that is never at rest. There is nothing like it on the continent.

The flower-stands with their gorgeous array, the alcoves filled with beautiful flowers, the glimpses of bright color from leaf and blossom, catch the eye everywhere.

The fruit-stand also is never out of sight, covered with plums, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, oranges, blackberries and raspberries, that will melt in your mouth. Remember, all these and many varieties are to be found upon the same table.

Boot-blacks are abundant here; they have their little shops, or rather closets, placed against the buildings along the sidewalks, furnished with easy-chairs and foot-rests; and some are even carpeted, and the walls hung with pictures. Here one sees the boot-black busy at work applying the brush to the foot of the customer.

One misses the policeman in his blue uniform decorated with gilt buttons, and armed with a club. He is not here, but in his place there stands the man in gray.

Your attention is attracted by hearing near you two bass voices, which rise above the din and war of the street. You turn, and see two tall, broad sailors clad in neat blue. One has lost both legs, the other a leg and arm; they are standing in the middle of the street, and singing a jolly old sea-song. You toss them a "bit," and then pass on.

The streets are completely covered with car-tracks. You see in the distance a car at the foot of a very steep hill, laden with passengers, and waiting behind a platform-car, with a lever in the middle of it, and an engineer without any engine. While you are watching to see them fasten the horses to the car, that platform starts of its own accord, and draws the car up the hill. You see another car coming down, without horses or hold-back. The traction is an endless chain beneath the track; the power a stationary engine on the top of the hill, which draws up the cars.

Here you meet with "John," in his blue shirt, his loose trousers, short shoes and long, black braid, going about with a springy pole balanced upon his shoulder, and a deep bushel-basket swung from each end. In fact, all nations may be found upon the streets here. Japanese and Chinese signs soon grow familiar to you as you pursue your way.

Curious little shops are scattered along the streets, whose windows are filled with curiosities from all parts of the world.

Personals.

MISS MATTIE RANSOM takes a class in elocution this term.

PROF. RAYMOND gave his last reading for the year, April 13th.

MRS. BRAGDON and children are now visiting at Williamsport.

CLARA PRENTISS spent her first Sunday in the Old World, April 16th.

EVA STILES is recovering rapidly from her long sickness—lung fever.

JESSIE GODFREY spent her vacation with Bertha Russell, in Pittsfield, Mass.

It is reported that Mattie McDonald talks of returning to school next year.

No longer the Lasell maidens go unattended, as now a Knight accompanies them.

MAMIE CONGDON spent a few days with her friend May Bailey during the spring vacation.

A LETTER from Jessie Darling tells us she is well, and thinks often of her days at Lasell.

BETTIE MORRIS agrees with Shakespeare, that a low voice is an excellent thing in woman.

BERTIE STEELE is devoting herself to the comfort of her grandmother since the death of her husband.

CARRIE WALLACE has added her name to the European list, much to the delight of her friends.

PROF. GOODRIDGE intimates that the time for boating is near. Get your big hats, girls; no time to waste.

OWING to the recent illness of Elva King, she has been compelled to leave school. We hope she will soon recover.

MISS MAY HUNTINGTON made us a short visit a few days ago; she anticipates her trip to California with great pleasure.

BELLE FITZGERALD and her sister are the "very latest" additions to the European party. Belle sends her love to her "sisters."

LOTTIE S. had an unusually bright and shining countenance Saturday evening, April 15th. Her friends would like to know why?

ANNIE HARBAUGH and Susan Griggs will be initiated into the mysteries of the "L. M. A." Society very soon. "Look before you leap," girls.

IDA SIBLEY's face was brighter than usual the first of the term, on account of the presence of her sister, who made her a short visit.

MAY BAILEY was obliged to remain at home this term, on account of her health, she says, though we can't believe that's the reason. We hope we shall see her often, as Lasell hardly seems Lasell without her pleasant face.

Miscellany.

It has been discovered by a member of the book-keeping class, that the plural of tooth-brush is teeth-brush.

FIRST GIRL.—"My sister was always being reprov'd in school for writing *billet-doux*." Second girl.—"Billy who?"

ORIGINAL definitions given in Spelling-class: Calisthenics, fireworks; a mountain, a large protuberance on the face of the earth.

THE Thomas concerts continue at intervals in the Chapel. We cannot imagine who our entertainers are, unless, perhaps, it is one of the nine "Mewses."

MISS L.—very impressively to a crowd of girls: "Girls, I've heard if you *consecrate* your thoughts on a certain thing, you will overcome blushing."

SEVERAL girls were talking about Jeremy Taylor.—"Oh, yes," said one; "he was the one who delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon last year."

SCENE after Dr. Porter's lecture: Miss L.—"I knew the upper part of the mouth was the palate." Miss G.—"If you don't know any more than that, you had better study astronomy."

SCENE in Physical Geography Class: Miss B. gives a description of some Esquimaux that she saw in Boston, and says that they were brought from their native home to Boston. Horrified Prep.—"What, alive?"

Two girls were talking of Commencement, when one of them, and a Junior, too, mentioned the blackalaureate sermon. Second girl, timidly.—"Is it not baccalaureate?" "Well, I don't know; any way, I always thought it was blackalaureate, for the girls all wear black."

SCENE in Junior Literature Class: Teacher. — "What are some of Wordsworth's most popular poems?" Miss B. — "I can't think of any." Pause. "Oh, yes! 'We are Seven,' and 'To Mary in Heaven.'"

IN cooking-lecture, Monday afternoon, the girls learned how to make a new and dainty dish — "baked Indian clubs." It was very successful, and there was enough to go round.

Miss T. gave the word "almond" to her pupils to pronounce. Then she added that there was a word similar to it, "almoner," and asked what it meant. Bright pupil. — "Isn't it the one who picks them?"

SOME girls were talking about the terrible colds that were raging in school. "Yes," said one, "quite an impediment." Whereupon another remarked, "Oh, I have a splendid description for a cold."

LITTLE John was coming out from the city with his mother, when he heard some one make a remark concerning the suburban service. Johnnie, who like all little boys does not like to go to church, exclaimed, "Let's get out of this, if it is any kind of a service."

THE students of the Junior Literature Class were giving their quotations from Dryden. One girl, not being prepared, appealed to her companion, who hurriedly responded with, "The child is father of the man." Both young ladies were rather surprised when the quotation was greeted with laughter.

PROFESSOR requested the girls to report to him all damage which had been done by the rats. After chapel, one of the girls remarked that she had a pair of French-heeled slippers all destroyed except the heels; but as the rats were only upholding the principles of the school, she guessed she would not report them. We would not advise her to do so.

SCENE IN HISTORY CLASS. — Teacher: "Of course you all remember the illustrious words of Gen. Stark at the battle of Saratoga — 'There are the Red-coats! Before night we must conquer them, or Molly Stark is a widow.'" Bright Pupil. — "Are those Stark Concerts in Boston for the benefit of Molly Stark?" Teacher, solemnly. — "Yes." An audible smile overspreads the countenances of all, and the bright pupil subsides.

Methods of Eminent Writers.

JOHNSON'S method was to thoroughly think out his subject before he put pen to paper, not only in its salient points, but word for word, as it was to appear in print, which must have been a great effort of memory to begin with. Mr. Trevelyan gives the following account of how Macaulay wrote his history: "As soon as he had got into his head any particular episode in his history, he would sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace, sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception, and securing in black and white each idea and epithet and turn of phrase as it flowed straight from his busy brain to his fingers. His manuscript at this stage, to the eyes of any one but himself, appeared to consist of column after column of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line with a half-formed letter at each end, and another in the middle, did duty for a word. As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning, written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were on an average compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his 'task,' and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best, and except at his best he never would write at all. He never wrote except he was in the humor, and stopped as soon as his thoughts ceased to flow fast. He never allowed a sentence to pass until it was as good as he could make it. He would re-cast a chapter to obtain a lucid arrangement, and reconstruct a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration. He spent nineteen days over his description of the massacre of Glencoe, and then expressed dissatisfaction at the result. There could be no more notable antithesis to this elaborate method than that of Sir Walter Scott. He wrote with marvelous rapidity; his pen was never stopped by the want of a word. If it did not come readily, he left a blank space, and sped on to the rest. Correction was distasteful to him; as ideas flowed from his brain, they were set down unaltered. He could write while children were playing about the room, and amid conversation or almost any disturbing influence. Fanny Kemble, in the 'Records of my Girlhood,' tells a good story in illustration of this:

"I can never forget the description Sir Adam Ferguson gave of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons and bricklayers, and the disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house-building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition, barely admitting of their occupying it at all; the raw new chimney smoked intolerably. Out of doors, the place was one mass of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweedside, and distilled in a cold, persistent and dumb drizzle. Maida, the well-beloved stag-hound, kept fidgetting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, 'Eh, Adam, the puir beast is just wearyin' to get out;' or, 'Eh, Adam, the puir creature is just crying to come in;' when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance; while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of 'The Antiquary,' which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, 'Now, Adam, d'ye think that'll do?'" — *Argosy*.

Our Optional Lecture.

THURSDAY, April 13th, Dr. Porter gave an object lecture, the attendance to which was left to our own choice, as object lessons in physiology are so unpleasant to some. Very few were absent, however, for the Doctor makes her lectures so very clear and interesting.

She brought for our inspection a calf's eye and lungs; and the minute muscles of the former, as seen through the glass, were of great interest.

We discovered that the vocal chords, instead of being stretched across the opening of the throat (as is commonly supposed), are attached to the sides, and expand or contract as the pitch of the voice requires.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

As we sit down for our monthly glance over our exchanges, the first to make its appearance is the *Harvard Crimson*, which somehow seems always to hold a prominent place, and we find it the same jovial, rollicking sheet as of yore, hardly worth the

time it takes to look it over, yet provoking a smile by its amusing nonsense. The thought strikes one, however, while perusing these off-hand effusions of the youthful masculine brain, might not the seemingly abundant leisure of college days be employed to better purpose in tasting the delights of the amusing *sense*, of which there are so many fresh and sparkling rills rippling through the world's literature, than in adding another cupful to the floods of so-called wit and humor which threaten to break all bounds and fairly drown us some day. This idea, doubtless, is very old-fogyish; however, we'll give it expression, and let it go for what it is worth. We find amid the "light reading" an article on "Student Life in Germany," the first of a series which promises to be interesting; and the local items, editorials on college matters, etc., give the paper a *raison d'être* if the wit doesn't.

Next comes the *Swarthmore Phoenix*, in its neat Quaker suit of brown and its Quaker speech, being dated "fourth month, 1882," and telling us that "Commencement will occur on the sixth month, 20th." It contains an interesting article on New Zealand; a poem in which the trees of the forest are led into a discussion on co-education, by beholding the proceedings of Swarthmore's young men and maidens, which we found entertaining; and the usual variety of odds and ends which we haven't time to look into specially, though we do believe that it is just there that the life and spirit of the school is apt to reveal itself. The *Phoenix* gives a very pleasant impression, and we prophesy for the brave bird a lofty and vigorous flight.

The *Lantern*, on the contrary, doesn't give a pleasant impression as we turn its limp pages; and, as we begin to read, we find reason to think that first impressions do not always deceive. It certainly shows itself rather uneducated as to its intellect, and rather unrefined as to its tastes. According to the *Lantern* system of spelling we have "permissable," and the *Lantern* grammar gives us this sentence, "Anybody and everybody are invited." It is in the small talk, that faithful mirror of the current sentiment, that we are offended by the want of taste and delicacy. We have not been familiar with the *Lantern*, however, and do not wish to judge unjustly from one number, though this one seems to us to be decidedly open to criticism.

The *Oberlin Review*, sober and sensible as ever, has a good article on "Society

Work, Class Work and Overwork," advocating earnestly the maintenance of a high standard in literary societies. It says: "The advantages the societies offer through the association of the members of the different classes; the general and free discussion of all questions of interest, as well as the thorough study of various historical topics; the careful critique; the drill in extemporaneous speaking, in rapid thinking upon one's feet and application of previous knowledge,—all these, to say nothing of the knowledge and skill in parliamentary practice, can be afforded nowhere else so well." To these ideas we say Amen, while feeling, at the same time, that the literary societies composed of young women only, are more apt to fall below the standard, and to lack the impetus of interest and enthusiasm, than those in men's colleges. Hence we found the sentiments of the *Review's* article somewhat applicable to ourselves.

The *Northwestern* comes to us fresh as Spring herself, in its prettily tinted cover. It takes its place with the *Princetonian*, the *Crimson*, the *Argo*, the *Williams Athenæum*, and many others whose names do not occur to us at the moment, in its general make-up, as the model type of the college journal, size, print, paper, all being pleasant to the eye and convenient for use. To this standard the *LEAVES* hopes some day to conform, looking upon it as the conventional dress suit necessary for entrance into the best society.

Society Items.

MARCH 26th will long be remembered by the girls of the Lasellia Club. It being the last meeting over which Miss Ada Hibbard, as President, would preside, the Club, anxious to show their love and respect, presented her with a very handsome basket of flowers. Her farewell address, in which she expressed her great interest in the society and its members, brought tears to many eyes.

Miss Hibbard was one of the first signers of the constitution of the society, and one who always had the welfare of the Club at heart. She will be greatly missed by all.

THE re-election of officers at the meeting of the S. D. Society, March 27th, resulted as follows:—

Miss Helen Winslow,	President.
Miss Mamie Weyl,	Vice-President.
Miss Nellie Packard,	Secretary.
Miss Lillie Packard,	Treasurer.
Miss Jennie Goff,	Critic.
Miss Mamie Congdon,	Usher.

The public entertainment which was to be given by the two societies has been given up, upon further deliberation.

Never too Late to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies of literature; yet he became one of the great masters of the Tuscan dialect.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with the Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the "Iliad," that most pleasing production.

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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 8.

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False Choice.

The fair, sweet face of which he dreamed,
And which a glimpse of heaven seemed,
Drooped shyly, while the sunlit hair
Veiled azure eyes and forehead fair.

Then, spurred by love, with hope and fear
He told the dream to him so dear:
"This pearl for thee is as my love, —
Constant as seraphim above.

"Pure and peaceful; ever the same;
Clear, unswerving will it remain.
My fate in your fair hands I leave:
Tell me! does hope my heart deceive?"

The azure eyes and drooping head
Were lifted, as she slowly said:
"Oh, sir! take back your pearl; though rare,
'Tis not what I would wish to wear.

"As lights of the milky way shine far,
The light of the diamond must be my star;
Ever sparkling, yet changeless and bright,
My heart is chained to its witching light."

Stung and pained, his grief to hide,
With scorn and anger he replied:
"That seeming truth is oft untrue,
Is clearly shown, sweet maid, by you.

"The emblem that you choose to wear
Will bring not happiness, but care;
Its light, ruled by your fickle heart,
Will ne'er to you its peace impart.

"Hard and cold, its fitful fire
Will but mock what you desire:
The time will come when you will yearn
For that which now you harshly spurn.

"Pearl or diamond, time will tell
Which is the better. Lady, farewell!"

Time passed; the maid from care once free,
Now worn with dread anxiety,

Tried and tired with the diamond bright,
Sings for a constant, peaceful light.
She sees afar the pearl's light chaste:
Alas for her diamond — it proved but paste!

A Romance of the Rocky Mountains.

THE western sun was slowly sinking behind the high peaks of the Cheyenne Mountains, and its last quivering beams shed a weird, lurid light over the wild mountain scenery. We stood entranced at the side of the Rainbow Falls, and as we watched the beautiful colors form in the foaming spray, and then slowly fade from view, we thought of the many tragedies of Ute Pass which the overshadowing cliffs could tell, if they had but the power of speech. As we musingly gazed up the long, narrow pass, in

the distance was seen a little ruined log-cabin. In the undergrowth of brambles near the hut a few neglected flowers, struggling for a feeble existence, showed that at some time in the past, a woman's presence had lent a charm to this home in the wilderness. Seeing our eager interest in the deserted spot, our rough, kind-hearted guide related to us the sad story connected with it.

In the year 186— a party of miners were encamped here, and were joined ere long by a young man, who, by his handsome, intelligent face and polished manners, formed a striking contrast to the majority of the company. His perseverance and strong determination convinced all that he was toiling for some cherished object, and he soon won the respect of his comrades. The men desiring to send to the nearest post-station for their eagerly-awaited mail, Robert Mason soon volunteered to become the messenger. Returning one day with face radiant with joy, he announced the approaching arrival of his young wife and little daughter. The news was received with enthusiasm by the men, who immediately erected this log-cabin, which in their eyes seemed a palace; and when the fair, girlish wife joined her husband, she found herself an established queen, with a devoted court. The bright, joyous child soon became the idol of all, and it seemed as though no cloud could dim the happiness of the family. But, as time passed, it became apparent to the loving wife that her husband was burdened with some secret anxiety. She persuaded him to confide in her, and from that time it was noticed that she was never at ease when either Robert or little Beth were out of sight. A time came when Robert was summoned to a distance that obliged him to remain over night. With dismal forebodings which she tried in vain to dispel, Mrs. Mason saw him disappear from sight. As twilight deepened she discovered that little Beth had strayed some distance from her sight, and was hastening to the door to recall the child, when she was suddenly confronted by a stranger.

After one startled glance her face became deathly pale, and she shrank from the man, who, with a mocking laugh, removed his hat, and slowly said, "I see, Bessie, there

is no need of an introduction. My visit has been long delayed, but my motto is, 'Slow and sure.'"

Bessie tremblingly replied, "Oh, Will Harris! why do you harbor such bitter feelings toward us, when we have never injured ——"

"Woman, you won from me all that made life dear, and then threw it away for the treachery of Robert Mason, in whom I once placed all confidence. Never injured me! Well, to *you* I have nothing to say; but I have an account with *him* that will cost him dear to settle."

"Indeed, Will, Robert has never wronged you, and ever since he heard you were coming here with thoughts of revenge, he has grieved over the mistake."

Her voice broke into a sob. The dark, handsome face of the man softened as he beheld the fragile form he so loved shaken with emotion; but as he was about to address her a slight noise near by attracted his attention, and with an exclamation of wonder he gazed at what seemed a fair vision — a childish form of witching grace; large, startled, dusky eyes, gleaming from a winsome little face; a wealth of golden hair floating over the dimpled shoulders. No wonder the man held his breath until a child's sweet voice rang out on the air, as little Beth flitted toward them, "O mamma, those naughty men are bringing papa home in their arms!"

Almost as she spoke a measured tramp of feet was heard, and six rough miners came in, tenderly carrying Robert Mason, who had fallen over a high cliff, and was now dying. All thoughts of resentment were gone as Will Harris looked from that pale face to the even paler one of the grief-stricken woman. In another half-hour Robert Mason had breathed his last, made happy by his former friend's promise that wife and child should be cared for. After the quiet burial services, Harris began preparations for a speedy return to the East. But this was not destined to be. Bessie Mason slowly sank under the severe shock she had received, and in less than two weeks was laid by the side of her husband. Those two lonely graves, and the ruins of the once happy home, are all that remain to tell the story of a life's devotion. Will Harris, accompanied by little Beth, soon returned to his Eastern home. As years passed, the deep love entertained by the grave, stern man for his adopted daughter, was often the subject of comment, as but few persons ever knew the true circumstances of the adoption.

Our New Pictures.

WHEN Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon were in London, three years ago, among the pictures they ordered were three by Gustave Doré. These now adorn the Seminary parlors. One of them was an engraving from his colossal painting, "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." That engraving came at once. It is not necessary to describe this remarkable work, because it is now known to art-lovers of this country. The two others, "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" and "The Night of the Crucifixion," were not then printed, and have only very recently arrived among the first copies sent to this country. These engravings are from smaller, but hardly less notable, paintings, and are themselves thirty-three by twenty-two inches in size.

"The Dream of Pilate's Wife" exhibits the beautiful young Claudia Procula, having left her couch, seen in the distance, descending a broad stair-case with sleep-dazed eyes, while an angel, hovering over her, whispers the story of the vision in her ear, and a soft light irradiates them both. At the right is Christ, as a central figure; while around him are the emblems of the crucifixion, the Roman soldiery, and the attendants. Stretching into an apparently almost endless vista, are hundreds of other groups, all depicting stages and incidents in the development of Christianity. Some of the figures are recognizable as distinguished leaders of the early faith, martyrs, crusaders, and the like. Above all rises a white translucent cross. The whole effect, though dreamy and symbolical, is vivid and powerful.

"The Night of the Crucifixion" represents the coming of the mysterious darkness described by the evangelists. Christ has just expired on Golgotha. Jerusalem is plunged in darkness, yet a celestial light illumines the three crosses on the Mount. The earth trembles; the veil of the Temple is rent; the populace crowd the streets and throng the roofs, revealed by the lightning and by the reflections from the illumined crosses. The grandeur of the conception, united with the minuteness of detail, is something truly wonderful.

Emerson.

IN the *S. S. Times* of May 20th is a discriminating review of Emerson's character and influence, by Bishop Huntington. We should be glad to copy the whole, but our space admits only a paragraph.

"Far more difficult is it to say inoffen-

sively what, as it seems to us, ought to be said of this greatly gifted man's attitude toward revealed religion and the visible Church. Till he resigned the pastorship of his Unitarian congregation in Boston, and removed to his small farm in Concord, he was in no way remarkable as a theologian or a preacher. A theologian he certainly never was, and in the pulpit he was only moderately successful. Sincere and sweet-tempered he was, there as everywhere. He gave as his reason for resigning his charge that the Lord's Supper was a ceremony not meaning to him what it meant to those who received it at his hands. What that was it would not be very easy to define; probably about what it was to Zwingli. After that, till near the close of his life, the general impression was that he held a modified Pantheism; that at any rate he was not clear as to the personality of God; that the Bible was not to him a specially inspired book; that Christ's nature was purely human. By many who knew him tolerably well his denials were supposed to go much beyond this. It was thought that in his article on Montaigne, the skeptic, he described himself. So far as we know he never took pains to remove these suspicions or to declare himself either a Christian or a Theist. He was never a materialist. We have it on the authority of Mr. Bronson Alcott, who lived in closer intellectual sympathy with him than any other man, that, as he passed beyond three-score years and ten, and before his mental vigor waned, he came to a distinct recognition of the Creatorship, Providence, and Fatherhood of God, and that he took a livelier interest in some of the positive Christian affirmations. This is the utmost assurance we have.

Beside the triumphant faith of apostles, and martyrs, and clear-sighted saints all along, it looks like a scanty store. What believer in the Gospel of St. John, in the Epistles of St. Paul, in Atonement by the Cross, in the Incarnation, in the universal need of Regeneration by the Spirit, in the Tri-unity of God, in the Resurrection of the body, would be willing to commit a child to his instruction? If I believe that the welfare of mankind is bound up in an honest and practical acceptance of the creeds of the Church, as I do, how can I ever think of this man's religious frame without a painful sense of its desolation? How can I be loyal to my Best Friend on earth and in heaven, and at the same time hold out the hand of Christian fellowship to even the noblest among the sons of men who discredits that friend's claim to be the only

Son of God? It may be safely said that Mr. Emerson's genius and eloquence have done more to unsettle the faith of the educated young men of our age and country in the Christianity of the Bible, as it there stands written, than the influence of any twenty other men combined. Accordingly, whatever other exalted services he may have rendered to mankind, it is amazing almost beyond belief that, his life being closed, Christian ministers should, without abatement or qualification, extol his philosophy as a Christian philosophy, or his religion as a Christian religion. It may be little to his friends how the Church regards him; but it is no less of great moment to us who are trying to follow our Lord, to seek to unite fidelity to him with justice and charity to every brother man. And we will remember, with the special comfort of a grateful hope, that limitless declaration of His love, 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring.'

THE young ladies of Liberty Hall extended an invitation to their friends for the evening of the 14th. Misses Russel and Godfrey were the chosen hostesses of the evening, but were admirably assisted by their sisters of Liberty. During the evening we had the pleasure of listening to a song by Miss Bird, an original poem by Miss Reynolds, illustrated by Miss Libbey, a recitation by Miss Seeley, a duet by Misses Baker and Shoemaker, and a recitation by Miss Morrison, and of beholding several very effective tableaux.

On the completion of this programme we were invited to adjourn to the dining-room, for further exercises. When we bade our hostesses good-night, we were able to say truthfully that the reception we attended had been a perfect success.

For some time the girls have desired to visit Boston Harbor when they would be permitted to board some ocean steamer lying in the dock. Their wish was at last gratified, as Prof. Bragdon received a pass from the managers of the Cunard Line to visit the "Parthia," which they consider one of their finest and largest steamers. Friday afternoon, May 19th, forty-six of the girls went into Boston. Leaving the Boston and Albany Depot, we took possession of two horse-cars for East Boston. Our progress seemed very slow. After changing cars once and running off the track once, we reached the ferry just in time for the boat. Once on the other side of the Harbor we soon reached the wharf, and

mounting the gang-plank, found ourselves aboard the "Parthia." Here we were met by an officer, who joined our tour for sight-seeing, and kindly pointed out to us all objects of interest. As we walked out on deck, we thought how delightful it would be if we were all to sail on the morrow. We then descended to the ladies' cabins: these were very prettily furnished apartments. It is here the ladies spend much of their time, engaged in some light occupation, reading, or perhaps enjoying the pleasures of seasickness. When we were shown the state-rooms, many of us immediately lost all desire to cross the ocean: the thought of spending ten or twelve days in such small quarters was not pleasant. It seemed impossible that any one could sleep in the berths; but doubtless many enjoy being "rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep." The dining-saloon was very handsomely furnished, and seemed the most cheerful apartment of the steamer. Here we were met by the captain, who contributed to our entertainment by inviting us to be seated at the table, where we were served with refreshments. We next visited the kitchen: here the cooks were busy preparing supper, and the various dishes looked very inviting and tempting. Then came the engine-room: here we viewed the machinery, the great moving power by means of which the "Parthia" ploughs the waves from Boston to Liverpool. As our time was limited, we were then obliged to bid a hasty adieu to the captain and officer, and recrossing the ferry and city, we soon found ourselves aboard the train for Auburndale. The afternoon had been thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we felt thankful that we were returning to Lasell, instead of sailing away to foreign lands.

ON Wednesday evening, April 26th, we attended a lecture, given in the Auburndale Methodist Church, by William S. Marshall. The topic was "Our Great National Park, the Yellow Stone Valley." As he had lived for ten years in the nearest town to the Park, and had made several visits to it, we expected a fine description, and were not at all disappointed. He spoke particularly of the geysers, as in this region are found some of the largest in the world. Special reference was made to "Old Faithful," which spouts with greater regularity than any other known geyser. The descriptions of scenery were very fine, hardly needing the dissolving views to picture it clearly to our minds.

Beschäftigungen für Frauen.

Es gibt viele Wege in welche Frauen Geld verdienen können unter dem Dache ihres eigenem Hause, ohne andere Lehrung oder Lehrer als die welche sie in Bücher bekommen können. Aber es gibt auch andere die eine lange und harte Lehrzeit dazu brauchen.

Vornehmst von diesen sind die Künste von Mustermachen für Teppiche, Wachstücher, u.s.w. Im Jahre 1880 graduirten achtzehn junge Mädchen von der Technalischschule in Boston. Von diesen fauden acht gleich feste Arbeit als Planenmachern in Druckereien, eine in einem Töpfereigeschäft, zwei in einer Wachstuchfabric, und eine in einer Teppichmühle.

In Philadelphia hat eine Frauen Muster-schule in den letzten zwanzig Jahren hunderte von Mädchen hinaus geschickt, die im Stande waren ein gutes Leben mit dieser art Arbeit zu machen.

Zum Beispiel, eine Frau die Arbeit von einem Fabrikant von Gasbefestigungen und Armleuchter bekommt, verdient einen Lohn von drei tausend Thaler des Jahres.

Dieses Geld geht meistens zu fremde Künstler, weil die Pläne für Teppiche, u.s.w., eine gute kunstmäßige Erkenntnis nehmen, für welche die amerikanische Frauen sich selten die Zeit oder die Mühe nehmen.

Ein Mitglied in einer der grössten amerikanischen Papierfabriken, sagte: "Wir beschäftigten für eine kleine Weile amerikanische Frauen Künstler, müszten sie aber wegschicken. Ihre Mustern waren schön und skizzenhaft, aber nicht passend für die Ursache — wir könnten nur eine aus zwölf benutzen. Eine französische Plänmacherin fehlte selten zu bringen was befohlen war."

Das erste zeigt nur den Unterschied von Amateuren und Standgelehrte Arbeiter, welche ihres Geschäft in den kleinen Sachen verstehen.

Amerikanische Frauen müssen lernen dasz Genauigkeit das erste Element von Gelingen in aller art Arbeit ist.

Eltern die keinen Schultz haben, ihren Kindern zu lassen, sollten sich besinnen ob Music, Französisch, u.s.w., mehr nutzen ist wie eine Kunstfleisze Lehrung.

Y. W.

THE other day in Boston, while forty-six of the Seminary girls were standing on the corner waiting for a horse-car, an old gentleman coming along surveyed the crowd, and anxiously asked, "Has any accident happened?"

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From the Chair.

THE subject of novel-reading was brought up in the Chapel a few weeks ago. Prof. Bragdon's remarks were considered rather pointed. He compared the excessive reading of light or "trashy" literature to French confections, — which, though pleasant for a time, soon cloy the appetite, and render it incapable of appreciating more substantial food.

That a taste for good reading can be cultivated, is an obvious truth, and needs no discussion whatever; but, in point of fact, scarcely anything related to the reading habit is more frequently ignored or practically denied. As to what are the world's best books, Mr. Emerson lays down his three well-known rules: "1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase,

'No profit goes where is no pleasure taken:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

The first of these rules is, clearly, not to be followed in every case. It is, indeed, modified by the third rule, which must sometimes take precedence of it.

But there can be no question that the

great majority of readers are in vastly more danger of wasting their time over books that are too new, than of losing sight of contemporary literature, through too exclusive a devotion to the standard books of past ages.

The person who reads as he ought to read, will try to discover what his best intellectual nature is now, and what it may grow to be in time to come. He will seek to add strength and facility to his mind, and he will constantly strive to correct such tendencies as he finds injurious, or not positively beneficial, substituting therefor, as soon as may be, a higher purpose and a more creditable achievement. We must learn to know books as we learn to know other good things — "those ships of thought," as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation. Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of life-times of patient thought; imaginations open to the beauty of the universe far beyond what is given us to behold; characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges of life to know. Here they all are; and to learn to know them is the privilege of the educated man."

Few books can be mentioned in the general departments of literature which do not contain the good and the bad combined. History is full of dangerous episodes, biography of specious examples, and fiction of demoralizing license. And yet, the most of the books that are notoriously bad, probably have some good in them.

A great art in reading is to so carry the mind along the paths of another's thought that it shall retain only the good, the true, and the beautiful; while the bad, the false, and the repulsive shall instantly pass out of sight and recollection. Only as we are masters of this art, are we safe in the midst of the perils to which reading exposes us; and in this art, which may be settled by practice into habit, our youth particularly should be zealously educated.

Do not pretend to like what you do not like. Do not pretend to know what you do not know. Do not be content with your taste as it is, but try to improve it, not expecting that you will ever like all that great men have written.

WE are all very anxious to see the new Catalogue. From various remarks and hints,

we surmise that it will be quite an improvement upon the old, as it is to be illustrated by a number of fine wood-cuts, showing the Seminary and grounds, the Library, Studio, and one of the girl's rooms. The cooking-class is pictured in the act of kneading bread, baking, etc. The edition will be very complete, and from it, outsiders will be enabled to gain an extensive peep at our life at Lasell.

A SHORT time ago we heard the following remarks about American girls: "The American girl is very enthusiastic over any new idea, but is changeable as the winds, reminding one of a pebble thrown into a brook: the waves are sparkling and full of life until the pebble disappears from view; then all is quiet until the next pebble is thrown. As a class, their manners are often the subject of ridicule with the people of France and other countries."

It is quite the fashion at this time for so-called Americans to speak lightly of the customs and manners of American girls. Are we to calmly accept this unjust criticism? To those Americans who strive to ape the French people, and thus lose the best part of their own individuality, we would say, Is it not better to own a rough diamond than to borrow a smooth pebble? We know that other nations, especially the French, observe more strictly those forms and ceremonies which constitute so great a proportion of the etiquette of this age; but in their eager observance of this superficial part of life's duties, do they not often disregard the truer, sterner realities? American girls have ever received a prejudiced judgment. A certain type of character of which we are not proud may exist in our country (where does it *not* exist?); but foreign nations have taken as the true representative of all American girls that one type alone. That it is unfair to judge the whole by individuals, we think all will acknowledge. Which would weigh the most in true merit's golden balances, the kind heart, independent, frank spirit of the American girl, or the frivolity and superficial courtesy of the French woman?

Let us strive to overcome those impressions which are detrimental to our character as a nation, and remember that genuine, never-failing courtesy can spring only from a kind, pure heart. Assumed, though pleasing, politeness will soon be discovered; for what pleases but for the moment, dies with the moment. "La Beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum."

ANOTHER yearly event has taken place; namely, the "taking" event of photographs. For the past six months, upon each alternate Monday, a detachment of girls has besieged Messrs McCormick & Heald's photography rooms. That the likenesses have proved extremely satisfactory we have had sufficient proof. The end of photographs consists in expressing the true temper of those persons which they represent; and the photographs of the Lasell girls collected in Prof. Bragdon's album form, on the whole, a pleasing picture. Doubt it? Then ask the first youth who has been favored with a sight of them, and his answer will not be a "negative."

IN an article in the *Portland Transcript* on "The Ancestry of Henry W. Longfellow," we note the following: "In 1749 Mr. Longfellow (Stephen, school-teacher in Falmouth, now Portland) married Tabitha Bragdon, daughter of Samuel Bragdon, of York," etc. Our Principal informs us that York was the old home of the Bragdons, whence his grandfather emigrated to New York. Samuel was a family name for generations, as Stephen was with the Longfells. So the great grandmother of the poet was a Bragdon, — doubtless the sister of Mr. B.'s great-grandfather. Mr. B., why don't you write a poem?

NEXT year a course of Law Lectures is to be delivered at Lasell, by Mr. Hemenway, of Boston. The young women will then know what their rights are, and how to make the most of them. A prize is also to be offered for the best examination for the Freshman year, provided the applicant takes the full course, and the money will be paid at regular intervals during the school year. This is the first time that Lasell has offered such a prize, and we trust that it will kindle a worthy ambition.

PROF. BRAGDON recently received a letter from Mrs. E. C. Ellis, Class of '59. She returned a list of her class friends, and after offering most kind wishes to her *Alma Mater*, congratulates Prof. B. upon his success, as follows: "You have labored hard, and certainly deserve your success. I also sympathize with your new departures, for I daily feel that the more practical knowledge a woman has the easier her after life becomes, whatever station she may be called to fill. There is one more branch of learning which, if you ever add to your

already long list, I should certainly hope to attend the class — and that is *plumbing*. I have seen more ladies made uncomfortable by some unfortunate catastrophe from this source, than any other one thing in household life. Usually we are too ignorant to know the pipes are out of order until serious damage to life or property takes place. Plumbing is certainly a branch of knowledge with which we are but little acquainted, and probably the majority of girls are entirely ignorant of the methods of drainage; therefore it would doubtless prove advantageous if we would closely observe the plumbing of Lasell.

Commencement Week.

THE following is the programme of the exercises of Commencement Week:—

Friday Evening, June 9,
PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION FOR SENIOR CLASS.

Sunday, June 11, 10.30 A. M.
BACCALAUREATE SERMON,
BY BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON,
At the Congregationalist Church.

Monday, June 12, 7.45 P. M.
ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY SOCIETIES,
BY WM. P. ATKINSON.
Subject: A Group of Boys;—a Study in Literary History.

Tue-day, June 13, 7.45 P. M.
COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.
The young women will be assisted by Mr. C. N. ALLEN,
Violin, and Mr. WULF FRIES, Violoncello,
and their teachers.
Admission, 50 Cents.

Wednesday, June 14, 10.45 A. M.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES,
At the Methodist Church.

ADDRESS,
BY JOHN HALL, D.D., LL.D.
CONFERRING DIPLOMAS.
2.30 P. M.
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

3 P. M.
BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ALUMNÆ.

4 P. M.
PUBLIC LITERARY EXERCISES OF THE ALUMNÆ.

5 P. M.
ALUMNÆ SUPPER.

MONDAY evening, May 8th, at a meeting of the S. D. Society, the following officers were elected:—

Miss Lillie Packard, *President.*
Miss Annie Wallace, *Vice-President.*
Miss Ida Sibley, *Secretary.*
Miss Grace Durfee, *Treasurer.*
Miss Cora Cogswell, *Critic.*
Miss Mabel Cogswell, *Usher.*

OWING to the kindness of the managers of the Boston School for the Blind, we were given an excellent opportunity of seeing the progress made by those who work and strive like ourselves, and yet without that wonderful assistant, sight. The methods of working were new to many, thus adding special zeal to their enjoyment of the afternoon's entertainment, which consisted of recitations by the geology, philosophy, arithmetic, geography and object classes. The reading of a scene from "Macbeth," by two boys, was very interesting, they read with so much expression and feeling. The pupils have made a general study of music, handling many instruments with skill. The rendering of a cornet solo was very fine. They all reflect credit on their instructors, as, indeed, they do in all their other studies. We know this credit is merited by the teachers, from their bright and interesting ways.

We were next entertained by the girls, in a most charming manner. Their singing was very sweet, and the molding in clay was done so daintily by the little girls that it was a joy to watch them.

We then went to the sewing-room, and there met Laura Bridgman, who is a beautiful example of a noble life; for even without the three essential senses, she has made herself useful and happy. It is very wonderful how she has accomplished so much, and quite puts to shame a good many who enjoy the full possession of all their faculties.

THE readers of the LEAVES will remember that some time since Professor Bragdon offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best class song. Fearing that his call was to be met with no response, the Seniors have exercised their mental capacities to the utmost, and the result of their labor is certainly a success. It is, perhaps, necessary to add that the poetical genius of the class is so evenly distributed among its members that no one can claim superiority, and the following lines are the product of the united efforts of our six worthy Seniors:

"Seque est de Mühe Preis,"
Which we think is very nice,
As we struggle through this life,
Which is ever full of strife;
May we ever upward go
Through this world of grief and woe;
Let our thoughts forever flow,
While we linger here below;
May this ever be our song,
While we hear the dinner-gong;
And this ever be our aim,
Which we cherish without stain.

Evening.

How sweet and still the evening comes;
Night drops her curtain round;
The bees have ceased their drowsy hum,
And birds their merry sound.

Some flowers close their petals bright
When evening shadows lower,
While others open to our sight
Beauties ne'er seen before.

The lovely stars now come to sight,
The moon peeps o'er the hill,
And sheds its luster, shining bright,
On meadow, mount, and rill.

But still the waters onward flow,
And sparkle in the gleam,
As 'neath the moonlight on we go,
Our boat adown the stream.

At night how charming is the song
Of crickets chirping shrill,
Singing so sweetly all night long,
When all around is still.

Butterflies.

"In diamonds, curls, and rich brocades,
She flutters in her pride."

IN all society there is a certain class who can well be called the "Butterflies of Fashion." It is undoubtedly this class who invite such harsh criticism upon the various styles of dress which are now, and have been since time immemorial, changeable as the winds. We all know how, in ancient times in Athens, the old philosopher Diogenes searched the city for an honest man; and when the daintily attired youths of that age irreverently inquired, "Well, Di, are you looking for matter, or motion, or mind?" the old cynic paused, and with a contemptuous look replied, "I am trying to find — but I doubt if I can, with you as a specimen of mankind — a man." When we think of his vain search, we wonder if he would meet with any better success could he have lived in the present age, and viewed the combination which makes up the æsthetic youth of the day, — shiny, pointed shoes, light pantaloons, *meager* blouse, lemon-tinted gloves, immense lavender tie, minute hat, slender wand, and *last* and *least* the supply of brains.

This style of man (?) is by no means the predominating element, but that there are many such specimens now found must be acknowledged. Nor is this extreme style confined to the men. We fear that should the same philosopher watch *some* gay groups of girls fluttering by, with their sashes, frills, panniers, ruffles, and French heels, he would say, "Would you tell me, if you please, what those strange creatures are that are just passing by with that frizzle of hair?" He will reply if we tell him that this is a woman, "Why, man of this age, you *can't* mean it is human!" We are thankful that this type

of woman is also much in the minority; but still the number is sufficient to cast discredit on the present generation. We believe that a woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. She was meant to be attractive, look well, and please; but that *dress* is to do all, is more than we can believe. Every girl wants to appear at her best, but she will not succeed by "losing the medium in the wild extreme"; but by keeping the grace and beauty, and yet not getting too far on the side of the false aim. We have some good to do in the world, and this will be accomplished much easier if we always keep the golden mean. Girls *don't* think of abandoning *any* of the beauty of life, but, on the contrary, make everything as beautiful as possible. As for the type of mankind mentioned, we cannot help wondering if he really believes that he is the choicest specimen of his sex. He is merely a handful of foam floating on the sea of life. It would probably amuse him exceedingly if we should tell him this; for, although puffed up with vanity, he is utterly devoid of all honest pride. Delicate, soft, and exquisite as he is, he is impervious to merited ridicule. We are pleased to know that men worthy of the name simply tolerate this libel on their sex, and would gladly do away with it entirely. "Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed." R.

Personals.

DR. PORTER gives us but two more lectures.

MRS. MARSHAL, of Denver, Col., is visiting her daughter Mamie.

YETTA WESTHEIMER spent the 9th and 10th in Boston, with "cousin Ben."

THE girls were all delighted by a flying visit from Ada Hibbard, May 24th.

BELLE BRAGDON has been made happy by a two weeks' visit from her mother.

JESSIE MACMILLAN received a call from Mrs. Claffin, on Wednesday, May 10th.

NOT long since Emily Peabody was happily surprised by a visit from her father.

MINNIE CLARK has gone to her home in North Brookfield, on account of ill health.

LOU SAVAGE expects to leave us soon, but we hope to see her with us next year.

JESSIE GODFREY was happily surprised by a call from Mr. Bryce, of Pittsburg, Penn.

MATTIE RANSOM will start for her home in Williamsport as soon as her school closes.

THE friends of Bettie Morris are pleased to learn that she can once more speak aloud.

MRS. BRAGDON and little Belle have returned from Williamsport, where they have been visiting.

MISS BIGELOW, who is one of the number of the European party, was at Lasell a few days ago.

WE understand that Minnie Ransom, of Williamsport, Penn., is to be married the first of June.

IDA SIBLEY has been twice favored with visits from her sister Emma, who was formerly a pupil at Lasell.

MARGIE REED thinks some of returning to Lasell next year. Her many friends will be glad to see her face again.

SADIE PERKINS left school Wednesday noon, May 17th, to attend the wedding of her friend Emily Tripp.

PROF. BRAGDON's sister, Mrs. Shepherd, and her little daughter Bessie, are at present visiting at the Seminary.

MAMIE CONGDON has left us for her home in New York, from which place she soon sails for Europe, where she is to meet her mother and sister.

WE learn that Grace Fibley is trying her hand at the "new profession," at her home in Marion. She is a substitute for a teacher that is ill. We all wish her success.

THE Lasell girls wish to tender a vote of thanks to Mrs. Daniels, for the good-will shown by sending us the box of cake. It was a kindness thoroughly appreciated by all of us.

ABBIE HILL's mother and sister recently arrived from Houston, Texas; they were accompanied by Bettie Morris' little sister Bertie. The three will remain until after Commencement.

MR. BRAGDON was very pleasantly surprised by the coming of a box of sweet, fresh may-flowers — the thoughtful gift of Emma Howard, of North Sandwich. They bloomed on the stand on the evening of Mrs. Crane's first lecture, and sent their fragrance out into the room, — a delightful reminder of her kindness who was always welcome in our midst.

LAST year at this time there was not a room engaged for '82, and now there are forty-six rooms engaged for the coming year. This speaks well for Lasell.

Miscellany.

"THERE'S a good time coming!!" Commencement will soon be here.

WHAT is the gender of ship? Answer, feminine. Well, then, what is a man-of-war?

It is said that Rev. Mr. B. once preached a sermon from this text: "I am a man *slow* of speech."

Miss B.—"Please give principal parts of the verb to shake." Miss C.—"Shook, more shook, most shook."

PROF. B.—"What is the difference between a ten-penny and an eight-penny nail?" Answer, "Two cents."

THE girl who sits up to sew after the retiring-bell has rung, believes that it is "never too late to mend."

WE understand that the "sofas" have been ordered for the club-room. It is our opinion they are "*so-fa*" and no farther."

I never shall bang my hair again —

No animals have foreheads except the men;
"It doesn't look nice and *cultured*," you know,
"But as if you were trying to catch a beau."

"In the Morning by the Bright Light" would seem an appropriate song for the A. B. C. Boat-Club to adopt, as they go rowing at five o'clock.

It was suggested that the S. D. supper which is to be given in honor of the Seniors, should be postponed until the Seniors are absent on their vacation.

Miss C — "During Belshazzar's feast, what was the hand-writing which appeared on the wall?" Ans. — "Mene mene teakettle." A murmur of surprise.

WE are glad to hear that quite a number of the new girls sweep before six o'clock in the morning. This verifies the saying, "A new broom sweeps clean."

A NUMBER of girls were talking over Commencement exercises, and the Baccalaureate sermon happened to be mentioned, whereupon one girl innocently asked, "The battle of what?"

THE committee on entertainment at the irregular meeting of the S. D. Society deserve a vote of thanks. They certainly had the *faculty* of making the *meeting* very pleasant.

THE other day Miss S. dropped her watch while going down stairs, thereby irreparably damaging it. Surveying the wreck, she calmly remarked, "Well, girls, spring has come, and *spring* has gone.

SCENE in S. D. debate. Fresh.—"I should think that motion was parliamentary." Senior.—"Well, I know that motion wouldn't be carried in the House of Commons — or what do you call that thing down in Washington."

Miss L., dictating to the composition class, read thus: "President Arthur has vetoed the Anti-Chinese Bill," etc. "Did you say the antique Chinese bill?" asked an interested pupil. More truth than poetry about that, sister.

Mrs. Crane.

AN attentive audience was assembled, May 2d, at the first lecture on the "Art of Expression," given by Mrs. Crane, who was a pupil and teacher with Delsarte, in Paris. Although the subject is an extremely difficult one to express clearly, Mrs. Crane presented it in an interesting, concise, and novel manner. This, combined with her graceful, attractive presence and musical, fascinating voice, at once won the favor of her hearers. In introducing her subject she gave an interesting account of the life of Delsarte, who was the discoverer of the laws of bodily motion. This gave an insight into his method of teaching; and her enthusiastic sympathy with him recommended her own subject of discourse. The remainder of this and subsequent evenings were devoted to an analysis and explanation of our three natures, in their expression. Each of our natures — the mental, moral, and physical — has its own means of expression, that is unconsciously interpreted by all observers. Therefore our organism should be trained to express carefully and truthfully the noblest and best part of our character, which is often misunderstood, because by our gestures, tones, or looks we are, through ignorance of the laws of motion, etc., untrue to ourselves. Every part of our organism expresses emotion: as, the arm, the hand, and wrist, mentality; the forearm, moral expression; the upper arm, physical expression, or power. A good illustration of this is a lady and gentleman walking together. If she wishes to show him some object, she will lead him by the hand; if she has confidence in and affection for him when she takes his arm, her hand will naturally rest on his forearm; if she desires protection, she will unconsciously cling to his upper arm.

The law of succession is that all gesture begins with the eye, and moves each successive organ to the foot. This law is gov-

erned by the law of economy, which is, that we should never express more than we mean, even by our motions, as it causes a needless expenditure of energy.

In the doctrine of special organs, the eye receives special notice. The three movable organs, the brow, upper and lower lids, give to the eye its expression. There are charts showing seven hundred and twenty-nine different expressions of the eye, due to the motion of the surrounding organs, including of course the motion of the head. The eye-brow is significantly termed the thermometer of the mind. The gothic, arched brow (a type seldom seen), is considered a beautiful expression of a yielding disposition. With the eye-brows, as with other organs, beauty of motion exceeds beauty of form. The upper eyelid denotes moral pleasure; the lower lid, physical pleasure. The language of the eye is multiplied by the open mouth. The expressions of the face is varied by different ways of opening the mouth, which is made more beautiful by pronouncing the vowels correctly. All graceful motion or gesture is dependent on the law of opposition, which is, that two organs moving at the same time, must use opposite directions toward or from each other; two moving one after the other, must follow the law of succession. The more simple a gesture is, the more simple the idea it expresses. A work of art or nature is the more beautiful as it is the more complex, provided there is unity and harmony of parts. One who cultivates a graceful manner of saying with every motion what she means, will possess a charm more irresistible than beauty.

"The Voice" was a subject of great interest. It is surprising to know that the talking range of an ordinary voice is over three octaves: it is more than the singing of the same voice.

Americans are noticeable for their harsh voices; and this unpleasant fact can be traced back to improper breathing — as force and quality of voice depend upon good breathing. The voice is harsh and muffled when the larynx is shut, as it is when the mouth is opened from side to side; when it is opened up and down, the voice is richer and sweeter. A tone should never be made greater than it can be made good.

The more a nation is cultured and refined, the purer the tones. The initial letter "R" is now being softened to "W," so that red robin will soon become a *wed wobin*. The final "r" is even now almost

entirely dropped in our country. Coming ages will probably trill the inserted "r."

The vowel sounds, resonance cavities in the head, and other topics, were clearly explained.

One topic of peculiar interest was "Hair Dressing." The lower the hair is worn over the forehead, the less mentality and more moral and physical pleasure is expressed. The hair should never reach below the highest arch of the eye-brow.

The evening lectures were supplemented by practice-lessons, which occurred every afternoon. In these lessons, bowing, the art of walking, etc., formed the topics, and the pupils had the advantage of individual corrections.

The object of Mrs. Crane's work is *no* to have a studied, self-conscious, assumed manner cultivated, but to teach how all the unpleasant habits, so easily formed, may be replaced by natural grace; thus giving one an elegant, refined appearance that will help to adorn and beautify home and social life.

We understand that Mrs. Crane's work is to be continued here next year by one of her pupils; and if the popularity Mrs. Crane gained during her short sojourn with us is given to her successor, this work will certainly be a success.

THE full list of the Lasell European party for 1882, is as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Auburndale, Mass.

Miss Carrie Carpenter, Auburndale Mass.

Mrs. S. P. Hibbard, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ada L. Hibbard, Montreal, Canada.

Miss Emily E. Peabody, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Susie M. Alling, Birmingham, Conn.

Miss Carrie E. Alling, " "

Miss Cora Flint, Fall River, Mass.

Miss Mary M. Maltby, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Amelia B. Watson, Delaware, O.

Mrs. M. F. Brown, daughter Bertie, and two sons, Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. Arthur M. Keith, Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Jennie A. Whitcomb, " "

Miss Minnie A. Bigelow, Webster, Mass.

Miss Annie Burney, Fitchburg, Mass.

Miss Georgia Shaw, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Anna Marbold, Green View, Ill.

Miss Carrie Wallace, Rochester, N. H.

Miss Belle Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. N. W. Fitzgerald, " "

Miss Mattie Ransom, Williamsport, Pa.

Mrs. W. Y. Shepherd, Evanston, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is rumored that one of the many new features of Lasell, for next

year, is the *uniforms* which the girls will wear. To all, this will doubtless be quite a surprise. Such a change as this naturally affords ground for considerable argument. To some girls the subject of dress is immaterial; they wear what they happen to have, so long as it is presentable and comfortable: while engaged in school duties they deem it unnecessary to be otherwise than plainly dressed. To such, the plan of wearing uniforms would doubtless meet with approval. On the contrary, the majority of girls possess a certain degree of style, and believe in making themselves as beautiful as possible: they need not necessarily dress elegantly, but why should they not array themselves as befitting their own individuality? In this nineteenth century, the society-world is taught to clothe mind, as well as body, after the fashion in vogue, and it is accounted fantastical, eccentric, or something worse, not to do so. We are all familiar with the old adage, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." The question with us now is, Can we as a body afford to depart from these established laws regarding dress, and make ourselves conspicuous by trying to be different from everybody else?

We who are not coming back next year, can imagine the gay and festive appearance the girls of 1883 will present as they march in procession, heads erect, hair brushed straight back from the forehead, loose jackets, short skirts, and common-sense shoes. It is to be hoped that after a long summer for practice, all will have perfected themselves in the "culchured" walk. Whether the costumes will correspond to the above description, remains to be seen; but if the Lasell girls adopt a uniform, the array would be so imposing that we shall probably all of us wish "we might be there to see."

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

THE *Yale Almanac* for 1882 comes to us sparkling with wit and humor. Being different from most of the college publications which we have recently received, it has demanded our special attention, and, as a result of which, we can see no reason why it should not be popular, for its contents are for the most part bright and witty. The cover is particularly attractive, and the sleepless nights which have been spent in its design are duly rewarded by the results.

Our interest in the *Harvard Herald* increases as each day we find it upon our table. It contains the latest foreign, do-

mestic, and college news. We have been told that Harvard encourages the great men of the day. A few weeks ago, Oscar Wilde was the absorbing topic; now, Major-General Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, claims their attention.

The *Dickinson Liberal*, for April, says in an article on the habit of using tobacco: "What would you think if we were to tell you that there are instances in which ladies (?) have indulged in this practice. To say the least of this, it is a *downright shame*. A woman guilty of this filthy practice must surely be destitute of her womanhood: she has lost all respect for herself and her sex, and is unworthy of that noble name, 'a woman.'" "Them's our sentiments," too.

Most of our greatest poets are college graduates. The Willistonians probably had this in mind when one of their number penned the lines to "Williston," from which we quote the following:—

"And down each by-way, lane and street,
The factory folk their oft-repeated walk repeat,
Down to the mills of 'Williston.'

"He sees the chapel where, with eager, hurrying
feet,
Each youth, each morning, takes his accustomed
seat—

The house of God at 'Williston.'"

Evidently the poetic genius is stirring, — but perhaps we shouldn't expect anything better of "Preps."

Questions to one of the Cooking-Classes.

1. What are purees, and how are they made?
2. How is soup-stock made?
3. How are clear soups made?
4. How do you prepare vegetables for soup?
5. Give the time required for roasting meats.
6. How do you roast a loin of veal?
7. What do you consider the best way of making gravies?
8. (a) How do you cook beefsteak?
(b) How do you cook pork and veal steaks?
9. Give receipt for making bread.
10. Do you use *more* or *less* of the *new process flour*?
11. How do you make coffee?
12. How do you measure spices, etc.?
13. How do you measure soda, etc.?
14. How do you make caramel, and what are its uses?
15. How do you know when fat is hot enough for frying?
16. Give the receipt for mashed potato.
17. What is a roux?
18. How do you make puff paste?
19. Tell what you can about custards.
20. What is the secret of good baked custard?

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 9.

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BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
O friends, I ask not for your pity —
I walk alone!

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June:
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune!

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours —
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is — Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, oh lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait until, with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveler stands —
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating
Beyond the shadows of the tomb:
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing;
And there — oh, vision of delight! —
I see the child and mother straying,
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when thou makest
The parted — one.

A Romance of Astronomy.

In the realm of marvel and mystery,
ruled by the famous king Jules Verne and
his lovely queen, the Flemish May Agnes,
there existed in a province of this king-
dom, called Imagination, a melancholy
maiden, a persistent poodle, a stern sire,

an heroic hunter, and a balloon, which,
gentle reader, form the *dramatis personæ*
and *impersonæ* of the following thrilling
romance.

On a mossy bank in the depths of a
dense forest, sat a lovely maiden of sixteen
summers, darning stockings. Sad and
tearful was this maiden, as her thoughts
continually wandered toward a certain gay
and fearless hunter, whom her stern father
had forbidden her ever again to see. Sud-
denly appeared the heroic hunter, who,
casting himself at her feet, addressed
to her these touching words: "Beloved
maiden, I can endure this no longer; we
must fly! This very afternoon I betook
myself to your stern parent, in hopes of at
last touching his stony heart; but he,
observing my approach, stationed that ter-
rible beast, the savage poodle, at his very
threshold. Thwarted and enraged, what
could I do but turn and flee? Listen to
me. On the outskirts of this wood, tied
to a fence, there awaits a balloon. Once
safe within the vehicle, we shall soon fly
far above all stern sires and other earthly
afflictions. Tell me, shall it be so?" And
the maiden faintly whispered, "It shall."

At daybreak on the following morning
our heroine arose, gathered quickly to-
gether, in a small bundle, a ball of tape, a
box of Boston chips, and a small mirror,
and hastened to the place of meeting. Her
lover was awaiting her, but before assist-
ing her into their aerial coach, he stepped
in a moment to place a chair for his bride,
and to deposit carefully her bundle. But
suddenly the fastenings of the balloon
became loosened, and the maiden, in an
agony of grief, saw her hunter slowly dis-
appearing from her view.

In upper air the balloon was overtaken
by a mighty tempest, and its contents
whirled rapidly through space, until finally
the heroic hunter became fixed in the
heavens as the constellation Orion, and the
chair as Cassiopeia. The contents of the
bundle were scattered far and wide. The
mirror was changed into the polar star; a
few of the candies may still be seen in the
Pleiades, and the ball of tape, unwinding,
spread across the heavens as the Milky
Way. But we must not forget the per-

sistent poodle. He had closely followed the steps of his mistress, and when he saw his enemy quickly flying out of his reach, he gave a tremendous spring, which carried him beyond the influence of the force of gravity; and now, as the Dog-star, he is seen closely following at the heels of his bitterest enemy.

Alas for the melancholy maiden; a kind fairy changed her into a stationary telescope, and to-day she may be seen at the Harvard Observatory, gazing wistfully in the direction whence all her hopes of love and happiness have flown.

L. B.

A Visit to Plymouth.

"How many would like to visit Plymouth Rock next Monday?" called out the Principal. Instantly some eighteen or twenty hands were raised. "Rising-bell at six, and promptly at twenty-five minutes past each young lady is expected to be in the dining-room with her lunch-basket." This was the order of the previous night; consequently on the following morning, each girl — making allowance, of course, for the effect of the bracing sea-air upon naturally good appetites — was observed thoughtfully to stow away in a snowy napkin from six to eight sandwiches, and other prepared dainties.

All things ready, our worthy Professor of Latin and Greek, as master of ceremonies, headed the procession, with field-glasses strapped across his shoulder, guide-book in his pocket, and market-basket upon his arm, to which the more knowing of the girls pointed, saying, "Pickles, girls, pickles." Even the Professor himself, doubtless not wholly insensible to the spicy aroma, was observed on the cars to adjust frequently and carefully the dainty covering. After a ride of an hour and a half through a country dotted with thrifty New England villages, we came in sight of Plymouth Harbor, which, as the tide was out, did not present a view of surpassing loveliness, as we had fondly dreamed. Depositing all unnecessary bundles at the station, we proceeded to the National Monument, which, by its position, commands a fine view of the harbor and surrounding country. The monument is eighty-one feet high, upon whose immense octagonal pedestal stands the statue of Faith. From this base project four smaller pedestals, which support the figures representing Morality, Education, Law, and Freedom.

As we glanced from our elevated position across the bay, we saw Clark's Island, named for the mate of the "Mayflower." This was the place where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath.

Laden with violets, which grew in great abundance about the surrounding grounds, we directed our course toward the bay. Coming nearer, we beheld an old lady and gentleman seated upon the rock. At our approach the elderly man rose, and invited us to sit down and become inspired with the spirit of the olden time. This we did, and then, with renewed vigor, we hastened to Burial Hill, where the sexton, apparently as ancient as the cemetery itself, led us around. Among the many ancient stones, the oldest we could find was that erected to the memory of Edward Gray, in 1681. On the side of the hill facing the ocean is the marble obelisk built in honor of Gov. William Bradford.

Having rested, lunched, and enjoyed for a brief time the delightful sea-breeze, we resumed our march down the hill, and from thence to Pilgrim Hall. Attracted by a large stone in the yard, we found inscribed upon it the famous compact made on board the "Mayflower." Entering through the Doric portico into the large hall, we found ourselves in the midst of many curiosities. Portraits of many persons renowned in history covered the walls. Among them was that of Gen. John Winslow, whose cruel treatment of the French Arcadians formed the groundwork of Longfellow's "Evangeline." In glass cases were many relics of the Pilgrims. Many other things, both here and in other parts of the town, would have attracted and interested us had we not been so tired; but, as it was, we gladly turned our steps homeward.

JUNE 5th a party of Lasell girls rode over to Cambridge. The homes of Longfellow and Lowell were visited, and Mt. Auburn Cemetery, where many noted men and women are buried. Memorial Hall and the Gymnasium were especially interesting, and the girls came home having passed an afternoon of much pleasure and instruction.

The Death of Great Men.

IN the last two months three notable men have passed through the process called death; but they have left behind the records of the work of their great minds, which can

never perish. There is special interest in considering the demise of men who, during life, were lifted above the field of view in nature which is open to ordinary individuals. The great problems which pressed upon their thoughts, and which they labored unceasingly to solve, possessed an interest for them in life, of the intensity of which few can have any knowledge. A great poet, philosopher, or mathematician, while living, breathes the same air and walks upon the same earth with common men, but in mind, in thought, he actually occupies another sphere. A man like Mr. Charles Darwin views the great universe of matter, and the evolutions and changes therein, from an exalted standpoint; and the view secured is one hidden from the comprehension of the mass of men. Mr. Darwin is dead — that is, dead to the sense of sight; but his mind, which must be an imperishable principle, is not dead. It was not buried with him, was not thrust out of the universe, was not mingled with and lost in the vast ocean of molecules of matter which he studied so attentively and understood so well.

Mr. Emerson was a philosopher, but in the field of physics he was a stranger. The acuteness and subtilty of his mind placed him high above ordinary students, and afforded him insight into the field of metaphysics, which gave him great distinction. We remember him well as he appeared in a *pulpit* about a dozen years ago. Mr. Emerson in a pulpit was like Darwin in a toy-shop; the surroundings were uncongenial. He had been invited to lecture in a small village in Eastern Massachusetts on Sunday, and there being no suitable hall, he was ushered into a church. It was rather a peculiar exercise to be conducted before a rural population with New England religious prejudices. There was an essay read which, in brilliancy of thought and subtilty of analysis, could hardly be surpassed. The wondering audience seemed dazed, and separated at the close of the exercises without asking any questions or making any comments.

Longfellow, the poet, whose sweet hymns and songs have delighted and cheered millions of readers in all nations and climes, was the first of the immortal trio to cross the river; but the boatmen were not far behind in bringing all that survived of the great naturalist and the great philosopher. What they may have to tell us when we who remain have crossed the river, cannot be known until that event occurs. — *Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

"S. D." Supper.

On Monday evening, May 29th, the annual supper was given by the "S. D." Society to the Class of '82. The club-room was the scene of the festivities, and presented a gala appearance. The windows and doors were draped, and the walls handsomely decorated. Five long tables were arranged in a semi-circle, the central one being occupied by the toast-mistress, Miss Mamie Weyl, the President of the Society, the Seniors, and the invited guests. At 8 o'clock the Seniors were conducted to their seats, and the feasting began. Letters of regret from old members were read. The following toasts were given: "The Seniors," Miss Etta Reynolds; "Invited Guests," Miss Peabody; "'S. D.' Society," Miss House; "To the lightest girl in the Society," Miss Shoemaker; "To the heaviest girl in the Society," Miss Cora Coggs-well; "Engaged Girls," Miss Bertha Russell; "Venus de Milo," Miss Winslow; "Posterity," Miss Libbey; and both toasts and responses caused much merriment. Instrumental and vocal music was pleasantly introduced between the toasts. After the regular programme was completed came the impromptu toasts and remarks, and a laugh greeted most of them. The supper was a brilliant success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all of the members of the Society.

Antiquity of the "S. D." Society.

ALTHOUGH the "S. D." Society has never revealed itself to the public as anything more than a modern organization, yet now that it is in a flourishing condition, it is, perhaps, as good a time as any to give a short sketch of its long history.

The Masons are acknowledged to date their origin farther back than any other organization, yet, with all due respect to them, we claim a far greater antiquity.

We read, "In six days God made the heavens and the earth," and in Gen. ii. 3, these words, "And God blessed the S—D—, and Sanctified it." Again, Jacob had twelve sons, and one daughter, Dinah. Do you doubt that these brothers often addressed their sister as "S—D—"? In the names of the first two Kings of Israel, these two magic letters again appear. Saul and David could not, of course, have belonged to this Society, but did not their wives belong to "S." and "D."? In looking over the records of old, we find many a valiant "S. D."; but it would be a waste

of time and space to enumerate them all. We would not, however, omit the mention of one of the noblest of our sisters; namely, "Sister Dorcas." May all the "S. D.'s" be as well known and beloved for their good deeds as was their ancient sister.

Begging pardon for again referring to the Masons, we would state another of our claims. An important officer in that organization always has been known as the "S. D.," which proves that ladies were once eligible to its membership; but as they are not now, the office is held by a man, who styles himself the Senior Deacon.

Ancient and modern literary, legislative, and judicial assemblies have many times, we see by their records, adjourned "S. D." Some of their illiterate members declare that this is the abbreviation for "*sine die*,"—i. e., without date; but it is plainly evident to us that they adjourn subject to the call of the "S. D." It will be some time, however, before we shall call them.

Four years ago a few enterprising girls formed a new chapter of this ancient order, at Lasell, and it has lived and flourished; and to-day it stands firm and steadfast, ready to carry on and increase the good work so valiantly begun.

AN "S. D."

FROM the new Catalogue we learn the following facts, which may be interesting to some. There are twenty States, one Territory, the District of Columbia, and three British Provinces represented by the Lasell girls this year. The average age is 18; under sixteen, 26; sixteen or over, 125.

At the last of the term there were 102 girls boarding at the Seminary. A few weeks ago we were "weighed in the balances," and not "found wanting," as may be seen by the following: Greatest weight, 166 lbs.; smallest weight, 89 lbs.; greatest gain, 32½ lbs.; total weight of 102 girls, 12,537½ lbs.; average weight, 123 lbs. Girls weighing less than 100 lbs., 8; weighing 140 lbs. or over, 17.

By special invitation, the Seniors and a few privileged ones attended a reception given by Dr. Latimer, at his home, to the graduates of the Theological School of Boston University. The evening was very enjoyable.

TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. — *Michael Angelo*.

Lasellia Club Supper.

Not long after the Spring term commenced a momentous question arose in the Lasellia Club. Without much discussion it was decreed that there should be a club supper, and the various committees needful for such an important affair were forthwith appointed. Time went on, and on the evening of Monday, June 6th, behold, in festive array, all the beauty, wit, etc., of the Lasellia Society gathered in its accustomed place of meeting,—the club-room. Although the long-talked-of sofas and easy-chairs had not arrived (where can they be?), yet their absence was not felt.

The labors of the decorating committee were lessened by the kindness of the S. D. Society, who allowed their decorations to remain until after the Lasellia Supper. Lace curtains, flowers arranged in club monograms and in many other tasteful ways, Japanese ornaments, all combined to so change the accustomed look of our club-room, that had a picture been taken of it that night it would hardly have been recognized.

Our President presided, and, as toast-mistress, nearly won us to the cause of Woman's Rights, for we grieved that her talents should be confined to so narrow a circle. The first toast was to our sister society. Long may she live and prosper. We were glad to learn that one of our number had no intention of leaving us for a year, at least; but when she added that at the end of that time she might be able to respond differently, it was judged fitting to toast her. This we cheerfully did, wondering if she remembered the well-known saying,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

It was pleasant to see one of the old members of the society among us, and gladly would we have welcomed many more. One little guest did her part toward the entertainment; and so, with vocal and instrumental music, the evening passed quickly and pleasantly away. When the time for departure came, we separated feeling sure that if some of us should never again meet in our annual anniversaries, the remembrance of our club supper in 1882 would long linger in our memories.

A MEETING of the Lasellia Club for the election of officers resulted as follows: Miss Sophie Mason, Pres.; Miss Bettie Morris, Vice-Pres.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

ANOTHER year has passed at Lasell; another class of *young women* has gone forth into the various parts of the wide, wide world, wherein they may sing the glories of their *Alma Mater* and the joys of days gone by, and show by their systematic lives that the *suggestions* of that beloved institution have done their work well. The year has passed swiftly and pleasantly to most of us, and yet we are rejoiced to be again at home—to be free once more from bells and lessons, and other such delightful associations of school-life.

We are, nevertheless, exceedingly sorry that so many of our friends do not return in the fall. But we see no use of looking on the dark side; on the contrary, let us think of the pleasure we shall have when, in time to come, we shall meet them in their *own* home, or

On Greenland's icy mountains,
On India's coral strand.

While we are sorry to part with those who leave us, we shall be equally glad to welcome those who return. Certainly the latter are to be congratulated on their prospects, for we cannot fail to have a pleasant and profitable time the coming year.

To those of our number who travel through the Old World, this summer, we give our tenderest blessing; and, with best wishes to all of our friends and school-mates, we bid farewell for three months to our school cares, and

"Fold our tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

THE Catalogue comes to us, attired in its new and artistic cover, quite unlike the ones that in past years have afforded us glimpses into the life at Lasell. The frontispiece shows the exterior of the building, and turning over the pages we find various views of the interior, as well as sketches of the boat-house, tennis-court, and grounds. It is a Catalogue we will take pride in showing to our friends, feeling sure that should they see the originals, the disappointment would only be an agreeable one.

Lasell in 1892.

FOR several years it was a proverbial saying at Lasell that certain things would be accomplished when the new wing was added. The idea of enlarging the Seminary, though at first vague, finally grew into an established fact. One year ago the contract for its construction was made, and June 9, 1881, the corner-stone was laid. To-day, this institution, with its new wing upon the one side, and the additional story upon the other, presents a much more assuming frontage. Nor have the improvements been entirely external, for we, the students, are no longer reminded by the pealing of a dinner-bell or the indescribable clamor of a gong, that it is time to appear before our awe-inspiring teachers, but are rather pleasantly enlightened by the tinkling of the electric bells, that we are again permitted to tread the "flowery paths of knowledge." Fire-extinguishers have also been placed throughout the house, and now with these and the fire-escapes, which have been recently constructed, we feel sure that Vulcan would be unable to conquer. Other improvements have been made, but they have been noticed in the LEAVES of earlier date.

After we have considered what Lasell was, and then what it is, we find ourselves borne into the future by that irresistible little trifter, Imagination. Scene after scene passes before our mind, but one particularly attracts our attention: it is Lasell as it ought to be in 1892. Though it would be impossible to present to our readers all the details of the imposing scene in which we find ourselves, yet some

of the important features would, perhaps, be worthy of note.

As we stand fronting the main building, or what is now the Seminary, the appearance is but little changed; the walks are concreted, and are bordered with handsomely arranged flower-beds. The entrance is easily reached by the new driveway, and no longer will the friends of the inmates have to wander about recklessly on a dark night in search of a way to reach their friends above, because they failed to see, "Entrance to the right." Though the transformation here is slight, yet as we stroll around the grounds, which now extend several rods back, we are amazed, and feel sure that some magic power has breathed upon Lasell. On the hill, back of the right wing, facing the street, is a handsome structure, which, upon inquiry, we find serves two purposes. Its second story, partitioned into practice-rooms, is connected with the main building by a covered bridge, with appliances for heating and lighting, and through this thoroughfare we see the girls hurrying to and fro. The new gymnasium and chemical laboratory occupy the lower story of this. If you enter these apartments with us, you will find them fitted up in model style. Glancing from here across the way, we behold a marvel of beauty; namely, the *Lasell Chapel*. Let us quote the following lines from a Boston paper of '92: "The new Lasell Chapel, connected with the Auburndale Seminary, which was dedicated last Sunday, is one that cannot fail to serve the purpose for which it was intended, for its graceful simplicity inspires one with reverence."

If we now resume our tour of inspection, we shall pass through the new *campus* before we reach Prof. Bragdon's new home. This, occupying the gentle slope at the left, is a model of Swiss architecture, with its picturesque exterior and its charming and cozy interior.

We have shown our readers something of the future appearance of our school; but perhaps the question has arisen in your minds, as it did in ours, "Is Lasell still a home-school for young women?" If you are not too much fatigued, keep our company a short time longer while we watch, unseen and unheard, the life at Lasell.

There is a change since we were young, but we think it is for the better. The students of '82 have, of course, departed; but, as far as we can judge, these before us show, as of yore, the characteristics of

American school-girls. They have, however, some opportunities which we did not have, for many new and essential branches have been introduced. But our school-mates are not the only ones we miss; the faces of some of our teachers are not to be found. You ask why? We can only answer that marriage-bells have pealed forth several times during the past ten years.

We visit next the library, which has added many important volumes to its shelves, and here we find many of the girls. Strange, we think, that the library is, and always has been, such a favorite resort; yet a second thought reminds us that the *young women* come to school seeking knowledge, and, consequently, they go where they can most *quietly* obtain it.

We look again for more new features; but all is again changed. We are in the present, gazing at the reality, and a strange feeling of pleasure comes over us. We are satisfied, but we think there should be improvements; and we feel that there is enterprise, ability, and money enough to make "Lasell as it should be in 1892." In closing, we would leave our best wishes for its prosperity.

"And while we are planning, we wish, as well, That all may prosper as does Lasell."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

It is universally admitted that much depends upon a beginning, and a more favorable one for Commencement Week than the Senior reception, could not have been wished for.

The guests were first ushered into the parlors, where the Seniors were waiting to receive them. The Seminary never presented a pleasanter appearance, with its brilliantly-lighted rooms decorated with flowers, and its long halls inviting to promenade. The Chapel, where the art work was displayed, claimed particular attention.

During the evening refreshments were served in the dining-room, where the Juniors, as waitresses, filled their place so admirably, that they showed themselves worthy of the higher one that will soon be left vacant for them.

The music was furnished by the Boston Cadet Band, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered in the Congregational Church, Sunday morning June 11th, by Bishop Matthew Simpson. The Bishop chose his text from Esther iv. 14 — "And who knoweth whether thou

art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." The history of the past teaches us both by example and contrast; but the benefit we receive is not so much from any especial event, as from the knowledge of the way in which these things are accomplished under the skillful guidance of the Divine Power.

The speaker then related the story of the life of Esther, from which we learn that our duty is shown by the circumstances in which we are placed. The more advantages we receive, the greater our desire to be somebody. We see the deeds of great men, and we want to do something great; but how shall we know where our duty lies? We are not to suppose that we shall receive a direct inspiration from God; but we are surely influenced by his divine power in our noblest purposes. By the principles of His Word are blessings brought to our hearts by the power of his blessed Spirit. There are many who think that they are directly inspired by God. They cannot tell but that the divine inspiration is from the very law of His being. From whence comes this consciousness to guide us? We do not know. If it corresponds with the Word of God, we may believe it from God; otherwise, we find ourselves in the realms of enthusiasm and fanaticism. There is no safety for a man who goes beyond the realm of God's Word.

We should be guided in our duty by careful comparison with God's teachings; the Bible should be our guide. Esther studied her duty and the circumstances, and, following the dictates of her conscience, went to the king for the deliverance of her people. The same law applies now for us, to carefully consider the elements which make up our duty. We are each made for some particular purpose; therefore let us cultivate our own especial talents, rather than to try to be like somebody else; let us work hard and earnestly. The Bishop closed his sermon with a few very effective words, in the same line of thought, to the Senior class, trusting that when their work was done it might be said of each and all of them, "Well done, good and faithful."

MONDAY evening, June 12th, Prof. W. P. Atkinson delivered an interesting address to the literary societies, taking for his topic "A Group of Boys," which proved a very novel and pleasing subject. After speaking of our coming vacation, he continued his remarks by strongly urging us to make the group of boys, which he would presently speak of, our companions. He

described the youth of the prominent writers of the last half of the eighteenth century, leaving us to guess the riddle as to whom our companions should be. After Professor Atkinson's vivid description, so true to the life of each individual author, it was not hard for us to guess some of the most noted; but in order that each one should be firmly fixed in our minds, he named these twelve authors: Wordsworth, Burns, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell, and Byron. The lecture gave us many new ideas, increased our interest in the authors, and for those who had studied literature it was a pleasing review.

The Commencement Concert

Occurred Tuesday evening, June 13th. The pupils were assisted by their teachers, Mrs. Morrill and Prof. Hills; also by C. N. Allen and Wulf Fries. The following is the programme of the evening:—

PROGRAMME.

TRIO.—"Protect us thro' the Coming Night." *Curschmann.*

THE CHORUS CLASS.

PIANO SOLO.—"Regata à Veneziana." *Liszt.*
MISS BROWN.

SONG.—"May-Blossoms." *Torrey.*
MISS SEELEY.

PIANO SOLO.—"Theme and Variations, in B flat major." *Schubert.*
MISS GOFF.

SONG.—"The Angel at the Window." *Tours.*
MISS SHOEMAKER.

PIANO AND VIOLIN.—"Légende." *Wieniawski.*
MISS DUFEE AND MR. ALLEN.

SONG.—"Angel's Serenade." *Braga.*
MRS. L. P. MORRILL.
(Violin Obligato by Mr. ALLEN.)

TWO-PIANO DUO.—"Prelude et Fugue." *Vogt.*
MISSSES SNELL AND PECK.

PIANO SOLO.—"Scherzo in B flat minor." *Chopin.*
MISS S. MASON.

SONGS.—
a. "The Dog and the Shadow." *Roeckel.*
b. "A Bird in Hand." "
MISS BROOKS.

PIANO SOLO.—"Nocturne in G major." *Chopin.*
MISS WEYL.

SONG.—"Alla Stella Confidente." *Robandi.*
MISS STEDMAN.
(Violoncello Obligato by Mr. FRIES.)

PIANO TRIO in E flat.—Piano, Violin, and 'Cello
(last movement). *Schubert.*
MESSRS. HILLS, ALLEN, AND FRIES.

SONG.—"Good-bye." *Tosti.*
MRS. L. P. MORRILL.

TWO-PIANO QUARTETTE.—"Overture zu Rosamunde." *Schubert.*
MISSSES ORRELL, BROOKS, S. WADHAMS, AND PECK.

VOCAL TRIO.—"Rest Thee on this Mossy Pillow." *Smart.*
MISSSES BAKER, BIRD, AND GOULD.

All of the selections were very fine. The pupils did unusually well, and reflected great credit on their instructors: their assistants fulfilled the expectations of all.

"May-Blossoms" was as sweet and pretty as its name implies. Miss Goff delighted the audience by playing, without notes, a long and difficult piece.

Miss Sephie Mason's difficult selection was highly appreciated, and, we hear, called forth many compliments.

Misses Shoemaker and Stedman sang beautifully, as usual. Miss Brooks merited all the applause which she received for her jolly little song.

The "Two-piano Duo" and the "Two-piano Quartette" were very fine. The excellent time which they kept showed that they must have practiced faithfully in order to have done so well.

The part of the programme enjoyed the most, at least by the pupils, was that done by talent from abroad. Mrs. Morrill sang very nicely, and in her singing showed how thoroughly she understood her work.

The trio by Messrs. Hill, Allen, and Fries, was, to use a school-girl's expression, "perfectly lovely."

Mr. Allen played delightfully on the violin. If the girls who are taking lessons on this instrument should continue, perhaps next year outside talent would not be required.

Commencement Day.

ALL our fears that the 14th of June would be otherwise than pleasant, proved groundless, for the day was all that any one could wish. Nature itself seemed to shed its blessing over the class who were so soon to step over the threshold of school-life.

It has always been the custom to have Commencement exercises in the Seminary Chapel; but this year the accommodations were considered too small for the number of friends expected. The exercises were therefore held in the Methodist church, and at 10.45 every seat was occupied, and some were obliged to stand.

The Boston Cadet Band, who added to the enjoyment of all throughout the day, opened the exercises. Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Lynn, then offered prayer. The address of the morning was given by Dr. John Hall, of New York. All who have heard Dr. Hall, and no others, can appreciate the force of his practical, earnest, and thoughtful address. His subject was "Thorough-

ness"—thoroughness in education, in aims, and in character.

Thoroughness in education should be striven after; and in order to understand the reasons for this, a clear comprehension of the mind itself should be obtained. All the powers of the mind should be developed equally, for the different trains of thought—such as the imagination, memory, and conscience—are so interwoven, that all must be educated to develop one.

Secondly: All should have fixed and settled convictions in the aims of life, and should pursue them in a straightforward manner, doing good to all with whom they come in contact.

Thoroughness in character is the last and most important point. Not reputation, but true principles, engraven on the mind and firmly adhered to, are what develop true character. The graduates were advised to study self-culture, and to make for themselves a true character. Wood was given as an illustration. Pine may be gilded or veneered, and made to look very handsome; but if the outside is taken off the beauty is gone. In the case of mahogany, however, remove the outside, and you find the same strong and firm timber.

At the close of the address the "Good-bye" of the class was given by their President, Miss Jessie Macmillan, who, in her usual pleasing manner, addressed each portion of the audience, bringing both smiles and tears to her listeners. Her remarks to the Juniors were especially bright and appropriate, and her advice will be followed by them as far as possible. Her class-mates, the last to whom she particularly directed her attention, will not fail to live noble lives in the future if they follow their President's parting words.

Professor Bragdon then awarded the prizes for the best loaf of bread. The first was a solid gold loaf to be used for a charm; the second, a solid silver one of the same sort. They were received by Miss Lizzie Whipple and Miss Bettie Morris, respectively. Miss Emily Peabody and Miss Carrie Wallace were given certificates for excellence in cooking.

Professor Bragdon, having been authorized by the Chairman of the Trustees, presented the graduates with diplomas, as follows: Classical course, Jessie Joy Macmillan, Ella Stedman, Carrie Helen Wallace; Scientific course, Annie Reid Bragdon, Emily Elizabeth Peabody, Charlotte Elizabeth Snell.

The class were then made certain, by the parting words of their Principal, that they

had been welcome the last few years, and that their presence would be greatly missed. After the benediction had been pronounced the graduates received the flowers and congratulations of their friends, and a little later the company were invited to the Seminary, where lunch was served on the lawn.

In the afternoon the annual meeting of the Company was held, and M. B. Tower, G. R. Eager, E. M. Fowle, C. C. Bragdon, and E. W. Gay were elected Directors. E. W. Gay was elected Clerk, and C. C. Bragdon, Treasurer.

The report of the Treasurer gave evidence of a prosperous year, and showed that the additions and improvements to the Seminary building, together with the furnishings, had cost upward of three thousand dollars.

At a meeting of the Directors, M. B. Tower was elected President.

Alumnæ.

THE seventh annual reunion of the Lasell Alumnæ Association occurred June 14, 1882. On account of there being no public literary exercises the business meeting was postponed until four o'clock, when twenty-four Alumnæ met in the Chapel, with the President, Mrs. Parker, in the chair. Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. The question as to whether or not we should attempt a public entertainment next year, then came up for discussion; and we finally voted to have informal literary exercises at the supper, but nothing made public—programme to be arranged by the board of officers. A nominating committee was appointed by the chair, as follows: Mrs. May, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Gilmore, and Miss Benyon. During their absence Miss Blaisdell took the opportunity to make inquiries concerning absent members of the Association, names, addresses, etc. Miss Gilmore, acting as Chairman of the Committee on Nominations, reported a re-nomination of last year's officers, as follows: President, Mrs. Charles Parker; Vice-President, Miss Lizzie Atkinson; Secretary, Miss Carrie Kendig; Treasurer, Miss A. C. Blaisdell. The ticket was put to vote, and unanimously carried.

Miss Blaisdell introduced a resolution cordially welcoming to our Association, its duties and privileges, the Class of '82; which resolution was heartily adopted.

The subject of badges for members of the L. A. A. was next brought up: *Voted*, to have a badge, of some sort,—left to the taste and discretion of the Executive Board.

A motion to adjourn was followed by a supper on the lawn at 5.30; on which occasion a somewhat larger number were present than at the business meeting—a fact to be deplored by those interested in the Association. The reunion was most enjoyable, notwithstanding some mortification consequent upon the failure in our literary programme; and we sincerely trust that years may not diminish the interest in, and love for, our *Alma Mater*.

SECRETARY L. A. A.

Personals.

BETTIE MORRIS is to visit Anna Baker this summer.

ALICE HOUSE remained a few days with "Pollie" Stebbins in Troy, on her way home.

BISHOP SIMPSON baptized Johnnie, in the parlor, Sunday afternoon. The ceremony was very pretty and impressive.

ANNIE SEELEY was married June 21st. She has our heartiest congratulations, and our best wishes for her future prosperity.

ADA HIBBARD made us a flying visit several weeks ago. We were sorry not to see her at Commencement, as we had expected.

PROF. BRAGDON made a short visit to Williamsport, Penn., the last of May, to attend the wedding of Miss Minnie Ransom.

EMILY PEABODY presented the "S. D." Society with three very pretty pictures for the Forum. Thanks. ("Yet there is room.")

Girls!

If ever the city of Boston
You chance to come and see,
Forget not your friends, "the twins,"
But come and call on we.

MISS CUSHMAN leaves us for a year's trip abroad. The best wishes of the school go with her. Also with Miss Tappan, who does not return in the fall.

It is sincerely hoped by all her pupils, that Miss Hattie Eager will think better of her intention of not returning in the fall. We shall miss her very much.

MAMIE COLSON made us a short call not long ago. She expressed a wish to come back again; we wish she would. She and Clemmie Butler were at Commencement.

AVA LOWE, Jessie "Mac," Alice House, "Pollie," and "the twins," make six of a party of nine who visit Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, for two weeks this summer.

MISS FERGUSON, Miss Young, Miss Wires, Miss Thornton, and Miss Burney, were pres-

ent at the "S. D." supper. We were glad to see them among us again, if only for a short time.

BERTHA RUSSELL was obliged to return to her home, in Pittsfield, a short time before the end of the term, on account of the severe illness of her sister. She has our heartfelt sympathies.

PROF. BRAGDON was surprised and delighted with the picture presented to him by Emily Shiff. She does some of the finest crayon work in the school. We shall miss her bright face in the Studio next year.

As the class of '82 goes out, the following class comes in: Ava E. Lowe, Cora E. Cogswell, Annie Wallace, Lillie E. Wadhams, Stella C. Wadhams, Sephie G. Mason, Lina A. Maynard, Lillie M. Packard, Sadie M. Corey, Alice M. House.

Miscellany.

It was unavoidable that the May LEAVES was so late.

VACATION is here, and, girls, enjoy it to the best of your ability.

LAWN TENNIS and croquet have been popular at Lasell during the last few weeks.

FOLLOW Mrs. McDonald's advice, and take the *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

MISS WEST and some of the Studio girls have been sketching a number of times the past month.

THE poem by Longfellow, which appears in this number, was composed in 1863, but was first published after his death.

WE would recommend "Smith's Dictionary of Synonyms" and "Roget's Thesaurus" to all students.

STATEMENT in Modern History Class: The Pope has been the ruling power in Italy over all that he ruled since the 8th century.

I will not complain,
But I "rise to explain,"
And I think I state it mild:
My parents propose,
In my brothers' old clothes,
To dress up their youngest child.

So Sammy's old boots
And Jimmy's old suits
Are thought well suited to me;
They are not worn out
If turned inside out,
But are only outgrown, you see.

It's all right, I know,
Or 'twould not be so,
But it does me sadly annoy;
And I wish clothes outgrown
Might be let alone,
Or else have no youngest boy.

GIRLS—when you come back next term, remember your own sufferings, and feed the Freshmen on the "milk of human kindness."

ONE of the Juniors, in speaking of the musical talent of the class of '83, said, "I do hope that some *Bella Donna* will join our class next year."

THERE was an abundance of beautiful flowers at Commencement. A basket of them to the Class of '82 from the "S. D." Society was very pretty.

IN the article in this paper concerning the weights of the girls of '82, we have omitted to mention one of them who is always a Constant Waite.

We were sorry not to have the pleasure of listening to a Class Song, this year. From the present view of affairs we fear the same thing next Commencement.

Did you ever build a castle—
A castle in the air—
Of material so costly,
Its architecture rare?

Not a foot of land to build on,
No foundation but your brain,
Not a dollar in your pocket,
You can build it all the same.

Should poverty oppress you,
And drive you to despair,
You can always build for nothing
A castle in the air.

FIRST SOPH.—"What is the meaning of the motto of '82?" Second Soph.—"Blessing is labor's reward." Fresh.—"Oh, no! The early bird catches the worm; my brother said so." That settled it.

"BRAINTREE," announced the conductor. "It was so called," stated the Professor to the Lasell girls who were on their way to Plymouth, "because here in a fight with the early settlers an Indian seized a young child and cruelly dashed out its brains against a tree." "Which tree did you say, Professor?" inquired a young lady with a very praiseworthy thirst for knowledge.

WE quote the following from a book of poetry which the maidens of 1793 read and raved over as the "rapturous" ones of to-day do over Oscar Wilde's flowery productions:—

"Anna Matilda to Della Crusca:

"Oh! seize again thy golden quill,
And with its point my bosom thrill;
With magic touch explore my heart,
And bid the tear of passion start!"

"Della Crusca to Anna Matilda:

"I know thee well, enchanting maid;
I've marked thee in the silent glade;
I've seen thee on the mountain's height,
I've met thee in the storms of night."

THE Jumbo Boat Crew, brought recently into notice by their jaunty suits, are to be congratulated on the good times they have had during the past month.

Mrs. Caswell's Lecture.

MRS. CASWELL, from the Industrial Home on North Bennett Street, Boston, gave us a very interesting talk, Sunday afternoon, on the "Methods of Charity." She said: "Do not give. It injures the beggar; it injures the community; it injures the giver." She gave us an outline of the work done in the Industrial Home. She said that there are two classes of poor people: those who wouldn't work if they could, and those who couldn't if they would; and it is with this latter class that the zealous people of the Home have to deal. Any one is admitted as long as they obey the rules of the institution. Here, women and girls are taught to cook, sew, do laundry, table, and chamber-work, and other useful employments by which they may earn their living. Men and boys are also taught trades, and good places are found for them when they become capable. Both men and women receive a compensation for the work they do while at the Home. Connected with the establishment is a reading-room and circulating-library; and it seems wonderful, in the many months in which books have been circulated, only two have been lost. There is also a restaurant, a coffee-room, and a savings-bank. Religious services are held on Sunday and during the week, to which all are cordially invited. Mrs. Caswell, in her charming manner, told many incidents connected with the Home and of the life of the poor and degraded people of Boston. She invited us to come and visit her, and see the great work in which she is engaged. Our time, our influence, our money, and our flowers, will be very acceptable to her. Girls, do what you can for the great and noble work.

JUNE 4th we were favored with a lecture by Mrs. McDonald. Subject: "Missionary Work in India." Though this is by no means the first discourse that has ever been delivered on this subject, nevertheless it contained some new ideas. We were glad to hear that missionaries are not objects of pity, and that the enterprising Yankees have made one step toward breaking down caste in India by running horse-cars through the streets of Bombay, which oblige the na-

tives, who are naturally lazy, if they ride at all, to ride side by side.

During the lecture Mrs. McDonald mentioned that during her entire stay in heathendom she saw but one dissipated man. Certainly, no visitor traveling in this country would be able to say that; and while we, as a Christian nation, continue our efforts to convert a heathen nation, we would do well to allow a heathen nation, by their example in this respect, to Christianize us.

L. P. A.

A MEETING of the Lasell Publishing Association was called on Saturday, June 10th, for the election of officers for the ensuing term, and for the reading of the reports of the retiring officers. The result of the election was as follows:—

Miss Lillie Packard, *President*.

Miss Ida Sibley, *Vice-President*.

Miss Tessie Shiff, *Secretary*.

Miss Grace Durfee, *Treasurer*.

Miss Saphie Mason, *Publisher*.

The editors for the next three months are Miss Ava Lowe, Miss Cora Cogswell, Miss Nellie Packard.

Sayings, and Who First Said Them.

MANY of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe: "All that glisters is not gold;" "Make a virtue of necessity;" "Screw your courage to a sticking place" (not point); "This is the short and long of it;" "Comparisons are odious;" "As merry as the day is long;" and hosts of others.

Washington Irving gives us "The Almighty Dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say;" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in 1790, prepared by George Henry Lee. From the same we cull, "Make assurance doubly sure;" "Christmas comes but once a year;" "Count their chickens ere they are hatched."

Thomas Tassar, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good," and, "Better late than never."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair;" "Through thick and thin." "When Greeks join Greeks, then was the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least;" and, "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." "Variety is the very spice of life," and, "Not much the worse for wear,"—Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas à Kempis. Edward Young tells us, "Death loves a shining mark;" "A fool at forty, is a fool indeed;" but alas for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us, "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

From Bacon comes, "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin said, "God helps them who help themselves."

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

HERE we see before us *The Dartmouth*, as bright and interesting as ever. We always find it very readable, and are glad when it arrives. We are happy to learn that this paper will remain about the same as ever next year.

The *Harvard Daily Herald* is also a pleasant little sheet. It does not take us long to peruse it, as it is mostly filled up with advertisements and reports of the weather.

Next comes the *Res Academicæ*. This is a bright little paper, full of fun, and it is always gladly received. The article entitled "Our Capital" is especially interesting.

We still have great interest in the *Yale Courant*. This is certainly among the very best of our exchanges. We hope it will always keep up to its former high reputation.

The *Polytechnic* is also a welcome paper, and it well keeps up its high reputation. Its columns sparkle with fun and jokes, and its solid matter is interesting and well-written.

As this is the end of the year, we are sorry that we have not room to greet all of our exchanges. We bid them all good-bye, and hope to welcome them again next fall.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1882.

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ESTABLISHED 1817.

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Nature.

"In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God."
— MILTON.

IN the hurry and worry of this nineteenth century, the average American is apt to cast no look around him; but he fastens his eyes on the glittering, deceptive goal, wealth, and struggles toward it, disregarding the many sources of enjoyment that lie on either hand. To many a man the grand mountains are beautiful only in proportion to the value of their mines or quarries: meadows and gardens are interesting only because their products promise the desired dollars and cents.

We have so often heard poets and painters spoken of as "Nature's children" and "Nature's pupils," that I fear we are coming to believe that the wonderful book of Nature is written in a strange language, which cannot be translated by the many, but is intelligible to only a favored few. Concluding that poets and painters have power to look deeper into Nature's beauties than we can look, we give up trying to look at all. But, because our perception of beauty is not quite keen and correct, must we tacitly yield to a few geniuses the right to enjoy Nature? We do not realize how much we lose by thus keeping our eyes and ears closed to the sights and sounds that are everywhere offered for our delight.

Two years ago while looking at a collection of pictures, in Boston, I suddenly started with surprise, and then stood for a long time gazing at the painting before me. It was a sea-coast view, showing a small cove whose narrow entrance was guarded by high rocks, against which the ocean waves broke into spray; a few weather-beaten fishing-huts stood near the head of the cove, and a few fishing-boats were drawn upon the rocky beach. I recognized the scene at once. During the previous summer I had visited that very spot many times, fished in the waters just outside the cove, and watched the fishermen at work on their nets. As I looked at the painting, I said to myself, "It is beautiful;" and then such a sense of loss came to me that I could hardly keep back the tears. If I had put my feelings into words, I think I should

have said: "Oh, why didn't I realize what a beautiful place it was before I left it? How could I be so blind to its beauty?" I profited a little by the lesson; and since then I have learned to know and love the ocean better, and many delightful hours have I spent by its side, happy in simply looking out over its waves. Poets have written many beautiful lines about the ocean, expressing their appreciation of its beauty in various ways. Whittier says of it:—

"The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.
They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,—
The priesthood of the sea!"

But 'tis not by means of the ocean's voice alone that Nature speaks to us: every tree and flower is capable of teaching us a lesson, if we will but look at it aright. Many of us are like the man of whom Wordsworth says,—

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

You ask what more could it be? Learn to love flowers, and you will soon discover what more it could be.

Nature not only increases our joy when we are happy, but oftentimes she comforts us in our griefs.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

BRYANT.

Listen to the words of our own Longfellow:—

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills; no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Many of our best thoughts come to us when we are alone with Nature. In the flowers, and birds, and streams, we see reflected, "in a mirror, darkly," the love and wisdom of the Creator, and our thoughts are purified and elevated by a sense of His presence. Then let us open our hearts to the delightful, healthful influence of the world about us, —

"Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

— WORDSWORTH.

How to Get a Husband.

How eagerly all the young ladies will read this article, to find out how to get this most valuable treasure. First of all, obtain common sense—a rare and excellent virtue; priceless in all value, and sure in its effects. Then purchase a common reasoning faculty, which, compounded with the substance called brains, will form a rich plaster, and if applied to the head will beautify and make irresistibly charming any woman.

You want to get married? What for? To add one more to the list of ruined men? Or is it to build a temple of love, which shall be purged of all hatred, malice, and unkindness? Can you toast a slice of bread without burning it? Can you make a loaf of bread which does not require a sledge-hammer to prepare it for the stomach? Can you make your father a shirt? In fine, are you able to do all those little things which mother does so nicely, and which make home so delightful a place? If you can do these things, and do them well, you may safely enter upon married life. No woman can ever expect to be happy who does not know how domestic duties ought to be performed; for she cannot rely upon "help" to satisfactorily do what she neither knows how to do or to teach another to do.

Most of our young ladies think that if they can handle a fan gracefully, or bang and thunder through the latest musical pastime, or order the carriage for shopping, and flirt with some "nice young man" when pa and ma are not looking, that they are ready to be married. Now,

girls, you may never have to cook and mend, and perhaps never have had to; but so long as you do not, some one else must, and if you do not know how to, how will you know how to correct the errors which others commit? You are no less unworthy to become a wife because you know how pork is fried, and no less a lady. It only shows that your education has been liberal, and fitted you for any walk in life which you may choose, or which fate has marked out for you.

If every one considered labor degrading, who would build our public buildings of education, amusement, and common utility? Who would paint the pictures with which our walls are decorated? Who would build those instruments by which we are enabled to examine the heavenly bodies? And last, but not least, who would sew long, weary hours to produce the elaborate toilets which you vie with each other to procure? And the soft, fleecy lace whose loveliness attracts every feminine eye? Who could wear the much-coveted diamond if it were not for the mines and the laborer? As you learn these lessons of usefulness, and try to be like mother, you will become more worthy of a true man's love, and pretty sure to get it. Don't waste your time in gossip, for men hate it. Don't be idle, but improve every moment with either intellectual or physical labor. You will be better women if you do, and earnestly sought after by the best gentlemen for wives.

Alta M. Dresser.

DURING the summer, while we were scattered at our various homes, a black-bordered missive came to those of us who had been the friends and contemporaries of Alta Dresser, during her short stay at Lasell, bringing the sad and unexpected news of her death at her home in Lafayette, Ind., on the 29th of last June. We had not dreamed of so early a close to this bright young life, though Alta left us but partly convalescent from a painful and dangerous illness; for, from the news received from her since then, we had formed the hopes of her complete recovery. It was not to be, however; God has seen fit to take her from her loving parents and many friends, to whom we, her schoolmates, offer our sincerest sympathy in their great sorrow.

Alta entered Lasell in September, 1880, well, strong, and full of ambition, hoping to complete the entire course with us. But two months afterward she was suddenly

attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and, in spite of constant medical care, the disease soon invaded the heart, and laid the foundation for the complications which afterward caused her death. In January she was taken home, where she began to improve slowly, and took up her studies again, in the hope of being able to keep up with her class at Lasell. Until Christmas, '81, she seemed to be tolerably well, when the rheumatism again returned, and in spite of a stay at the Hot Springs, Arkansas, which it was hoped would benefit her, she began to fail rapidly. Her parents still clung to the hope that the disease might yet be conquered, and even the day before her death felt no unusual apprehensions. So, when on Thursday morning, June 29th, she calmly drew her last breath, the shock came with appalling force.

It was a shock to others, but not to her: she was ready, and met the end with unfaltering trust, accepting God's will without question, bright and full of promise as the future looked to her.

Her memory lives among us at Lasell, where her pleasant face and sweet, patient endurance of suffering, made her many friends in the few months she was with us, and we grieve at what seems to us her untimely death. But to a Christian's death such a word cannot be applied; we must rather say, "It is well with her," and in this thought we are glad.

A Pleasant Welcome.

THROUGH the kindness and thoughtfulness of Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon, the girls received a very pleasant welcome to Lasell.

The first Thursday evening, just the time when all the girls were thinking of their far-away homes, the entire school was invited to attend a concert given by the Royal Hand Bell-Ringers. As if this were not pleasure enough, that evening, at tea, each girl found at her plate a bouquet of flowers. This little surprise was very delightful to all; for what girl is not fond of flowers? or what sweeter remembrance could have been found?

About half-past seven we started. It was raining hard; but as all were well provided with gossamers and umbrellas, the rain made it all the pleasanter.

The entertainment was enjoyed very much by all. Two of the selections, "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer," were beautiful: they did not add to the comfort of the homesick

girls, however. Many interesting facts were also learned about "the big bells, the little bells," and all the other kinds of bells.

All the girls thank Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon for their kindness.

Excursions.

OUR annual visit to Bunker Hill Monument and the Navy Yard was enjoyed, by about fifty of the girls, on October 9th. Taking the usual trip by rail and horse-car, we found ourselves at last approaching the granite column, peering from whose summit were seen a few small heads. After inscribing our names in the big book provided for the purpose, and purchasing some small memento, we turned to the two hundred and ninety-five steps, the ascent of which was necessary for the fine view which the summit of the monument commands. After arriving at the top, breathless, we felt fully repaid for our exertions, yet fifty girls seemed almost too many for the standing-room there found. This we took to be the opinion of the few young men present, as, in fact, one was heard to say, "We're in a prison — but a pleasant one."

Trusting that all can judge of the excellent view, we proceed to the Navy Yard, first stopping to visit the Museum of Antiquities, where curiosities, both ancient and modern, were shown and explained to us by the man in charge.

We turned, lastly, to the receiving ship "Wabash." Here we were graciously entertained by four of the naval officers, who conducted us over the different parts of the ship, showing us the kindest attention.

Prof. Goodridge informed us that time was far spent, and that we must hasten, in order to get back for dinner. Reluctantly we left the ship, and, tired and weary, approached the Seminary, feeling fully confident that time and money had not been wasted.

THROUGH the kindness of Prof. Bragdon, the fair maidens of Lasell enjoyed a sail on the Charles River, from Auburndale to Waltham and return.

At half-past one, Prof. B. taking the lead, and Miss C. bringing up the rear, we started. As we neared the river, we saw the "White Swan," a beautiful little steamer, standing in readiness for us. After all were aboard, we left Auburndale for Waltham. As we sailed along, going into ecstasies over the beautiful hills covered with the variagated foliage, a feeling of grandeur came over us to sublime for utterance. The girls amused

themselves (but shocked the natives) by singing snatches of old songs suitable for the occasion. After an hour's ride we reached the quaint old town of Waltham. Taking a walk through some of the principal streets, we patronized a few fruit-venders, who were surprised at the appearance of such a bevy of young women.

We then retraced our steps, and started homeward, all delighted with our trip.

At C. C. M. V. M.

ON a bright and beautiful day in the month of July, 1882, there started from Boston four young maidens, under the escort of Aunt 'Becca. Adding two to their party on their journey, they reached Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., late in the afternoon; and in a few minutes, hungry, tired, but in good spirits, found themselves at the "Dew-Drop," where they were to spend the long-talked-of two weeks in which they expected to do such wonderful deeds, and have such jolly times.

The two weeks glided by, and their expectations, as far as we can judge, were fully realized. To define what they did do in that short time would be impossible; rather would we tell what they didn't do. In the truly poetic words of one of their number, we quote:—

O, six jolly girls were they, were they,
At C. C. M. V. M.,
Who went to the Vineyard, one fine summer day,
To C. C. M. V. M.
They went to the beach, and they sat in the
Tower;
They lived in the "Dew-Drop," and tried their
power
In broiling and baking, and using of flour,
At C. C. M. V. M.

Now this last-hinted-at diversion does not, perhaps, seem as romantic as the other parts of cottage-life; but four of these housekeepers were Lasell girls last year, and they put to a practical test their knowledge gained from Mrs. Daniels, which proved very successful. However, the soft (?) gingerbread which appeared upon the table at tea, one night, will not be soon forgotten. It appeared for several days afterward, too.

Now, these jolly young maidens, they wanted a
name,
At C. C. M. V. M.,
And one, too, at which all their friends would
exclaim,
At C. C. M. V. M.:
They thought all the day, and they thought all
the night,
And decided at last, with the greatest delight,
On Are-op-o-git-i-chite,
At C. C. M. V. M.

Fain would we tell of the further doings

of the Areopogitichites; of their tea-party; of the concerts, with and without comb accompaniments; of the sketching, cooking, skating, walking, and bathing epidemics; of the nightly revelries; of the financial crisis; of the influence Cupid had among them; of their congenial neighbors; and of the illumination the evening before their departure,—in fact, of all their happy experiences. But time and space demand attention.

But it was not all fun; to prove it, we give the account of one mishap:—

One day Nell and Pollie a carriage did borrow,
At C. C. M. V. M.,
And took a short drive, which ended in sorrow,
At C. C. M. V. M.
They went round a corner too quickly, you see,
For off came a wheel of the borrowed bugg-ee;
And two very sad girls were Nell and Pol-lie,
At C. C. M. V. M.

The time has passed, but the trip is not forgotten; and now, in memory of their sojourn "At C. C. M. V. M.," the Areopogitichites sing to the popular tune of "Over the Garden Wall," the more approved ballad already partially quoted, the composition of one of their party:—

Now all of "us six" are far, far away,
From C. C. M. V. M.,
But our thoughts, we are sure, are turned every
day
To C. C. M. V. M.
And now 'tis our wish, I see very clear,
To go to the Vineyard again next year,
And be with our friends, who have grown so
dear,
At C. C. M. V. M.

CHORUS:—

At C. C. M. V. M., from Boston and Lasell Sem.,
There never was yet such a jolly set;
And you may bet we'll never forget
The fun we had when thus we met,
At C. C. M. V. M.

LAST year, attendance on the Vocal Class was optional; but this year we are expected to be present whether we can sing or not. It is a fact that all people cannot sing; and is it not waste of time to be obliged to sit still for an hour listening to the delightful "Do, Ra, Me, Fa," etc., of those who are fortunate enough to possess voices?

FASHION now thoroughly admits the violin as an instrument for women. At the late competition at the Paris Conservatory of Music, seven female pupils were admitted to compete with the men on the violin, and one of them—Mlle Hille-macher—was fortunate enough to carry off one of the three first prizes, while another young lady took a first "accessit"—a sort of honorable mention. There are a number of women in both violin classes at the Conservatory.

Lasell Leaves,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,

BY THE

LASELL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

OF

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From the Chair.

Our paper makes its appearance too late for us to welcome our friends again, or for us to sympathize with homesick girls, for the welcomes have all been spoken, and the homesickness all forgotten; so we will pass on to a subject interesting to almost all of us—namely, the question of uniform. Shall we or shall we not wear uniforms? Some of us, and, in fact, the majority, strongly oppose the idea, while others are just as strongly in favor of adopting it. The former argue thus: "Why should we put ourselves to the extra expense of getting uniforms just now, when most of us already have our winter wardrobes? Uniform we most always associate with charity-schools; and would any of us wish to be mistaken for the inmates of one of these institutions? Not that we do not admire charity-schools,—on the contrary, we regard them as blessings to the land,—but we would hardly care for the reputation of belonging to one. Are not our parents the better qualified to prescribe what we shall, and what we shall not, wear? We come here to be educated, not to be dictated to in point of dress." The other party antici-

ipate this opposition, and they say: "Were we all clothed alike there would be no dissensions in regard to dress; no girl would be better dressed than her neighbor, and no girl would aspire to dress better than her purse would allow, and there would be no undue amount of attention bestowed on personal adornments." The strongest point, however, relates to the health question. Through our costumes, it is said, we can prove that it is possible for a dress to be graceful, and fit elegantly, and at the same time leave the wearer with all necessary breathing-room. It thus helps toward a perfect physique, and relieves many uncomfortable feelings which arise from the wearing of corsets. One of the best proofs of the harmfulness of corsets, is the complaint made by many of an inability to hold themselves up without. If the weakness of our muscles necessitate their support by steel and whalebone, they must immediately be strengthened by exercise: not a difficult matter, and one on which the future health and happiness of the above-mentioned complainers depends.

Now, as there seems to be no way of settling this most sorely vexed question satisfactorily to both parties, why not for this year let those who desire it wear uniforms, and next year let it be understood in the catalogue that the uniform is an established thing at Lasell; then all would know what to expect, and there could be no cause for complaint.

THANKSGIVING DAY is too late in the autumn, and too near Christmas. It ought to be moved to the first or second Thursday in October. This is the opinion of the *Lutheran Observer*, and we heartily indorse its judgment. The argument runs as follows: 1. The harvest season is ended over the greater part of the country by the first of October. It is well to make a religious harvest home of Thanksgiving Day. 2. Winter has begun over all the northern part of the country at the end of November, and as neither fruits nor flowers are in sight to freshen the sense of divine bounty, the present festival is as unseasonable as possible. 3. The present date is within a month of Christmas, which is now generally observed; and, as New Year's closely follows, we now have three festivals in five weeks—three holidays in the business busy season of the year. 4. The first Thursday in October would give us a holiday at a time when it could be enjoyed out of doors—a very great gain for the less-wealthy people. We hope the change will be made.

ABOUT thirty Lasellians went on the European trip this summer, and not one of them has had spunk enough to write an account of their wanderings for the *LEAVES*. We fully expected to receive thirty such accounts, and were wondering which one we should choose for publication. Perhaps by the time the *LEAVES* makes its next appearance, some of these defaulters may gain courage enough to favor their friends.

Recent Additions to the Apparatus.

IN view of the fact that some additions have recently been made to our scientific apparatus, it occurred to me, a day or two ago, that it would be quite fitting if some one should say through the columns of our newsy paper, *The LEAVES*, a few words on this subject.

I supposed, of course, that "that somebody" would be one of the worthy editors, who, with her smooth quill, accustomed to the journalistic art, could easily say just what would be appropriate. But it seems ordered otherwise; and I find that I myself, with nothing but a stub of a pen, having failed in successfully declining the urgent invitation of the Publisher, am sitting here wondering how I can write most readily and fittingly what ought to be said.

In the first place, you will pardon me for saying what is an almost self-evident truth, that the success of my predecessor will be all the more marked as time advances; for the teacher of natural science who has, in the past, successfully given instruction by means of only a *fair* set of apparatus, is deserving, in my estimation, of far more credit than one who, with fine pieces of mechanism and costly arrangements, manages, or rather *mismanages*, to do the work in a confused, bungling, and incomplete manner.

It should also be said that the statement in the last catalogue (as honest a catalogue, by the way, as it is artistic)—the statement that "a good beginning has been made in the provision of apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy and chemistry"—was true. A good beginning had been made. But every one understands that the rapid advance constantly being made in practical science, in methods of scientific education, and in the perfection of apparatus itself, calls for constant additions to the stock of apparatus; and calls for these additions, not only for the use of the teacher, but, so far as practicable, for the use of the student. Hence, any set of school-appa-

ratus for the illustration of natural philosophy, chemistry, and kindred branches of science, which was considered tolerably full twelve or fifteen years ago, is far from being such now. Our set, however, never claimed to be a full one. Consequently there arises the necessity at the present time of some important additions.

It should not be surmised from this that any "costly arrangements" have been made, or that any extravagantly high-priced, showy instruments have been bought. No; in all the arrangements, and in all the purchases, constant attention has been paid to *practical advantages* in behalf of not only those who are receiving instruction now, but those who may desire it hereafter. Whatever has been deemed necessary for this purpose has been, and will be, procured.

In chemistry, while the arrangements are not yet as perfect as they will probably be after a little while, each student now has a separate desk, or, rather, a table-place, and each is supplied with a Bunsen gas-burner, glass-tubing, beakers, evaporating-dishes, re-agent bottles and other usual laboratory apparatus. Here each one, after having received sufficient instruction, is allowed to work out and prove for herself the facts and experiments indicated in the text-book. The text-book is taken for all it is worth—a guide-book, simply, to the wonderful truths of nature. So far as possible, the facts it states are made living realities, by means of performing the experiments themselves. The present course consists of lectures and practical work during the first term of Junior year; during the second term more attention is paid to theory, along with the laboratory practice. Throughout the course, special attention is called to those facts and laws relating to household science.

In the department of Natural Philosophy, as quite a number of additions are being made, only a few will be noted here. The old air-pump (6-inch plate) has been replaced by a Ritchie 10-inch. A specific-gravity balance, with Nicholson's and other hydrometers, illustrates the subject of specific gravity. The lifting-pumps and force-pumps with glass cylinders, show the action of valves plainly. The oxyhydrogen jet can be used in various experiments, and in producing the calcium light. A number of pieces, such as the pyrometer, compound bar, Leslie's cubes, conductometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, illustrate the subject of heat. The fine parabolic reflectors are useful in experiments in

sound, light, and heat. In sound, we have added an improved sonometer, plate for Chladni's figures, Savart's wheel, a siren, organ-pipes, etc.; in light, plates for Newton's rings, an achromatic prism, Browning's double-spectra spectroscope, a Nichol's prism, etc.; and in electricity, a Toepler-Holtz machine, with 16-inch revolving plate, Oersted's apparatus, a fine galvanometer, a sensitive thermopile, batteries, electro-magnets, etc.

The day-dream, "Lasell in 1892," which appeared in *The LEAVES* last June, stands good, according to the date, for ten years. That trite saying, "Rome was not built in a day," applies very appropriately here; but let us hope that the new chemical laboratory spoken of in the prophecy will be seen before '92. Buildings cost, apparatus costs; it is a noteworthy fact that it "counts up" rapidly. College-sets cost thousands of dollars. Thus far, this term, we have ordered physical and chemical apparatus, together with chemicals, amounting to about eight hundred dollars; and when the balance of the one thousand dollars has been expended, Lasell will have a set which can be called—not complete, of course, but—exceptionally good. With such additions, and with a proper use of these new facilities, we shall soon be almost forced to occupy some new, larger laboratory and demonstration-rooms.

Meanwhile, let us keep at *work*, making the most we can of the high privileges and fine advantages the Master is now giving us at Lasell.

J. C. BURKE.

Societies.

TWENTY-TWO old members of the "Lasellia Club" returned our president's beaming smile at the first meeting after school commenced. But "a feeling of sadness stole o'er us" as we glanced around the room and noted the absence of so many familiar faces, and thought how we should miss them during the coming year.

Quite a number of new girls have already gone through the trying ordeal of initiation, and have come out *alive*!

Altogether, things look very flourishing, and we predict a pleasant and profitable year for the Society.

The "L. M. A.'s" are waking up; but we cannot say much of them, as they have not fairly begun yet. "There's a good time coming," though.

With "one heart," one way, we, the "S. D.'s," are again advancing on our journey toward success. By the efforts of

the energetic few who are back to tell the story of the four years already passed, the society now numbers forty-two. A hearty welcome is tendered to the new "S. D.'s," who, we feel sure, are to make good the place of those who are missed among us this year, especially the class of '82, who were always so heartily and entirely in co-operation with us.

OCTOBER 15th, the "S. D." Society chose the following officers:—

Miss C. Wadhams,	<i>President.</i>
" N. Brown,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
" House,	<i>Secretary.</i>
" E. Belcher,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" N. Packard,	<i>Critic.</i>
" Wetherell,	<i>Usher.</i>

Gentle Hints.

PLEASE TAKE THEM.

Don't reach.

Don't grab the cake.

Table manners are a certain indication of good breeding.

There is a correct way and an incorrect way of leaving one's knife and fork. Which is which?

A spoon left in the cup might prove disastrous to the table-cloth, your own dress and your neighbor's. We have heard, also, that the saucer is the proper place for a spoon not in use.

If you put your knife in your mouth, the effect *might* be worse than lessons on the cornet. Beware!

Please discover the best method of spreading bread and butter—and adopt it.

A knife and fork held vertically in the fists, give one a pugilistic appearance, to say the least.

If you do not know the correct way to handle your fork, *please study up*. Do not have even a shadow of a doubt.

There is always a certain amount of courtesy due to others, even if you are hungry.

Tooth-picks are to be used in the privacy of your apartment, except in cases of extreme necessity.

Marriage-Bells.

WHILE we have been peacefully refreshing ourselves by our summer vacation, preparatory to returning to Lasell, many of our friends have employed themselves in (as they think) a more enjoyable way. Oh, dear! twelve more poor flies in the spider's web! Twelve of our girls married in four months! If they continue at this rate we soon shall have none left—although they might be "left" in a certain

sense of the word. Annie Seeley, Eva Bragdon, Florence Moulton, Emma Sibley, Lou Best, Sue Garfield, Annie Holbrook, Ella Emery, Alice Stevens, Mira Sweet, Jessie Boone, and Cora Flint are the happy ones. We congratulate them most heartily, and wish them all joy and prosperity.

LOTTIE SNELL has deliberately walked out of school into matrimony, without stopping once by the way — in fact, she has walked with such rapidity that our breaths are fairly taken away, and the present Senior Class is still gasping. We understand that Ida Foote is soon to follow her example; but this is not surprising, for whoever knew "Lot" and "Ide" to differ very much in their doings?

WE have received a copy of the *Springfield Republican* containing a short account of Louie Best's wedding, in which we know all her Lasell friends will be greatly interested. The ceremony was performed at her home in Munson, Mass., at the Universalist Church, of which her father is pastor. The church was very beautifully decorated with flowers, and over the chancel was an arch of evergreen, from the center of which hung a yoke of white blossoms. The bride wore white surah silk, trimmed with Spanish blonde lace, and pearl ornaments. The veil was white tulle. There were many rich and beautiful presents. There was a reception at the home of the bride's parents immediately after the ceremony, when the young couple left on the evening train for New York, *en route* for Lake George.

BLODGETT — GARFIELD. At Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 9th, 1882, William A. Blodgett, of Boston, and Emma Susie Garfield, of Fitchburg.

We are fortunate in having the particulars of this wedding, also, which we are glad to give for the pleasure of the bride's Lasell friends. The ceremony took place at her home, very simply, only the members of the two families being present. Immediately afterward the bridal party left for Cambridge, the future home of the young couple, where their pretty house was awaiting them. A very pleasant, informal reception was given here, by way of "house-warming," at which a number of the friends of both bride and groom were present. The charming, home-like rooms and the many handsome presents received their tribute of admiration, after which the guests were invited to supper in the cozy dining-room. A delightful evening was spent by all, and many warm congratulations and kind wishes were showered upon the happy pair, so comfortably established at their "ain fireside."

Personals.

LAURA DAVIS expects to winter in New York.

WE are delighted with the *Place* we have this year.

HALLIE SCHULTZ visited Gussie Lowe during vacation.

JESSIE GODFREY is to spend the month of October with Bertha Russell.

MAMIE CONGDON is in France. She will leave for home in the spring.

SADIE PERKINS is continuing her studies in music at the Boston Conservatory.

JESSIE MACMILLAN and Annie Bragdon, class of '82, are taking a post-graduate course.

Too late! Yetta Westheimer telegraphed for a room, but there was no vacancy.

MR. JOSEPH C. BURKE, teacher of Natural Science, is a graduate of Wesleyan University.

WE miss the bright face of Susie Griggs, and our earnest hope is that she may soon be able to return.

ANNA BAKER did not return this year, but she sent her sister instead. Perhaps Anna herself will come back after Christmas. We hope so.

CLARA PRENTISS is still in Europe, enjoying herself thoroughly. Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon met her in Paris, and report her as in excellent health and spirits.

MISS ELEANOR R. LARRISON, teacher of Moral Science, Rhetoric, and Composition, and Miss Grace A. Preston, teacher of Mathematics, are graduates of Smith.

WE miss the faces of our old teachers very much; but their places will doubtless be well filled by those who have undertaken the task of teaching the Lasell girls.

MATTIE GRIGGS (LORIMER) is stopping with her husband at the Vendome, Boston. Now that she is so near, she should take advantage of her opportunity to visit Lasell.

MISS ANNIE P. CALL, of Newtonville, has charge of the physical culture and reading. Last year she was at the Utica Female Seminary. We sympathize with the "Utics" in their loss, but are none the less pleased to have her with us.

MISS TAPPAN writes from her home at Gloucester, Mass., asking for news of Lasell, and promising to visit us, some day, to see for herself the changes that have taken place. She is anticipating a quiet winter at home, though not an idle one, having many plans in view for improving each shining hour.

A LETTER has come from Miss Cushman, dated Geneva, where she is at present busily studying French. Later, she hopes to visit Italy, especially Florence, Rome, and Naples. She had the pleasure of meeting Lillie Potter in Geneva, traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Wiswall, and their daughter Fannie, another Lasell girl. The meeting with old friends was doubly delightful, away across the ocean, where friends are so "few and far between;" and it seemed good and natural to see a Lasell Catalogue lying on the table, and the last number of the LASELL LEAVES. Miss Cushman has enjoyed her travels greatly, and writes with special delight of the glorious scenery of Switzerland, where she has been staying for some time. She sends kind greetings to all her Lasell friends, and good wishes for a prosperous year. Her address is, Care Drexel, Harjes & Co., Bankers, Paris.

Miscellany.

A-AH!

CHESTNUTS are ripe.

JUNIORS last motto: "Grin and bear it."

It is no use, this year, to guess ages, for appearances are very deceitful.

THERE were sixteen Lasell girls at Martha's Vineyard, this summer.

WHY is Miss L.'s hall like a convent? Because there are so many "sisters" in it.

SENIOR.—"Is that fuzzy stuff the milky way? and what makes the stars wink so?"

SENIOR.—"I've got to find out all about the life of Virgil, because Homer wrote him."

THE Rhetoric class seems to be very popular this year; it numbers forty-four members.

SENIOR.—"Spencer was buried in Westminster, and I found the epigram that was on his monument."

"THERE's an awfully better-looking pack of girls here this year than last." Doesn't that sound a little like slang?

STAND up straight, girls, and don't forget your breathing exercises.

UNIFORMS are coming; dressmakers may leave sealed proposals with the committee.

WE find the blotters so generously provided for us very useful—for pressing autumn leaves.

WE find new "Suggestions" on our doors this year, but the *suggestions* are the same as last year.

A FINE view of the comet may be had from those fire-escapes from which the comet can be seen.

SOMETHING new has been instituted in our midst; namely, a young ladies' football club. May it prosper.

"SWEET after toil cometh rest." But the gas should be first turned off, so that our rest will not make toil for others.

WE would advise Miss P. not to sleep so soundly, or else not to forget to put out the light before she goes to sleep.

WHY is the dog-star the matrimonial star? Because it is so Sirius. This is original with one of our brilliant students.

"WHERE did Lord Nelson die?" "In the arms of victory," replies the pupil. "In the arms of Victoria, did you say?"

NOTWITHSTANDING the strong temptations to the contrary, follow the advice of Dr. P., girls—"Eat plain food and avoid candy."

A MEMBER of the Junior class was heard to inquire very innocently if "a young sheep is not mutton, and a young lamb veal?"

WE recently received the flattering piece of information that "Paupers, idiots, and women are the only ones exempt from voting."

OLD girl is heard to inquire how soon cooking-lectures begin. New girl, rushing forward,—“What, do you have curtain lectures here?”

THE free vocal class this year includes all members of the school, and, under the leadership of Mr. Davis, will doubtless prove a success.

"RESOLVED, That uniforms are beneficial," was the subject of debate in the "Lasellia Club," a few evenings ago, and the affirmative came off *victorious*! However, in the irregular debate which followed, the majority favored the negative.

IF the president of the Lasell Glee Club will tell us where her meetings are held, doubtless all the gleeful girls here would be pleased to join the Club.

WE advise the Astronomy class, while gazing at the stars above them, not to forget the Star Lecture Course given in the Methodist Church, Auburndale.

A YOUNG lady, after having taken one lesson in private vocal, was heard pathetically to remark, "Oh, how I shall feel if I am asked to sing at the *soirée*!"

ON Miss West's hall "Schubert's Serenade" may be heard, rendered with a fineness of expression and delicacy of touch which has rarely been equaled within our walls.

THE house-cat has been duly weighed and measured. It weighs 3.84 kilograms, and measures, from tip to tip, seventy centimeters. (Chemistry class please take notice.)

A LEARNED doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

IF all the girls practice their elocution exercises conscientiously, the piteous exclamation, "A-ah!" will be heard by the classic walls of Lasell no less than 1,693,750 times during the year.

COMPOSITION TEACHER: "Now, I want you, for your compositions this week, to write short stories from your own experiences. Young lady.—“Oh, I can't write a love story!”

ITEMS from the Elocution class: Teacher.—“Do you know who Macaulay is?” “No, ma'am; but I think Miss Carpenter knows where she is.

Teacher.—“And what else did Macaulay write?” “Essay on Man.”

ONE of our teachers asked somebody, the other Sunday, “What was the text to-day?” “Why—it was—oh,—‘The grass was cut down and put into the oven, Oh ye of little faith.’” (Surprise.)

Teacher.—“Miss S., with what do you breathe?” Miss S., who is a Junior, replies, “With my epigram.” Teacher.—“O, no; you are thinking of the epiglotitis.” “O, yes;” says Junior, “I mean my diagram.”

“WHY is morning called rosy-fingered?” “Why, sometimes in the morning the sky, about sunrise, is red or rosy-colored.” “Did you ever see a sunrise?” “No; but I've read about them.”

AND in these later days it came to pass that, about four o'clock in the morning, there arose a great uproar in the halls of Lasell. And there was hurrying to and fro among the inhabitants thereof. Wherefore arose the confusion? and why were the people troubled? High in the heavens above us, far beyond the reach of man,—or woman,—shone the comet.

Exchanges.

WHILE we were idling away the last days of our vacation, others were wielding the editorial pen, and we find our table piled with the results of their labor.

We are glad to greet so many of our old friends after the three months' separation. We are glad that we all have the same purpose for the coming year—to raise our literary standard, and to justly criticise our contemporaries.

Hastily glancing over the papers, we find them filled with words of welcome and sage advice to the new students, eulogies on the merits of the various college papers and societies, and short summer romances.

The literary value of *The Student* seems to be increased by the heavy, clear paper upon which the articles are printed, and by its cover being free from advertisements. It cannot be denied that these two points are worthy of attention.

The *College Courier* says that some of the articles in the *College Speculum* give the impression that the authors were tired when they wrote them. The impression we obtain from the *College Courier* is, that they were tired hunting for articles: hence were forced to cover five pages with personal items of little interest to the students,—of less to outsiders.

We find in *The Dartmouth* an editorial on the much-discussed question, the place of religious instruction in a liberal education. It admits that an attendance upon chapel is desirable, but objects to compulsory attendance upon church and Bible class. It asks if the average student can't be trusted alone for six hours. On the next page it tells of the stealing of nineteen

watermelons by one of their number. From this, we answer, It hardly appears that he can be.

We experience our usual pleasure in reading *The Princetonian*. The articles are short and spicy; in fact, it impresses us throughout as being a good specimen of a college paper.

Marrying for a Home.

EVERY tiny school-girl, from the time that she plays with the doll baby, looks forward to marriage as the business of her life. All the novels that she reads end in weddings; all her romances turn upon engagements; all her day-dreams are of weddings, bridal wreaths, and honeymoons—all, doubtless, very sweet, and innocent, and pure, but perilously unfitting her for a just estimate of her own fitness for such a state, and rendering her fatally susceptible to betrayal into a blind and improvident marriage. It is this feeling that leads them so often to neglect the most ordinary caution, and to marry a wretch who has already a half-dozen wives living. But this is not the worst. A girl hasn't a fair chance, at best; for she "marries for a home," and adopts marriage as a profession. Now, the man has a profession or trade, and is independent; he may marry when it suits him. But the woman who has no profession or trade, and must marry for a living, too often feels that she must "take the first good offer." Nay, many helpless women marry men who are distasteful to them, in order to have a home. Women usually consider all marriage to be honorable; and yet, to sell one's self for "a home," is, at bottom, selling one's self for a price, and might be called in plain English by a very ugly name. And are we not all to blame if we raise our girls without educating them to support and take care of themselves at need, and thus leave them dependent upon "catching a husband" as the only path to honorable life? Is this giving the girls a fair chance? Would not all of our girls, rich or poor, be better equipped for making a good "match," if each one had a trade or calling by which, at need, she might support herself, without feeling the degrading necessity for "marrying a home?" Is it not a pitiable state of affairs that every old maid should consider her career a failure because she had the force and dignity to decline all offers of marriage that did not come up to her standard?—*Elmira Telegram*.

No Christian should vote for a drunkard until he has given good evidence of reformation, simply, if for no other reason, than that he is mentally unreliable and untrustworthy; but it is a wrong to society to elevate to a station of honor, men who are placing before our sons so bad an example. No Christian should vote for an unclean debauchee. It is an insult to public decency to make such a man a representative of the people, and clothe him with law-making power.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate*.

IN a recent "interview," Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, said: "It is a thing of recent growth. I used to be elected to Congress from this district without incurring any expense to speak of. No one seemed to expect it. I used to hitch up my team and go from town to town, where I had appointments, in my buggy. The committee would meet me, and most always insist on paying my horse and hotel fare. Once or twice I was called upon for money to pay for the printing of the tickets, and of course I gladly responded to such calls. Then, the Congressman got \$8 a day. The increase of salary is what brings the money into politics, and this is to be deplored. It will be a sad day for the country when none but the rich can be elected to office. This state of affairs would be an effectual bar to the poor, deserving boy whose future depends upon his individual efforts. It would also deprive the country of the valuable services of many great men who would have to stand back because they are not rich."

Note from the Party of 1882.

THE following note was sent to Dr. Loomis, signed by sixty-six members of his party:—

GLASGOW, Sept. 4, 1882.

TO OUR FRIEND DR. LOOMIS:—

While waiting for the "Circassia" to bear us away from the Old World, where we have so pleasantly and profitably spent the summer, we have, with memory's aid, again been over the ground traveled by us since we landed in this city in June last.

With all the experiences of our trip fresh in mind,—its delights still cherished, and its drawbacks and disappointments (if any there were) not forgotten,—we feel that it was a rare good fortune which led

us to visit Europe as members of your party of 1882.

When we consider what we have seen and learned, what new fields of enjoyment have been opened, and what incentives to further knowledge have been given us, and how uninterrupted throughout the trip have been our pleasure, our comfort, and our freedom from every care, we are filled with surprise at the generosity of the arrangements, and grateful for that unremitting care and foresight which crowned every portion of the summer with such complete success.

The full benefit of that learning and culture which have come to you as the result of years of travel and study, has been freely given us, so that our acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the works of the great masters have been made far more extensive and intelligent than would otherwise have been possible.

We trust you have not been unaware of the grateful sentiment which your efforts in our behalf, and your constant kindness have awakened in us, nor of our regard for, you, personally. It has been an assuring comfort throughout the summer to know we were in the care of one who made our pleasure his own; and when we said "good-bye" to you, it was as to one of our trusted and valued friends. We desire, however, to make some more permanent record of our personal esteem for you, and therefore send you this brief expression as a farewell greeting.

Carlyle and Macaulay.

MR. TREVELYAN mentions in his life of Lord Macaulay that upon one occasion Carlyle and Macaulay were on a visit at a nobleman's house. One day it rained heavily, and the two historians found themselves together in the library. Macaulay, as usual,—when not talking,—was turning over the leaves of a book. Carlyle was tramping up and down the room grumbling. Suddenly he stopped opposite Macaulay's chair, and said: "At last I have caught your face in repose, and a good honest Scotch face it is, reminding one of those sturdy Scotch ancestors of yours, who, half-priests, half-peasants, were brought up mainly upon virtue and oatmeal."

READING is speaking at sight. All good elocution is founded on good thinking.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1882.

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Oliver Goldsmith.

MANY of the faces which we see in history are glorified by genius exhibited in the departments of literature, science, or government. Among these there appears one whose peculiarity consists in its plainness, bordering on ugliness. Surely the light of genius shining on that countenance must be a borrowed ray. There is nothing in that face suggestive even of talent, much less of the divine fire of genius. Yet this coarse and repulsive physique is that of an author whose productions are remarkable for beauty and ease. What the real facts of Oliver Goldsmith's life are we know. His whole career might be styled a "Comedy of Errors." There was little or none of the romantic connected with his life, and it is interesting only as it exhibits his character and literary surroundings. He was one of the original members of the famous "Literary Club," composed of such men as Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson, Garrick, and Gibbon. We experience a shock in turning from a perusal of his works to the story of his life. *Here*, we find the most delicate pathos, beautiful imagery and fancy; *there*, coarse tastes and childish whims. His vanity seems to have been in proportion to his lack of anything prepossessing in appearance. But all of these are the peculiarities of the man, not the author. In his works we find his real nature. The petty inequalities of his life disappear altogether in the calm, thoughtful reasoner. The history of Goldsmith shows in a striking manner how separate that which might be termed the surface existence, may be from the larger life of the soul, and how false an index of character it affords. Goldsmith is by no means an ideal genius, yet his very faults are such that they excite a feeling of pity and regret rather than dislike. Many of the works which he has left were produced as taskwork, at the bidding of the booksellers, as a satisfaction for his debts. His literary income was large, and sufficient to have enabled him to live in comfort, and write as inspiration impelled him, instead of being driven. But the drift of his whole character prevented this. He could not see distress without doing all in his power to relieve it; though most of the time he

himself was, perhaps, the neediest wretch of all. He died from overtaking himself in literary work. It is mournful to learn that after having the friendship and association of the first men of the age, he was followed to the grave by only a few acquaintances of the lower class. The inscription written for a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey is a brief but glowing tribute to his genius: "He attempted almost every style of composition, but nothing that he did not adorn."

Goldsmith is a genius whom it is hard to classify. For where will we find another so gifted, yet lacking so many desirable gifts; so vain, yet so generous and simple-hearted; with almost the extremes of genius and foolishness. He is always like Goldsmith—always the same thoughtless and improvident, yet noble-hearted and sincere, man.

"Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother." A.

Camping Out.

WHILE searching for something else, I have just come across a letter which I received nearly a year and a half ago; and at this moment it lies open before me, starting trains of thought very different from those which followed its first reception. The letter, which bears the date June 2, 1881, is quite short, containing merely a kind invitation to join a party of friends from Boston and try the delights of "camping out," for a few weeks, at the beach. How well I remember the eagerness with which I accepted the invitation, and the merry days which I soon enjoyed at our camp! Our party consisted of a dozen young ladies and gentlemen and an elderly *chaperon*. With two exceptions all my companions were old friends of mine; the exceptions being two young ladies from Boston—Emma Brown and Alice Dayton. The young ladies were of nearly the same height. Both had brown hair and gray eyes; but they looked not at all alike. I decided that Emma was very pretty, and that I did not know whether Alice was pretty or not. Emma's face was merry and girlish, while

Alice's was much more womanly, and rather sober. I soon discovered that Emma was a general favorite; her witty sayings and bright, frolicsome ways made her the life of the party. She was always laughing, always saying something to make others laugh. But after a few days I found myself wishing that she would say something sensible, once in awhile, for the sake of variety.

During those first days I did not notice Alice very much; she was so quiet and shy that she attracted no attention. I sometimes saw her strolling away by herself, with a book, or sketching materials, and I concluded that she was selfishly engrossed in herself, and cared little whether others were happy or not.

But one evening in the latter part of the first week I changed my opinion. I was sitting just outside the girls' tent, looking out over the ocean, and Alice and two of the other girls were in the tent, making some preparations for the morrow's breakfast, when one of the young gentlemen came up from the beach, and said to me, "I can take four of you young ladies out for a moonlight row, but you must decide among yourselves what four are to go." I told him that, fortunately, there were but four girls at the camp just then; the others were rambling on the hill somewhere. We were ready in a few minutes, and started for the beach. As we went down the hill, I heard Alice say to the young gentleman, "I anticipate a great treat this evening; I am passionately fond of the water, and this is a rare evening for rowing."

Just as we were ready to push off from the shore, Emma came strolling along with one of the gentlemen. When she caught sight of our little party she called to us to "wait a minute," and hurried toward us, saying, "I'm just in time, am I not? I may go too, mayn't I?"

A shade of annoyance crossed the face of our boatman as he replied, "Really, Emma, I think there is not room for another."

"You naughty boy, can't you find a place for me somewhere?" she asked, coaxingly. "One of the girls can hold me in her lap."

"The boat will not conveniently accommodate more than five," he answered, coldly.

At this point Alice rose from her seat and stepped to land, saying, quietly, "You take my place, Emma."

"Why, don't you want to go?" Emma asked; to which Alice replied, pleasantly: "You want to go, and I want you to go; isn't that enough? Now jump into the

boat without another word. Don't keep them waiting."

"You are a dear, good girl, and I thank you ever so much," Emma said, as she stepped into the boat.

The boat was pushed from the beach, and we were soon dancing over the waves. Emma chattered and laughed, apparently unconscious that all her companions were unusually quiet. For my own part, I was too angry to reply to her sallies.

Soon after the boat's head was turned homeward, Emma suddenly exclaimed: "How beautifully you row, Frank! I guess if Alice had appreciated your rowing, or this lovely moonlight, she would not have been foolish enough to leave us. She could have come just as well as not. What if we were a little crowded? Ah, I have it! She was glad of the chance to chat with Walter King. Don't you think so?"

Frank evaded her question by asking, "Do you always try to discover a person's motives?"

"Oh dear, no!" she answered. "It is too hard work; but I couldn't help seeing through Alice's little manoeuvre."

In a few minutes we were on *terra firma* again. Emma waited for Frank to moor the boat, and then they came up to the camp together.

We found that all the other members of the party had returned, and were gathered in the large tent, gayly talking over the experiences of the day while waiting for us.

After prayers we exchanged merry "good-nights" with the gentlemen, and they went to their tent, calling back to us, "Have a late breakfast to-morrow morning; we're going fishing, and can't get back very early." Whereupon Emma exclaimed: "Oh, how I'd like to go with them! I've half a mind to ask them to take me; I would if I weren't afraid of being sea-sick. I suppose it will be pretty rough out on the fishing-ground. But wasn't it lovely on the water this evening! Alice, you little goose, you don't know what you missed. I told Frank Grover that I guessed if you had appreciated him or the moonlight, you wouldn't have been so glad to leave us, unless you had wanted to talk to Walter King. And Frank agreed with me—at least he said something about my always understanding a person's motive. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you the very best of it all! I asked Frank if he would take me out all alone to-morrow evening, and he said he would if the boat was not in use. So now I give you all fair warning to leave the "Daisy" for Frank and me.

"Alice Dayton, what are you doing to that mattress? You have been beating it in one spot ever since I began talking, and here I am waiting for you to tie the front of the tent together, so that I can get ready for bed. Upon my word, I'll ask Walter what he said to you to make you so absent-minded."

"I beg your pardon. I will fasten the tent at once; I forgot that I had not already fastened it," Alice answered.

As she passed me I was sure that there were tears in her eyes. I was so angry at Emma that I could hardly keep my mouth shut.

Mrs. Wood, our *chaperon*, here interposed a word. "Alice, my dear, I don't think you need to beg pardon for not fastening the tent; that work belongs no more to you than to any of the other girls. Because you have been thoughtful enough to do it every night, is no reason why we should expect it of you. Your unselfishness ought not to make the rest of us selfish."

The next day I asked Mrs. Wood a few questions about the two young ladies, and learned this: Emma's father was a dry-goods trader, in comfortable circumstances. He had formerly been wealthy, but lost most of his money by speculating. He had lived in Boston only a few months. Alice was an orphan, living with her grandparents, who were quite poor. Boston had always been her home, but it was only lately that she had become acquainted with the members of the camping party. Mrs. Wood concluded her little history by saying: "Emma is not as selfish as she seems; her thoughtlessness betrays her into many words and deeds which she quickly repents. Alice is a wonderful girl, as good as gold, but it takes a long time to know her."

That evening was not suitable for rowing, because of a drizzling rain which set in just after supper; so Emma did not have her anticipated rowing lesson. I thought that Frank did not seem very deeply disappointed.

As the days went by, Emma became less liked by the majority of the party. Her sprightliness, at first so charming, became tiresome at length, and her society was not sought after as it had been during the first week.

My admiration for Alice steadily increased, but somehow I stood a little in awe of her, and never could gain courage to tell her how much I liked her; and when the happy two weeks by the ocean had come to an end, we were apparently not much nearer a true friendship than when we first met.

During the year that followed I saw neither Alice nor Emma, but heard of them occasionally. Alice was teaching school in the city; while Emma was at home, enjoying life to the best of her ability.

The next summer the very same party pitched their tents on the same dear old camping-ground. Before I left home I determined that I would win Alice Dayton's friendship, if it were possible. I felt that she would be a helpful and charming friend.

I found that a year had not changed our party very greatly. I fancied that Emma's face wore a more self-satisfied expression, as if she had listened to a great many compliments, and believed them all. Alice's face was more animated than before, and had the same charm of sweet, earnest womanliness. Emma was the same heedless, gay, mirth-loving creature, while Alice was always watching for an opportunity to render a kindness to some one.

Alice made many lasting friends that summer. One could not help loving her. Emma exclaimed to me, one day, "Isn't Alice Dayton just lovely? I wish I were half as good as she is; I suppose I never shall be, but I mean to try to be more like her, anyway."

Most stories close with a wedding in prospect. Mine is no exception to the general rule. Last week I met Alice in Boston, and she smilingly showed me a plain gold ring on her left hand. You may be interested to know that Frank Grover put it there.

School News.

AN invitation from Mrs. Wood, of West Newton, to see her collection of chrysanthemums, was joyfully accepted by many of the students. All testify that the display was exceedingly fine.

A NUMBER of new books have lately been placed in the library; among them, eleven volumes of Father Taylor's, and several histories.

N. B. THE Lasell procession which formerly wended its way through the streets of Auburndale at 4.30, can now be seen at 2.15.

DR. PORTER is giving a course of lectures on "Physiology and Hygiene," at the Seminary, again this year. They are enjoyed by both pupils and teachers.

THE Seniors consider themselves fortunate in having Rev. J. W. Bashford give the lectures on "Evidences of Christianity."

LASELL is to be commended for some of the fine opportunities which it extends to its girls. One which, evidently, is fully appreciated by all, is the privilege of attending some of the fine concerts in Boston.

Our season was opened Nov. 4th, and on that day sixty of us might have been seen crowding along the streets toward Music Hall, where, to some of us, Mme. Christine Nilsson was to make her first appearance. All reported the concert very fine, though its effect on some was remarkable, as they were heard to say, "O dear, I don't want to practice after hearing her." But, girls, change, and say you will be a Nilsson if by practicing you can become one.

A SERIES of three Mozart and Haydn evenings are to be given at the Seminary, Nov. 20th, Dec. 18th, and Jan. 16th, by Prof. J. A. Hills, assisted by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Miss K. Van Arhem, Mr. C. N. Allen, and Mr. Wulf Fries.

Lectures.

DR. JOHN LORD opened his course of four lectures Friday evening, Oct. 27th. The subject was Dante, in whom we became very much interested before the close of the evening. Oct. 28th he lectured on Michael Angelo, giving many interesting facts in the life of this great artist, and eloquently describing some of his greatest works. Nov. 8th came the lecture on Cromwell. In describing him, Dr. Lord said that the man he most resembled in person, was the one he least resembled in character — Benjamin Butler. In this lecture he described absolutism in the hands of a good man; while in the one on Richelieu, occurring Nov. 15th, he showed its effects in the hands of a bad man.

Throughout all the lectures we particularly noticed the nice choice of language and the great beauty of expression which they exhibited. The course has been very instructive as well as enjoyable to us, and we hope we shall have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Lord again at no distant day.

THE Star Lecture Course has again brought almost to our door an unusual array of talent. To believe that this means of culture and pleasure is appreciated, one need only see the long procession of girls winding its way to the church on the evenings of the entertainments. One evening we listen to the inimitable Gough, in his lecture on "London Lights and Shadows;" again, we are entertained by the Royal Hand-Bell Ringers, in their novel manner;

and are the more ready to listen to Geo. M. Towles' discourse on "Gladstone."

But the lecture of the course that seemed especially for us, was the one by Mrs. Livermore, on "What Shall We Do With Our Girls?" This question, agitated so much now, and so often to no purpose, was ably answered by Mrs. Livermore. She spoke of the position woman is gaining in this age; how man has ceased to look down upon her as a slave, and up to her as something of the angel type.

She plead for an education to fit her for her position in life, and to render her independent of circumstances. She said the reason so many girls failed in their seeking for an education, was due to a lack of aim in their education; that after they had obtained a certain amount of book-knowledge, there was nothing left for them but to sit at home and wait for a man to ask them to share his bark in his sail down the river of Time. Every girl, as well as every boy, should cultivate some talent, so that when occasion demands, she can turn it to practical account. Mrs. Livermore did not argue that a girl must lead a single life; on the contrary, she said that no single life could be a perfect one. As an illustration, she spoke of the fabulous birds, one with a right wing, one with a left, together forming the bird of Humanity. Alone, they were unable to fulfill the end of their creation; united, they were able to soar to the highest heavens.

Father Taylor.

ONE morning, not long since, we were pleasantly surprised by a call from Father Taylor. To many of us the name of this wonderful man has been a household word from our earliest recollections, and the opportunity of seeing him and of hearing him talk was a great privilege.

He is the founder of self-supporting missions, which, under his direction, have been so singularly successful. The greatest field of his work is South America, although he has done some work in almost every country.

The money by which he carries on his work is contributed by voluntary offerings, for Father Taylor has not the customary habit of passing the hat.

He spoke to us of the pressing need of lady teachers in all these places, and he urgently requested us to think over the subject.

He would respectfully call the attention of the Seniors to this field of labor which is thus so advantageously offered to them.

Lasell Leaves,

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From the Chair.

HERE it is Thanksgiving again, and our first term of school nearly finished. Those of us who are so fortunate as to live near by will go home for the short recess. But we must by no means call those who remain at school unfortunate. We find that they are rather to be envied than pitied, when we hear of the elegant Thanksgiving dinner, the "boxes" and "spreads," the Boston trips, and all the many frolics.

We are sure that we shall enjoy our Thanksgiving much more in that it was appointed before our new governor came into office. No doubt he would feel very much hurt if he knew it.

It is a good time now to compare the present with the past, and notice the great improvements that have been going on all these years. How few and meager would all the things seem compared to ours now!

Perhaps if we knew more about the old ways of celebrating Thanksgiving we should enjoy our holiday more. To New England, Thanksgiving has always been a

very pleasant and happy day, and a day when all the members of families wish to be together. Many years ago this could be accomplished only with great difficulty. If a member of a family happened to be employed in another part of the country, he had a toilsome journey on horseback or by stage to accomplish in order to reach home. This would often take more time than he could afford. But now, a few hours' ride on the cars will take one all over New England.

When we compare the present with the past in this way, we see how much more cause we have for thankfulness than they.

Make the most of your four days' vacation, girls, and be sure to be back in time for — Free Vocal.

WE little thought that when, last year, something was said about a new building on the knoll east of the Seminary, that our hopes would ever be realized—at least not until the dim future. But, as we learn, plans are already being drawn for this same building. It is to be a neat wooden structure, containing practice-rooms, gymnasium, and bowling-alley. The old gymnasium is to be made into a laboratory, which we know will have every convenience, as Mr. Burke himself is drawing the plans for it. The new building is to be connected with the Seminary by a covered bridge. It is to be completed before our school-year ends. Yes, really, "there is a good time coming" when we shall be able to study without hearing that most soothing music—scales; and when we can show our friends over the house without stumbling upon a girl practicing in every corner. We shall have a gymnasium to be proud of, and one which we shall not be ashamed to show to our college friends. Doubtless the Lasell girls, by their constant practicing in the gymnasium and bowling-alley, will become noted for their straight and arrow-like forms; and we shall no longer hear the warning tap of the pencil in the chapel.

We are also to have boats of our own, which are already being built. We have always hired of the boatman in town; but when we returned this fall we found that the (as we had supposed) prosperous man had failed. Imagine our consternation—no more boat-rides on the River Charles! When it was known that boats could not be obtained, orders were issued for some to be built; but it was too late for us to have the benefit of them this season. Next spring we anticipate many pleasant rows on the river. The boating-clubs will be able to go rowing oftener, and we shall not

be surprised sometime to hear of their competing with other clubs.

Our Home is rapidly improving, and the prophecy of "Lasell in 1892" bids fair to be fulfilled.

The First "Lasell Leaves."

IN the LEAVES for June, 1880, is given a short history of the paper, in which we find the following words: "On the evening of Nov. 20th, 1875, the first number of the LASELL LEAVES was produced and read to an interested circle," thus giving the paper the very respectable age of seven years,—the utmost that we thought it able to claim. Now, however, through the kindness of Mrs. Annie Ganear, of Springfield, Mass., we have come into possession of a very interesting document which clearly proves that there was a LASELL LEAVES in existence much farther back than 1875, and which ought to receive all the honors given to the later-comer, which, apparently, stole its predecessor's name, and assumed to itself an importance not its due.

Here are the facts of the case, as we have gleaned them from the document in question—nothing less than a copy of this "first and only original" LEAVES, and from consultation with those whose memory can give us aid in bringing truth and justice to light. In 1867 there flourished at Lasell a literary society,—the worthy mother of the "S. D." and the "Lasellia," whose members had assumed the unpretending name of the "Novices." Among other things, they established a paper, for their amusement and profit, which was read at their fortnightly meetings. This paper, the first number of which appeared Nov. 7, 1867, bore the now honored name of "LASELL LEAVES," and for a long time filled its appointed niche in the school-life of fifteen years ago.

But changes came; a new Principal took charge of the school; the "Novice" society was succeeded by the "S. D.," and the little paper was forgotten; to reappear, however, in 1875, in a new form, but with the same name, fresh for a stronger and bolder flight. It was thought even then that the name was entirely new, and the mistake has never been rectified; so we are glad to give honor where honor is due, and hasten to acknowledge in the modest society paper of the "Novices," fifteen years ago, the beginning of our present flourishing journal.

An account of this first number, with some extracts from its wit and wisdom, will

no doubt be very interesting to the many friends of the "LEAVES;" and if it should happen to meet one of the girls of those days, now perchance a grown matron, her smile and sigh at the memory of the old times will repay us for the trouble of preparing it—trouble which, to be sure, grows pleasant in the doing.

On the first page, beneath a cross bearing the mysterious letters "U. I. A. M.," the secret motto of the "Novices," we read the words, "LASELL LEAVES: A Journal of Literature, Fun, and Improvement. Auburn-dale, Mass. Edited by L. McCreary, A. Davis, A. Cuyler." Next comes the leading editorial, promising contributions for the new venture from several widely-known pens; after which follow various extracts, an ardent temperance article, and a *resumé* of the political news of the day. Of late, we seemed to have strayed away from early precedent in this matter of discussing the news of the day, and the "LEAVES" nowadays preserve a discreet silence on such abstruse and unfeminine topics.

Our little paper endeavored to be witty, also; with what success we leave the reader to judge, contenting ourselves with giving a few examples.

"'Time is money;' of course, else how could we 'spend an evening.'"

"One exceedingly warm day in June a man met one of his neighbors, and remarked, 'It is very hot.' 'Yes,' said he. 'If it were not for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw.' 'What is that?' inquired his friend. 'There's nothing frozen.' The man went his way."

Puns abound, as usual, and the unlucky Harvard student comes in for a gently satirical manner of treatment, in some syllogisms, which we commend to the careful study of the present Logic Class.

"Why is a Harvard student a goose? A goose is a biped; a Harvard student is a biped; therefore a Harvard student is a goose." "Why is Harvard College not an institution of learning? Lasell Seminary is an institution of learning; Harvard College is *not* Lasell Seminary; therefore Harvard College is *not* an institution of learning."

Apparently, Harvard students and Lasell girls have not changed much, in spite of the fifteen years given them since then in which to grow wiser.

We find, moreover, interesting bits of local news; for instance, that the "quiet village of Auburn-dale (sisters, it is quiet still!) was thrown into wild commotion by

the breaking out of a fire in the dwelling occupied by Albert Plummer." We are also informed that "the weather had been very cold for a few days previous to going to press;" and, finally, there is a long account, taken from a Boston paper, of a "fine entertainment given by the 'Novices,' a literary society connected with the Seminary." At this entertainment—can we believe it?—theatricals were actually performed,—French at that,—in which Miss Claflin, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor, "acted and spoke her part with a vivacity and perfection which would have won applause in a Parisian parlor." French pupils, degenerate daughters of to-day, take notice! The highly flattering account of the doings of that memorable evening closes with the comfortable assurance that "this school is probably the most flourishing ladies' seminary in the vicinity."

Glad to find that our dear mother LASELL was so happily situated in those far-away, half-forgotten days, we close the neat manuscript pages which have given us the pleasant picture, and begin again to "look forward, and not back," hoping all good things for the future of the little paper which the girls of fifteen years ago have bequeathed to us. Long may it prosper, and flourish gloriously!

A FRIEND OF THE "LEAVES."

Our Celebration of Hallowe'en.

To a visitor, the Gymnasium would have presented a lively scene on Hallowe'en. There all the fair maidens had assembled with a prospect of a good time, and the promise that the retiring-bell should not ring forth its doleful summons until one hour later than usual. The one topic of conversation seemed to be "apples;" and well it might be, for they were everywhere,—in tubs, rolling about the floor, suspended from the ceiling, and in every conceivable place. Indeed, a row of cores gradually increased in length along the window-sills. Many were the fair maidens who received impromptu baths while vainly bobbing for them in the tubs.

After awhile we were ordered into two lines, while our sprightly Principal rolled apples along the floor into our midst. But in the height of this hilarity the bell summoned us to our downy couches, and we regretfully retired from the scene of frolic.

MEN's lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer—aglow with promise; and like the autumn—rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field."

The Lasell European Trip.

It was on one of the pleasantest of June days that the steamer "Devonia" left New York, carrying among her passengers the three dozen fortunate ones who made up the Lasell European party for 1882.

The outward voyage was unusually smooth and pleasant. So far from suffering with cold, the warmth was for a week almost oppressive, and the victims to sea-sickness were very few. But the monotony of ship-life made us all glad when it was over, and eager for the sight of what was, to many, a new world.

The eleventh day of our journey found us safely in Glasgow. The following day, our first of sight-seeing, was spent at the Lakes. The weather was perfect (a great boon in Scotland), and the beauties of Lochs Lomond, Katrine, and Achray were seen to the best advantage. No day of the trip was enjoyed with greater zest than this, the first. In the afternoon we stopped at Stirling, and visited the castle, reaching Glasgow in the evening.

It will not do to linger too long in Scotland, though much might be said of all that we saw in Edinburgh, one of the most fascinating of cities; of Holyrood; of Melrose, with its great abbey; and of Abbotsford, so full of precious memories of Sir Walter, as the neighbors still call him.

We soon left all this behind us, and went over the North Sea to Holland. The North Sea is a painful memory, and we are quite sure that this is the one thing that we "did" so thoroughly, that we never want to see it again. It was soon forgotten, however, in the quaint sights of Holland: the windmills, everywhere dotting the horizon; the canals; the flat meadows, with thin herds of black and white cows; the wooden shoes, and the strange language. Amsterdam was probably the oddest city of all. The Hague, being the capital, has more of a modern air, and less of the native peculiarities. After a few days in Antwerp we passed over to Germany, stopping first at Cologne, to see the great cathedral; then, by a two days' sail on the Rhine, to Biberich, where we took carriages to Weisbaden. Here we had a glimpse of a fashionable German watering-place. Our next resting-place was Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we spent a quiet Sunday, turning southward from there to Nuremberg and Munich. In the latter place the art treasures were our greatest delight. This was the last stopping-place in Germany, as our next move brought us to Linz, where we took a steamer, and after a delightful day on the

Danube reached Vienna. The Danube is by no means "blue," but is, if possible, muddier than the Rhine. At Vienna we went the very first evening to hear the celebrated Strauss orchestra, at the Volksgarten, and were by no means disappointed. We had an "ice," too, which was quite equal to the reputation of that article in Vienna.

We should make this brief account read too much like the little printed itinerary which we followed, to attempt an account of our wanderings in Vienna and over the Semmering into Italy. At Venice some of us were so lucky as to see the lovely young queen — our only glimpse of royalty. We trust that we had the proper emotions on the Bridge of Sighs and in St. Mark's; but for a day or two it was too warm to lose one's self-consciousness. Florence, Rome, and Naples gave us so much hard work, in the way of galleries and museums, that we were glad, after a precious day at Milan, to find ourselves for a Sunday on the lovely Lake of Como, at Cadenabbia.

A day's journey, and a most interesting one, brought us, by the St. Gothard, into Switzerland and to the top of the Rigi. Then it was that the world turned to chaos, and we, to all appearances, on an island in the midst, consoled ourselves on bread and honey, and diligently read accounts of the superb prospect in our guide-books. We dropped out of the mist on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and the remainder of our Swiss trip was under fair skies. At Interlaken the Jungfrau was in the most gracious mood, and the day at Grindelwald showed us the snowy peaks in all their icy splendor.

We wended our way back to Glasgow by Paris and London, making a ten days' stay in either place, and finding every day too short for all that we wanted to do in it. The journey from London to Glasgow was broken by stops at Leamington and the Lakes, waking in us many historical and literary reminiscences, and giving us a taste of the rich resources of England.

Of the voyage home, perhaps the less said the better, and we will not close with a dismal word of this most successful summer.

"A FATHER pays \$500 to educate his daughter, \$50 to enable her to say "good-day in French," \$100 to give her lessons in painting, \$25 to teach her to dance. She then marries a man who is working on a salary of \$14 per week. How much will she save by doing her own kitchen-work for five years, estimating a girl's salary at \$2.50 per week?"

Personals.

WE are glad to count several new girls among our number.

MANY of the girls have been favored with visits from their parents.

LU ORRELL has made us two flying visits.

THE "twins" were overjoyed by a visit from their sister Mamie.

POLLIE STEBBINS is continuing her studies in French, music, and painting at home.

KITT FORSYTH is taking painting-lessons in Scranton, Penn.

MISS GILMORE, one of our former graduates and teachers, is spending a few days among us.

HAPPINESS reigned in three hearts, at least, when Mrs. Lowe visited Lasell.

A LETTER from Germany informed us that Abbie Turner was continuing her musical studies in foreign lands, under very favorable circumstances.

CLEMMIE BUTLER anticipates a visit with her parents to India, the coming year. A "Letter from India" from a friend and schoolmate will make up part of the contents of a future number of the "LEAVES," we hope.

WE were pleased to have Etta Jones among us one evening, and were delighted to hear again her sweet voice.

CLARA PRENTISS has reached home after a seven month's trip on the Continent.

CLASS OF '82.—Two of this renowned class are profitably passing away their time at home; two are here as post-graduates; the fifth is anticipating a visit to Philadelphia, and the sixth is married.

BIRDIE MASON is studying at the Students' Art League, New York. Emily Shiff thinks of carrying on her study of art in like manner.

ANNA BEACH is now in Orange, N. J.

Two more of our girls have thought best to change their names — Miss Leonard and Miss Haskell.

MISS H — has discovered that Miss M — knows somebody whom she has met; consequently there is no lack of conversation when they are together.

AN unexpected visit from Mr. Shiff was fully appreciated by his daughters, Tessie and Florence.

WE were sorry to hear, through a very pleasant letter from Lou Savage, that she is not very strong. She will spend the winter in New Brunswick.

NINA BARTHOLOMEW was obliged, on account of her health, to return to her home. We hope to see her with us again, after Christmas.

THE following was clipped from a Toledo paper: "Miss Emily Peabody, of Madisonville, and Miss Grace Fibley, of Marion, two charming Lasell graduates, spent Sunday with Miss Fannie Baker, of this city."

Semitones.

A GOOD dinner soon.

A PAIR of shoes for sale in No. 60.

GIRLS, exert yourselves, and stand better in your examinations next month.

RETURNS from Lasell gave Bishop 104, Butler 12, and Almy 3.

THE Lasell Orchestra will give its first entertainment, Feb. 29, 1883.

THE most dangerous thing uncaged,—a full-fledged Senior.

THE solar system is well represented at the French table.

THE Seniors have a "House" all to themselves.

WHY did Miss B. L. look so sad on Hallowe'en? Her spirits were "Lowe."

MISS H. is in a "Peck" of trouble.

WHY is a cat like a comet? *Ans.* Because it has a tail. (How witty.)

ANIMATED Freshman.—"Who was Michael Angelo, and what did he write?"

How came the bed in No. 56 broken down? The occupants therein had "bedder" keep it up.

STEW for breakfast, stew for dinner, stew for supper. That "stew" bad.

Who were the girls that didn't "fess up?"

ONE of our good French scholars was asked when she took her music lesson. "A quarter to five, or four forty-five, I really have forgotten which," was the meek reply.

THE "Miller" mistook the pepper for the meal, Hallowe'en.

WE are sorry to see that Miss M. has a sty on one of the plate-glass windows to her soul.

Whatever I do, and whatever I say,
Miss C. says *that* isn't the way.
When she was a girl thirty summers ago,
Miss C. says *they* didn't do so.

A HIGHLY classical poem, entitled, "Peppermint," is in preparation for the "LEAVES." We hope to present it to our readers next month.

PROF. B. created quite a sensation by making a horrible pun. Dew,— due,— do let's stop.

ACCORDING to the latest report of an interested Senior, the comet is still bright in the early hours of morn.

Now at the East Hall window,
Like a flock of ghosts on a spree,
Gathered thirty ghostly figures,
That comet for to see.

ONE of the Seniors is desirous of introducing the Phonetic system of spelling. She illustrates her theory by spelling buxom, *bucksome*.

"I THOUGHT it was not known that the world was round until Columbus discovered America."

LASELL girls did not let Hallowe'en pass by unobserved. The racket was kept up in different parts of the house, but nothing could be seen save a white, ghostly vision flitting through the halls.

A PUPIL in Physical Geography asked the simple question, "What is wind?" She evidently had not heard the Lasellia debate on "uniforms."

THE Lasell bouquet is mostly composed of sweet "Williams."

SINCE the Exchanges were written, we find that the Harvard petition for the extension of Thanksgiving recess has not been granted. They have our sympathies.

"No matter how loose an engagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around on the inside of a lady's finger."

A SPECIAL was heard to remark, "Oh! I am so sorry Nilsson is coming in the afternoon; I just hate afternoon matinees."

PROF.—"Music scholars please raise their hands." Up went the hands. "Why! Miss W., do you take music?" Miss W.—"Yes, sir; I take violin, and *that's* music." Prof.—"*That* depends."

ONE of our new girls inquired if you had to do anything if you joined the Publishing Association. "O, no; none but the *smart* ones have to do anything," was the answer.

"You know how in sea-shells you can hear the sound of the sea." "Why! did you ever put up a shell to your ear that you *did not* hear it?" "Yes, a clam-shell."

Two girls were passing the Episcopal Church, and seeing the wheel behind it, one exclaimed, "Why, what do you suppose that wheel is for?" "To steer the church with," was the reply.

A Lesson in United States History.

HAVING intended to go to the beach on the 23d of October, but the weather not being suitable, Professor Bragdon led a band of pilgrims to some of the remarkable tombs and battle-fields in this very historical vicinity.

At nine o'clock we started, three barges of human freight, well provided with wraps and lunch.

The large watch-factory at Waltham was the first object of interest on the way, and it is peculiar to know how many of the girls have Waltham watches.

The day was cloudy, but the spirits of the girls made up for the want of sunshine; and the bits of landscape painted by the bright foliage of the trees made the ride to Concord very pleasant. Arrived there, we all got out at Old Hill Burying-Ground, to see the tomb of William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The procession then embarked, and proceeded to Sleepy-Hollow Cemetery. There the graves of Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, marked by no ostentatious monuments, inspired one with a feeling of unworldliness well in keeping with the characters of these truly great men. The grave of Emerson was covered with fresh flowers and ferns. It is situated between two large pine-trees, in a manner indicative of the strength and integrity of his soul. Hawthorne's grave is overgrown with myrtle, from which, though it seemed almost a desecration, we were allowed to take pieces as souvenirs.

Near by is the Jones house, of Revolutionary fame, now owned by Mr. Keys, who kindly offered to show us over his premises. By the door into the back wing of the building is the stone over which Colonel Davis fell, in the battle of North-bridge, and there are the blood-stains(?) on it

still. Above it is a bullet-hole made by the British when they were retreating in the same battle.

There is a mantel-piece in the parlor which is Mr. Keys' special pride. It is one that was in the House of Representatives at Washington before the Civil War, and bears the marks (they are not labelled) of many of the eminent men of that time.

Just across the road from here is the Old Manse. There is an odd story connected with it that is not generally known. It was once a boarding-school, and each of the thirteen girl-pupils planted a tree by the road which leads up to the house. One tree and one old lady are still alive.

Posted on a pine-tree a short distance from the Manse is a sign-board, on which is written the following date: "April 14, 1775." Here, then, was where one of the first battles for liberty was fought. On this historical ground we ate our lunch.

Returning by way of Lexington, we passed Louise M. Alcott's home, and we almost expected to see Laurie's house next door, but instead is "Wayside," Hawthorne's former home, with the queer little room on the top of the house where he wrote so many of his noted works.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's daughter lives in the old home, and not far from there is "Walden," Thoreau's former home.

We rode around the commons at Lexington, where, in those exciting times, the militia drilled, and stopped at the town-pump to get a drink.

We got home about four o'clock; and, much to our disappointment, in good time for Free Vocal.

Exchanges.

"Quemque Nullo Discrimine Habebo."

IN looking over our Exchanges, we find publications from the far West, from down South, and from colleges and academies nearer home. There is a certain sameness about them, yet nearly all of them have an individuality of their own. Most of them look as if they had some life and animation; others as if this was the last number we might expect. Nearly all have something to say about the "four-o'clock comet," and the colds resulting from making its acquaintance. It is remarkable that as soon as one college paper publishes an unusually flat joke, or mean pun, it will be quoted by a dozen others in their next issue.

The *Brunonian* comes to us with its new cover, and seems much improved since last year. It appears to be a very sensible and

well-written paper. An article on "College Libraries" is very interesting. It says it is true that some students do not use the libraries as much as they ought, thereby depriving themselves of the advantages of some of the finest libraries, and losing considerable knowledge of books which would be of great assistance.

We welcome the *Wheelman* to our list of Exchanges. Though it is devoted to the interests of the bicycling world, still we find it very readable. Some of its illustrations are very good.

Now that the Harvard-Columbia question is dropped, election is over, and Daniel Pratt is not taking up collections, the Harvard papers seem lost, and so have taken to publishing "facts," not complaints, be it distinctly understood, silly tales and meaningless jokes, and giving more news of other colleges than of their own. We hope they will have their Thanksgiving petition granted, and thus refresh themselves for a new start.

In the *Exonian* is an article which begins, "'Money is the root of all evil,' said Solomon." Strange things for "Solomon in all his glory" to say. We would respectfully refer the *Exonian* to 1 Tim. vi. 10, where it will find that "The love of money is the root of all evil."

We would welcome the *Latin School Register*, and wish it success. With the same wide range of subjects, and not quite so many attempts at rhyme, it bids fair to take its place among the student papers of the country.

We recently heard a remark made by a Middletown gentleman to the effect that the *Leaves* compared favorably with the *Argus*. Thanks. We have not decided whether to esteem it a compliment or not. The aim of the *Argus* is to furnish the news of the college to the students and alumnæ, without paying especial attention to literary articles or items of interest to outsiders. Of the success of the former part we are not in a position to judge; of the latter, we congratulate them heartily.

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A Cariole Trip in Norway; Russian Orphan Asylums; Peabody Homes and other London Charities; Literary London; Woman's Philanthropic Work in London,—six articles by Mrs. SARAH K. BOLTON.

Land Agitations in Europe; The ex-Empress Eugenie; Princely Pensions in England; The Future of Egypt,—four articles by GEORGE M. TOWLE.

London and Paris; English, French, Swiss, and German Railways; The Common Places of European Travel; England and the Continent,—four articles by Rev. EDWARD ABBOTT.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1882.

NUMBER 3.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

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Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then from each black, accursed mouth,
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stone of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With "peace on earth, good will to men!"

— Longfellow.

Christmas.

"Peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wondrous whist,
Smoothly the water kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave;
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave."

It is in commemoration of this event, so beautifully described by Milton, that we celebrate annually our Christmas festival. Though all Christendom takes notice of this festal season, yet the nature of its celebration differs in certain particulars in the different nations.

Christmas is what we make it; and there is no better way to make it than in accordance with Dickens' definition, "A kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

This anniversary was first instituted a little before the year A. D. 138, by Pope Telesphorus. We read that it was the most movable of all festive days, occurring sometimes in January, sometimes in April. Sometime later, investigation was made by Pope Julius I. The day agreed upon by all was December 25th, though for no authentic reason. It was to be a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival. The latter has been complied with; has the former, in most cases?

To trace the history of this strictly Christian fête day, into which so many traditions have worked their way, would be tedious; but the manner in which it is observed in some countries would perhaps be worthy of note.

In England one could probably find more merry scenes on Christmas Eve than in any other part of the world. Irving, in his sketch of "Christmas Eve," carries us, in imagination, into a typical scene of this kind. He writes that after arriving at the old English residence on the eventful evening, and the greeting over, he was ushered at once into a large, old-fashioned hall where the company were assembled. In his vivid manner he tells us that "the company was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens." With such a company as this, we fail to see how a good time could have been avoided.

We have the Italian proverb "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas," but we have never seen but very few people to whom this could have been applied. The variety of dishes which are constructed at this season is truly remarkable. Many of them are emblematical. The "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" gives, for example, as the significance of mince-pie, the wise men bringing their rich gifts as an offering. At Queen's College, Oxford, the

first and favorite dish is a soused boar's head. This custom, according to tradition, originated in commemoration of the bravery of a student. He was walking, while reading Aristotle, and was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. Facing the beast, he choked it to death with the volume, crying, "Græcum est." This event has since been observed. The dish is brought in to the chant of the half-Latin ditty:—

*"Caput apri defero
Reddens landes Domino,
The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrely
Qui estis in convivio."*

The following rhyme brings out some further ideas:—

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

If there is one thing in which we envy England, it is in her celebration of this season. We never have had it, and we never shall, for we cannot comply with all the conditions. To be sure, we might have a gathering which should include "superannuated spinsters," as well as "boarding-school hoydens," but we have not the grand old country residences, nor the inspiration and encouragement of our forefathers. The few customs which we are now gradually accepting, after the damper placed upon us by our respected Pilgrim Fathers, are derived from the Germans. It is from them we get our idea of the Christmas-tree. There exists, also, in the minds of the German children a hoary-headed man almost identical with our Santa-Claus, who is supposed to distribute gifts at the different homes. Can we ever thank our friends across the water enough for this idea? For what would our language, or our existence, be without

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse?"

As the merriest day in all the year now draws nigh, permit us to wish all our readers a "Merry Christmas;" and we would also commend to their consideration the following couplet:—

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The Grinnell Tornado.

AMONG the many places visited by tornadoes during the past summer, was the little town of Grinnell, Iowa. On the evening of the seventeenth of June the sky suddenly darkened, and a rumbling noise as of a train was heard. In a moment there appeared in the north-west a great funnel-shaped cloud whirling through the air, and rapidly descending. It reached the earth at the north-western part of the town, and tore through to the eastward, leaving death and desolation where all had been life and beauty.

The path of the storm was several squares in width, and extended from the western limits through the town and into the country beyond. The wind was frightful, carrying men, horses, wagons, and all kinds of objects through the air before it.

At the same time the cloud broke, and its floods poured down till the water was over three feet deep. In a few minutes the storm was past; but there remained an impenetrable darkness. No words can picture the horror of that awful night to those who went about seeking the dead and dying—searching by the flickering light of a lantern for the mangled remains of a relative or friend amid the ruins of what had been a beautiful home. All night the work went on, and on the morning of the eighteenth the sun shone forth revealing the dire devastation.

Where the tornado first struck, and for a distance of several squares, the houses and stables were blown to pieces, and literally ground and scattered about like dead leaves by the wind. No one could tell where the streets or alleys had been, and it was impossible to determine where the different houses had stood unless one could find the cellars. Many persons living in these houses were killed, and nearly all were more or less injured. Here and there in the debris lay dead horses, cattle, dogs, and numbers of chickens from which the wind had stripped every feather. One little fruit-tree stood there which looked as if it were full of bloom; but when we approached it

we saw it was full of feathers. The wind had torn the bark away, and a ragged ticking near by showed where the feathers came from; but what made them stay on the branches is a mystery.

We have seen several pieces taken from this tree which remain just as they were on that memorable day—as full as if they had been dipped in glue and then in feathers.

East of the demolished buildings stood the buildings of Iowa College. Very few of the pupils board in the school, and, as it was Saturday evening, there were only eight of the students in one of the buildings, in the third story, and none in the other. The first large building, with its massive walls, was blown to fragments, as if made of cards.

The students fell among the ruins, and, by a seeming miracle, but one was killed. In looking at the places from which they were rescued, and considering the height from which they fell, it seems wonderful that they were not all crushed to atoms.

The tornado tore off the roof and one side of the other building. In the upper story was the laboratory, and certain chemicals, uniting, caused a fire, which completed the work of the cyclone.

East of the college was a railway. At the moment the tornado reached it a long freight train, carrying grain and hogs, was passing. This train, including the engine and all the cars, was lifted up and overturned. The grain was ruined, and much of it washed away by the flood, and only one poor pig escaped with his life.

Beyond the railway the destruction was not so complete, but there were a number of houses so damaged that it was necessary to tear them down.

Several houses were carried off their foundations, and one was caught up in the air and deposited upside down in the next yard. The family, all of whom sustained severe injuries, were taken out by cutting a hole in the wall.

Here the storm ended; but it will take years to wipe away its dreadful effects, and all who saw the fearful ruin will pray that they may be spared such a calamity.

By a special bulletin, issued by the Census Bureau at Washington, it is shown that Iowa has only 2.4 per cent of persons over 10 years of age who are unable to read, and 3.9 per cent who cannot write—a smaller exhibit of illiteracy than any other State in the Union.

LASELL SEMINARY,

AUBURNDALE, MASS.,

Nov. 20 and Dec. 18, 1882, and Jan. 16, 1883, at 7.30 o'clock,

MOZART AND HAYDN EVENINGS,

BY

Mr. JOSEPH A. HILLS,

With the assistance of Mrs. HUMPHREY ALLEN, Miss K. VAN ARNHEM, Mr. C. N. ALLEN, and Mr. WULF FRIES.

The first concert of the course was given in the chapel, Nov. 20th, and the following programme was presented:—

PROGRAMME.

TRIO. No. 7 Haydn.
Allegro moderato—Andante—Finale.
MESSRS. ALLEN, FRIES, AND HILLS.
"My mother bids me bind my hair," . Haydn.
"Why asks my fair one if I love her?" Haydn.
SONGS. "She never told her love" . . . Haydn.
The Vision Mozart.
Lullaby Mozart.

MRS. ALLEN.

FANTASIA in C minor Mozart.
Adagio—Allegro—Andantino—piu Allegro—Adagio.
SONATA in C minor Mozart.
Allegro molto—Adagio—Allegro assai.

MR. HILLS.

TRIO. No. 1 Mozart.
Allegro—Andante—Allegretto—Adagio and Finale.
MESSRS. ALLEN, FRIES, AND HILLS.

The artists were received with enthusiasm by the young women and by the many strangers who were present. The esteem with which Prof. Hills is regarded by the students was quite marked. Mrs. Allen's singing was particularly fine, and Messrs. Allen and Fries were received with the usual cordiality.

These concerts are repetitions of a series given in Boston. It may be interesting to know what one of the Boston papers said of the first:—

... "It was an extremely delightful concert in every important particular, and no one can doubt the value of such a concert as an educating agent. So great prominence is now given to the works of modern composers on our classical programmes, that it is well worth while, occasionally, to drink deeply of the pure waters of the early classics, undiluted and uncontaminated by the distillations of modern composers, rare and richly flavored as many of them may be. The programme was well representative of the chamber music of these two fathers of symphonic writing. Haydn and Mozart would have found in Mr. Hills an interpreter after their own hearts, judging from their recorded utterances in regard to what constitutes good piano playing, as well as from what their works tell of their view. Finely equipped with all the accomplishments of a finished artist, he indulges in no mere show of them, but rather makes them his effective instruments in echoing the artless but divine periods of these old masters of form. His

playing is the extreme of simplicity, and through the medium of such a style, Mozart and Haydn, of all composers, stand out in all their native glory. We should have to go far beyond our limits of space if we attempted to say all we would of Mrs. Allen's singing; it was extremely fine, and we might think these songs had been written particularly for her, so happily do they fit her peculiar powers."

School News.

DR. T. M. BUCKLEY, Editor of *The Christian Advocate*, New York City, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. J. T. Duryea, of Boston, will deliver the Commencement address, at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, next June.

TEN girls took their first lesson in dress-cutting, Thursday, December 7th.

THE Transit of Venus was the occasion of much excitement among the girls. In order to prepare them for the strange sight which they were destined to see, Prof. Burke gave a remarkably clear and concise explanation of the phenomenon, illustrated by maps and diagrams.

The eye-piece of the telescope was removed, so that the image of the sun and planet crossing its disk could be thrown on a piece of white paper. Drawings were made at different times, and thus the direction which the planet took was clearly outlined. All of the pupils saw the transit, either by means of smoked glass or the telescope; and one young lady was heard to remark, "I shall be sure to know what it is if I ever see another transit, for it looks just like a musquito."

THE "S. D." Society is flourishing, and much interest seems to be taken in the debates, both by the old members and the new.

At a recent meeting of the Lasellia Club the following officers were elected:—

President,	Abbie Goodale.
Vice-President,	May Miller.
Secretary,	Emma Choate.
Treasurer,	Blanche Jones.
Critic,	Bertha Morrisson.
Guard,	Lydia Starr.
Assistant Guard,	Effie Miles.

THE A. B. C., although dating its origin no farther back than last spring, is flourishing finely, and the number has lately been increased by the addition of four new members.

These twelve happy mortals are now rejoicing in the possession of new pins.

MR. STODDARD's lecture of December 9th, on "The Splendors of Switzerland," proved very enjoyable to the few girls who availed themselves of Prof. Burke's kind offer to escort them thither. Mr. Stoddard is a delightful lecturer, and the fine views of which he makes use in illustration are most instructive. We hope we may soon again have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Stoddard in some subsequent lecture of his course.

THE sixth annual course of Object Lessons in Cookery have begun, under the direction of Mrs. O. C. Daniell, and will continue until April. Having tested the deliciousness of certain dishes during the Thanksgiving recess, we came back early on Monday, December 4th, and prepared the composition of some of them. To the disappointment of most of us the lecture was postponed until December 11th, when the programme was as follows:—

Fricassee of Chicken. Cream-Tartar Biscuit.
Steamed Apple Pudding. Creamy Sauce.

December 18.

Roast Mutton. Mashed Potatoes.
Boiled Hominy. Steamed Custards.

The Practice Cooking-Classes number three this year. Two of these classes are just beginning the study of the culinary art; the other is advanced.

AN auction of found and unclaimed articles occurred Saturday evening, November 25th. The scene was a lively one for a few minutes, and the receipts, which were devoted to charitable purposes, amounted to a considerable sum. We envy the girl who could afford to pay eight cents for a small button, or a dollar and a quarter for a worn-out umbrella.

THE "Monday questions" of former times are revived, and occur Tuesday mornings. The following are some of them:—

The difference between a day's journey and a Sabbath-day's journey, as mentioned in the Bible?

What are the two oldest towns in the United States, and the dates of their settlement?

Name the twelve Apostles.

What direction is the North Pole from Australia?

What is the central city of the United States?

What are the seven wonders of the world? Which of them are in existence to-day?

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From the Chair.

CHRISTMAS is close at hand, and one term of the school year is nearly over. We are busy with our little gifts for the dear ones at home; we have paid back those few stamps we borrowed, and have tried in vain to balance those account-books in which "charity" covers a multitude of sins. In a few days we will be in our homes again. Most of us return for the first time in three months, and the vacation will fly very swiftly, there is so much to tell, so much to do; and perhaps as swiftly for those who are fortunate in having homes nearer. As we close our books and take our departure, we think of the good resolutions with which we started the term. We were going to study very hard, learn a great deal, stand up straight, and be "self-governed;" but

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

We *have* studied hard — Oh, yes! — we *have* learned a great deal, we *do* stand straighter, but we are not *all* "self-governed."

When we come back after the Holidays, it will be 1883 (how odd it seems!). All the resolutions of the New Year will not be forgotten. Some of us will begin new branches of study; refreshed by the vacation, the others will be prepared to go on with new energy with the old; we will have become well acquainted with Lasell and with each other, and ready to welcome any new ones who may join us, remembering that we were new once. In fact, next term Lasell will be surprised at the wonderful development of her daughters in all good works.

IN the *Newton Journal* of the 9th, appears the following: "The last number of LASELL LEAVES has an editorial referring to the early days of that excellent college paper, in which is contrasted the contents of one of the early numbers with those of to-day. The article, after reviewing the departments of the old number, says it had a résumé of the political news of the day, and adds: 'Of late, we seemed to have strayed away from early precedent in this matter of discussing the news of the day, and the LEAVES nowadays preserves a discreet silence on such abstruse and unfeminine topics.' Are we to infer that the sentiment of 'woman's rights' receives the cold shoulder among the daughters of Lasell?"

The writer of the above-quoted article had no intention of conveying the idea that political news is too deep for the feminine intellect, or that "woman's rights" are disregarded at Lasell. Rather, that the LASELL LEAVES, the exponent of Lasell news, is not the place for advocating views upon temperance and politics. Lasell, though it may not favor "woman's rights," in the repulsive sense of the term, does favor the rights of women. We believe that the day has passed for women to be satisfied with a butterfly existence, and to live only for the admiration of men; and every means is here used to prepare the future women that they may be entitled to, and able to use, their rights.

THE Examining Committee seem to promise to be good for something this year. Instead of coming on Commencement Day, to hear a good speech and eat a good dinner with us,—by which process examining committees usually affirm that they have become "well acquainted with the working of this admirable school,"—they are coming

in sections, each man and woman when the notion takes her (why not "her" as well as "him" to mean both?), and will drop in on our classes without even so much as "ahem." We are glad of it. It looks as if they really wanted to know what we are doing, and for our part we are willing to trust the impression of the "daily work." Rev. D. E. Miller, of Vermont, with his wife, made the advance-ward; Dr. W. R. Clark, of Jamaica Plain, came next. We were only sorry they could stay so little time. Lasell has too many departments, is too much of a school, to be seen in a day. Come often, friends, and see, and judge, and counsel. Rev. and Mrs. Kendig, of Lynn, and Layman Hoyt and wife, of Springfield, may be expected every day, girls.

Ten important Seniors sitting in a line,
One played the organ, and then there were but nine.

Nine important Seniors learning to debate,
One lost the argument, and then there were but eight.

Eight important Seniors, somewhat after 'leven,
A half-hour's recitation made them only seven.

Seven important Seniors up to many tricks,
One got caught, and then there were but six.

Six important Seniors feeling scarce alive,
One made an awful pun, and then there were but five.

Five important Seniors walking on the floor,
One slipped down, and then there were but four.

Four important Seniors the Transit went to see,
One saw the egress, and then there but three.

Three important Seniors studying best they knew,
One learned her logic, and then there were but two.

Two important Seniors weighing 'bout a ton,
One fell out the window, and then there was one.

One important Senior having no fun,
Gradually pined away, and then there were none.

A prize to the person who can pronounce the following words correctly:—

1. Acoustics.
2. Pronunciation.
3. Ordeal.
4. Placard.
5. Cañon.
6. Bade.
7. Greasy.
8. Disputant.
9. Stalwart.
10. Area.
11. Deficit.
12. Sacrifice.
13. Allopathy.
14. Heinous.
15. Zoölogy.
16. Inquiry.
17. Enervated.
18. Irreparable.
19. Leisure.
20. Israel.
21. Interesting.
22. Simultaneous.
23. Sacrilegious.
24. Horizon.

Thanksgiving Vacation.

Ask different girls about the Thanksgiving vacation, and you will hear very different tales. Those who knew that Thanksgiving away from home could be nothing but dismal, found it as they expected; those who decided to wait and see what time would reveal, found their waiting had not been in vain; while those who decided to have a good time, "come what will," found their good time exceeded their most sanguine expectations. If there was a time when thoughts were most apt to wander to scenes of a year ago, it was when the girls were preparing to depart to their several homes. But Wednesday afternoon saw the fall of a heavy snow and a shower of Thanksgiving boxes, and the falling spirits began to rise. When the contents of the one were devoured, the next thing in order was to test the other. So Thursday morning our music was the music of jingling bells, and only to prepare for the store of good things before us, did we abandon the delights of sleighing.

The Thanksgiving dinner-bell summoned us to a dining-room presenting a very festive appearance. The tables were beautifully decorated, and furnished the following menu:—

SOUPS.			
Oyster.	Mock Turtle.		
Crackers.	Pickles.		
FISH.			
Lake Trout, Maitre de Hotel Sauce.			
Saratoga Potatoes.	White Mountain Rolls.		
ROASTS.			
Turkey.	Oyster-Stuffing and Sauce.	Goose.	
	Cranberry Sauce.	Lemon Jelly.	
ENTREES.			
Chicken Pie.	Potted Pigeon.	Celery.	
COLD MEATS.			
Ham.	Tongue.	Lobster Salad.	
VEGETABLES.			
Mashed White Potatoes.			
Griddled Sweet Potatoes.	Onions.	Squash.	
Canned Corn.	Peas.	Tomatoes.	
PUDDINGS.			
Cocoanut.	Snow.		
PIES.			
Minee.	Apple.	Squash.	Lemon.
DESSERT.			
Vanilla and Chocolate Ice-Cream.			
Fruit Cake.	Gold and Silver Cake.		
	Sponge Cake.		
Assorted Nuts.	Raisins.	Candy.	
Bananas.	Grapes.	Oranges.	
Doughnuts.	Coffee.	Cheese.	

The Thanksgiving dinner was by no means the only feature of the vacation. There were the spreads, the fancy-dress

parties, the trips to Boston; and when all was over we felt that we had had enough dissipation to satisfy any reasonable desire.

A Few Days in the Catskills.

IN the summer of 1881 I had the good fortune to spend a few weeks in Sangerties, a charming village on the western side of the Hudson River, one hundred miles from the city of New York.

The young lady whom I visited was, like myself, fond of out-door life, and we passed many happy hours in walking or riding over the quiet, winding country roads, or in rowing on Esopus Creek—a beautiful stream, which, as my friend said, "would quite likely be called a river if it were not so near the Hudson." Occasionally, in our walks or drives, we would stop on some hill from which we could have a view of the broad Hudson and the adjacent country, with the Catskill Mountains in the distance standing out distinctly against the blue summer sky. At such times neither of us seemed inclined to talk; we would gaze silently at the beautiful river, following with our eyes the course of some white-sailed boat or swiftly-moving steamer; or, as was more often the case, we would watch the fleecy clouds float past some high peak of the mountains. And often, while drifting idly on the creek, I would listen while my friend described some of the charming bits of nature that are to be found all along the river and among the mountains. Her descriptions of the mountain scenery particularly fascinated me. I remembered what pleasure the White Mountains had given me, two summers before, and I longed to see if the scenery in the Catskills equaled in beauty the country around Mt. Washington. At first my longing seemed merely an idle wish, but my friend was almost as eager to revisit these mountains as I was to visit them for the first time; and, after wishing and planning, we decided that "we must and would spend at least a few days in the Catskills." And how much enjoyment we crowded into that short trip!

We left Sangerties, one lovely August day, early in the afternoon. The first part of our journey consisted of a pleasant drive past green meadows, white fields of buckwheat, and substantial-looking country homes. Then we began to ascend, and were soon upon the true mountain roads—steep, narrow, rocky roads, up which the horses toiled slowly. After five or six miles of this rough riding we reached our

destination for the night—a small hotel on Plattekill Mountain. By the time we had done justice to the welcome supper, it was too late for anything more than a short walk before dark. But we rose early the next morning, and clambered down Plattekill Falls before breakfast. In less than ten minutes after we left the hotel I had made a discovery—that my companion knew a great deal more about mountain-climbing than I. Kindly allowing her to go ahead, so that she might not see my awkward movements, I cautiously endeavored to imitate her agile springs from rock to rock. We carried back to the hotel a few ferns, and remarkable appetites.

After breakfast we took a carriage for the village of Hunter, driving through Stony Clove, where ice may always be found, if one has the patience to search for it, under the huge boulders which lie piled one upon another; at least so our driver told us, and I could almost believe him, for although the day was extremely warm, the air in the Clove was quite chilly. For the sake of those who perhaps are as ignorant as I was, I will explain that a "clove" is simply a narrow valley between two mountains like what, in the White Mountains, is called a notch.

Just before noon we reached Hunter, and I fell in love with the place at first sight. Situated in a long, narrow valley, the village seeks in one direction the space which is denied it in another, and comprises one long street, that has a line of houses on each side. The mountains round about seem to shut out the rest of the world, and give a delightful air of seclusion and protection to the little village. We alighted at the Hunter House, and after a rather unsuccessful attempt to remove the thick dust which had settled upon us during our ride, our ears were delighted by the suggestive music of the dinner-bell.

After dinner we visited "Lovers' Glen," a romantic spot in the quiet valley, where large, mossy rocks form a secluded nook, through which a sparkling mountain stream hurries, rippling over pebbles, flashing over the surface of smooth rocks, singing softly among the ferns and grasses, and presenting some form of beauty in all its course. "Lovers' Glen," indeed! I think it is just too bad to thus dedicate the lovely spot to the very class of beings who would be least likely to notice its beauty. I do not pretend to know much about the genus *lover*, but from what I have heard concerning the characteristics of some individuals of that genus, I flatter myself that the beautiful glen received more real appreciation and

admiration from us two unsentimental maidens, than it would have received from many of those whose name it bears.

The next two days were busy, happy ones. We visited as many points of interest as possible, climbed mountains and clambered down steep ledges of rock, swinging ourselves from point to point by means of our stout, trusty mountain-sticks. During those days I learned a little of the art of climbing, though I could still but imperfectly imitate my friend's sure-footed, confident movements.

We visited the "Rip Van Winkle Tavern," which stands on the spot where Rip is said to have made love to the "wicked flagon;" we sat in the "veritable chair" in which old Rip was wont to sit while he told his story to the admiring townspeople. We tore splinters from the old chair for *souvenirs* — probably all visitors do the same; — and when the chair has been completely demolished, I suppose that in its place will be put another, which will also be "the veritable Rip Van Winkle chair."

We went rowing on Echo Lake, where we made the silent, grand old mountains talk with us. And finally we reached the summit of Overlook Mountain, where we spent our last night in the Catskills. Space forbids me to describe the wonders and beauties of Overlook Mountain, but I will tell you a few suggestive names that some of the interesting spots bear: Fox-Hole, Witches' Cave, Lemon-Squeezer, Scotch Pass, Artists' Walk. From such names your imagination can doubtless picture the places.

The next morning, after a pleasant five-miles' walk, much of which was down the slope of the mountain, we took a carriage for Sangerties, and bade good-bye to the Catskills.

Know How.

THE woman of the house should be the caterer for the family, and *know* how to do the marketing. A woman never thinks of committing the purchase of her dry goods, dresses, cloaks, bonnets, or even the material for her children's clothes, to Bridget; she would not even trust the judgment of the merchant; she insists upon seeing colors, selecting patterns, and judging of texture, for herself. Why should she not be equally interested in the proper selection and purchase of food? No woman can afford to grow up in ignorance of any part of the household management. The comfort of her home is endangered whenever instruc-

tion is wanting which would enable a woman to plan wisely all arrangements necessary for the well ordering of the spot which is her home, whether that home be one of wealth or the reverse — and the reverse may come even after prospective wealth makes such knowledge seem unnecessary. It is always in order. — *Christian at Work*.

Personals.

NELLIE MARSH was made happy by a visit from her mother.

MRS. LUQUIENS has returned from her Western trip.

SOPHIE WHITE is taking painting lessons in Pittsburg.

NELLIE FERGUSON spent a short time here during the Thanksgiving recess.

GRACE DURFEE spent part of the Thanksgiving vacation with Nina Bartholomew.

LETTERS from Jennie Kiser tell us that she is in society, and is having a very gay time.

LIZZIE FROST is spending part of the winter in Minnesota.

EVIE WIRES is taking a course in art at the Conservatory in Boston.

DORA WALSTON and Tib Hosford spent Thanksgiving with Lizzie Canterbury.

MISS BELCHER was gladly welcomed by her sisters, Emma and Sarah, even if she could stay but a short time.

MRS. SPRINGER often makes us a call. It seems natural to see her bright and happy face with us once in awhile.

JESSIE McCORD has been visiting "Sue," in St. Joseph. We hear also that Mattie McDonald is well, and is enjoying herself.

ALICE MAY, of Needham, one of the Lasell girls of 1876-77, and also one of the Lasell European party of '78, was married, Dec. 6th, to Mr. Charles Hicks.

A LETTER from Lou Dingley, Auburn, Maine, tells us that she has consulted Dr. Angel, who gives her encouragement, but demands perfect rest for a year. She hopes to be with us next year.

HATTIE WEBBER spent a few days with Ida Sibley. She has a few friends still here, who gladly welcomed her.

MARRIED,

Tuesday, November twenty-eighth,

ELON R. BROWN,
ETTELLA B. GREENE.

WE were very much surprised to receive the wedding-cards of Mr. Goodridge. He has the best wishes of the school.

GRACE GARLAND became Mrs. William F. Etherington on the 6th. She is to live in Brooklyn.

ELLA ELLIS, '81, is teaching school, and doing well. Emily Peabody, '82, writes that her father says she "suits" him.

HELEN WINSLOW has made us a short visit. We were very glad to see her pleasant face among us again, and we wish she could stay with us.

A FEW days ago Miss Tappan made us a short visit. She was looking well and happy. It seemed like old times to see her familiar face once more.

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE, of Utica, N. Y., here in '78, is teaching at Wilbraham, and is doing good work. So says the preceptress of that institution, who, with Bunny, spent the Thanksgiving recess with Mrs. Bragdon.

MRS. JOHN B. DONGAN, of Richmond, Ind., known and loved by 1875 Lasell as *Helen Scott*, writes to know if the LEAVES be dead or alive, and complains that the subscription agent did not reach her last year. This was not because the agent did not try hard enough, but because she did not send us her address. She says she "can't do without it, and must have it if it is still published." We wish more of the old girls were as interested in the LEAVES.

Semitones.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy New Year to you all.

CAUTIONARY signals are called in.

PROF. B. heard of a man "who waked up in the morning and found himself dead."

WHAT do resin and alcohol make? "Whiskey."

Miss L's hall was the scene of an exciting "shate" fight, Monday morning.

WHAT are anæsthetics? Don't know, but think they are instruments used in photography.

Miss S. remarked that one of the girls had gone up on the telephone. She meant elevator.

SPECIAL to Junior, pathetically. — "Oo better ask oo mamma."

FIFTY-FOUR girls have adopted the phonetic method of spelling "Caucasian."

Miss B. B. styles herself of the "Class of '88." We suppose she must be the President.

PROF. G. could not eat Thanksgiving dinner with us, on account "of a previous engagement." Good-rich joke, wasn't it?

JUNIOR, looking up reference, Eph. ii. — "Let me see, is *Ephesus* in the New Testament?"

THE front of the building is much improved by the new porch, but callers recently lost their equilibrium on it. Now that such danger is passed, and they seem to reach the door in safety, they only have to retrace their steps and find some other means of ingress.

Miss W. better not open her mouth quite so wide in Free Vocal; the consequences might be serious.

ABOUT fifty of the girls spent their Thanksgiving recess at Lasell.

THE Astronomy class do not need to go out evenings, as we have a *Starr* within.

Miss H. L. D. — "Natural Articulator."

FACULTY meetings are prevalent.

THOUGH winter has come, there is one girl who is still *A. Fanning*.

ONE of the Seniors, during Thanksgiving recess, saw Sirius for the first time.

BELL wants to know if Australia is the place where Ostrich feathers come from.

WE can see the sense of taking a luncheon to the photographer's; but of taking a fancy dress and looking-glass on an excursion, is not so apparent.

LEWIS has betaken himself to the sunny South, to spend the winter in the land of his forefathers. He writes that he shall come back early in the spring. We shall be glad to see him again.

FREDDIE LUQUIENS and John have decided to go to the School of Oratory when they grow up.

Miss S. wants some "Tispiechio" ice-cream.

WHO is the most hard-hearted girl in school? Miss Flint, of course.

WHAT is the difference between Miss C. and an autumn leaf. One blows wherever she goes, and the other goes wherever it blows.

FRESHMAN: "O take me to your room. I feel so rheum-atic!"

Miss B. takes quite an interest in the *Boston Home Journal*.

"A new educational institution — a college for girls — has been opened in Foochow, China, under missionary auspices. The project has been received by the natives with much less opposition than was anticipated; and it is hoped that the college will be able to do a good work for the elevation of women in China." We wish it success.

I suppose all the eyes
Of Lasell were directed
To the transit of Venus,
So lately detected.

I also surveyed
This wonderful sight
Through glass that was smoked,
To exclude the bright light.

It may be interesting to know how the New England States received their names.

The name Maine was given to that State descriptively; since the original charter it was considered "the Mayne Land of New England."

New Hampshire was named from Hampshire County of England, by John Mason, of the Plymouth Company.

Vermont is also a descriptive name, being formed from two French words, "*verd*" and "*mont*," meaning green mountain.

The State of Massachusetts was named from the bay of that name. The origin of the word Massachusetts is from the Indian "*massa*" "*nadchuash*," mountains or hills, and the suffix "*et*" meaning at or near.

There are many conflicting opinions concerning the origin of the name Rhode Island. Some believe it to have been from the ancient isle of Rhodes; others from the Dutch, "*Roode Eylandt*," signifying red island. It might have been called Road Island, or Roadstead Island, being near the harbor.

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, is "*Quinnehtugut*," signifying "land on or along tidal-river."

Exchanges.

THE *High School Monthly*, published at Cleveland, first meets our gaze; but when we see Vol. II., No. 1, we resolve not to criticise, for we remember that we were once young and fresh, and know how it seems.

The *Williams Athenæum* for December comes next to hand. We have perused its columns very carefully, and are much pleased with them. The cuts deserve special mention. We think one reason

why the *Athenæum* is so attractive a paper is on account of its remarkably good print, and the clear, artistic heading of its articles.

There is a little paper, published over in Nova Scotia, which modestly suggests that the *LEAVES* would be "improved by a little more heavy literary matter." We take occasion to thank our young friend for his opinion, but it remains plain to be seen that our friends across the line cannot appreciate a good Yankee joke.

The *College Mercury* for November has just come to hand, and it is by no means a blank tablet, for it contains a fine article on "The Poetry of Oliver Wendell Holmes;" also, its athletic notes deserve special notice.

We have not seen a better review of athletic sports than that given in the *Swarthmore Phoenix*. Its exchange column is also very spicy.

The December number of the *Dartmouth* fully sustains its high reputation among college papers. The poem entitled "Encouragement" deserves considerable praise.

The *North-Western* is one of our most entertaining exchanges. But we think that a new cover would add greatly to its appearance, for on picking it up we mistook it for an advertisement of some large clothing-house.

The editor of the *Res Academicæ* for November doubtless felt the effects of a Thanksgiving dinner, judging from the number of Latin and Greek quotations which appear in its columns. In other words, we are inclined to think that too many foreign quotations seem to give the paper a somewhat youthful character.

The *News-Letter* comes from a long way off, but is none the less interesting on this account. We are always glad to see it among our exchanges.

As we wade through the pile of exchanges we come across the *Harvard Herald*, which contains few articles that are of interest to us; for we must confess that base-ball, foot-ball, hare and hounds seem exceedingly dry.

We are glad to see among our exchanges the *University Monthly*. We shall eagerly search its columns each month for complimentary (?) remarks concerning our sex.

We most cordially thank the *Argosy* for their kind notice of our little sheet. We have always been friends with the *Argosy*, and hope we may continue in the same pleasant relation.

Another journal, from which both teachers and scholars may gain useful information, is the *Tech*, which hails from Boston.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.

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specimen of our prospectus for next year, we give the
following, relating to foreign topics only:—

A Cariole Trip in Norway; Russian Orphan Asylums;
Peabody Homes and other London Charities; Literary
London; Woman's Philanthropic Work in London,—six
articles by Mrs. SARAH K. BOLTON.

Land Agitations in Europe; The ex-Empress Eugenie;
Princely Pensions in England; The Future of Egypt,—
four articles by GEORGE M. TOWLE.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VIII.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,

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From the Chair.

OF late, the LEAVES has been the subject of much criticism. Encouraged by this,—which, though it be unfavorable, is yet a result of prosperous growth,—it was determined to make a change in the character and form of the paper. Then was criticism met with at home. The opponents argued that the changes proposed would make an *Auburndale Review* or second *Nation* of the LEAVES. Granted that we were interested in science and politics, we could have no

original opinions to express; and the wise thing would be to leave "well enough" alone.

On the other hand, it was held that the horizon of the LEAVES should widen as years are added to its age, and that we should look beyond the little life that we live here, to what is interesting in the world at large. Being acknowledged as proficient in the matrimonial game, we should devote some of the time that we are credited with employing in cultivating acquaintances of the right sort, to cultivating the use of our pen, so that we may elicit something more from our friends than a challenge to the foot-ball club.

With a change in the matter of the LEAVES, a change in the management was also decided upon. The new editor has been elected. She cannot comfort herself with the assurance that at a month's end she will give way to a worthier successor. As she bemoans her lot, and meditates upon resignation, the following, written by a sister editor, meets her gaze:—

"While sitting, pretending to read, but often allowing my mind to stray from the book, I experienced a queer sensation. It seemed that my spirit left the body, and stood contemplating it. Instead of flesh and blood, I saw I was composed of iron. This did not alarm me in the least till I discovered a spot of rust on one of the feet. I tried to scratch it off; but instead of yielding, the spot increased so rapidly that in a short time it covered the feet, and began creeping up my body. After fighting it desperately, but in vain, I gave up, and watched the terribly fascinating thing. On it came, slowly but surely as the ocean tide. Now it reaches my arms; they are quickly devoured. Then my neck is attacked. Will its appetite never be satisfied? No; my brain will soon go, and then all will be lost. What seemed at first a little spot was now a terrible monster, whom, in agony, I entreated to spare me, even prostrating myself before him,—but with no effect. Something must be done. Finally, in desperation, I promised that if he would leave me I would do admirably in the future, never allowing my brain to be idle a moment. I said, 'The first opportunity

which presents itself for exercising my mind I will seize upon most eagerly. If I fail, then you cannot blame me, most terrible Rust.' There was a pause, like that which comes in a great factory when all the wheels are stopped. I no longer saw my body: but looking up, standing before me was a friend, saying, 'You have been elected editor of the ———. Will you accept the position?'

"The words 'I cannot' were on my lips; but remembering my late experience, I checked them, and instead, said, 'I will do the best I can.' Now, my friends, I have endeavored to give you an idea of the predicament in which I am placed. Please take warning, and help me, not only by your good wishes, but with substantial evidence of your sympathy on foolscap paper, lest in your old age you are visited with an attack of Rust."

The editor, in behalf of the "editorial staff," would beg for the "substantial evidence," and asks you each to make a personal application of the moral. When met by one seeking for contributions, do not take refuge in flight, but promise to sustain the LEAVES by doing what lieth within your power. Let the words "I cannot" remain unspoken by you.

The changes of the LEAVES were better never made, unless with them a renewed interest is manifested by you in your paper. All the editors-in-chief, all the art, scientific, political, and literary editors will fail to make the LEAVES the true representative of Lasell, unless you send in the asked-for "evidences" on foolscap paper. After this appeal we see the desk completely hidden with your literary efforts. We see that the requisites of the future editor are keen discernment and judgment. She may wear a troubled expression; yet it is not that of one looking for what she cannot find, but rather of one trying to select from a bountiful supply of good things before her.

You have been asked to write, first, of course, for your own good. Time and again have you been told that you will not regret time spent thus—that the results will come back to you as "bread cast upon the waters." Then, you have been asked to write for the good of the paper; and our

paper has not only the usually acknowledged object,—to afford pleasure and profit to its contributors and friends,—but all proceeds go directly to the help of those unable of themselves to get an education.

We would not have our friends see the paper of the future in the paper going out to them this month. Look upon it only as a suggestion of what will come. Hope with us that the January number of 1883 dates a change to be followed by more good results than even the most prophetic can now see.

“OVER the gateway of the new year every one writes some new and inspiring resolution. . . . Condense and compress your resolution for the new year; omit it from your diary, and write it on your hours. Be jealous of your moments; lavish your life, and thought, and heart, on the things of each day; and when the months have made their solemn circle, your resolution will lie written across them so broadly that the world will read it without your interpretation.”

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its
head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the
Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!
—*Leigh Hunt.*

A Country Sewing-Circle.

NOT many miles from the town of L— stands a quaint old village, bordering on the sea. It was formerly a thriving fishing town, but now, for some unaccountable reason, its citizens seem to have settled down at home, and only occasionally is one reminded of what once was, by some enterprising son. The business of the town seems to be centered in “Wiggin’s Variety Store.”

Entering this, a stranger would be surprised to find the diversity of articles which could be purchased here. In fact, there is everything that one could want, but nothing that one does want. Obliquely across the village green is the country meeting-house; there it stands just as it has for fourscore years and ten.

It was in such a place that I found myself one beautiful Sabbath morning. Entering the above-mentioned church I took my place in one of those pews never meant for comfort, but the sacrifice of it. The sermon was long and tedious, and I heard with a sigh of relief the clergyman’s “eighthly, and lastly.” After the discourse was finished, the minister, in a dignified manner, began to give the notices. The congregation roused themselves instantly, and I felt sure that something was to happen. After several unimportant announcements, he read: “The sewing-circle of the Church will meet at Squire Wiggin’s farm next Wednesday. The members of the circle are requested to be present promptly at two, as there is much work to be done for some of the needy children in the vicinity. The men are invited to come to supper, and spend the evening.” There was a visible stir throughout the assembled company. The lads and lasses in the choir seemed especially moved. I made up my mind to go, if it were a possible thing.

On the following Wednesday, attended by Mrs. L—, whose guest I was, and her daughter Phoebe, I started for Squire Wiggin’s farmhouse. Reaching there I found it to be a large, double white house, with a low, slanting roof, and here and there a gable. Walking up the long driveway, we reached the entrance, and pulling the heavy brass knocker, were admitted by a buxom lass. After the usual greeting, I, with others, took my seat on one of those straight-backed, unflinching chairs which had been drawn into a circle. Very soon the president came up to me, and said: “Here is a piece of cloth which you can use to mend this jacket-sleeve with, and I want you to finish it this afternoon, as little Tommy Peters needs it very much. But there—come to think of it you’re a city girl, and probably you can’t do it as well as my four-year-old Susan could. City girls never do know anything.” With a drooping heart, but a firm resolution, if only for Tommy Peters’ sake, I said: “Oh, yes; I feel sure I can; let me try.” So she did. Working steadily might have proved tedious, but, looking about me, I forgot everything in the contemplation of what I saw. There was Josiah Allen’s wife, knitting away for

dear life on a mitten for Sammy Proctor, and beside her, her devoted friend Betsey Bobbet, listening intently to what Jane Brown was saying about the editor. Next in order, and forming a striking contrast, was the poorly dressed Maud Muller.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er has it been my lot to meet;
And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her as wise as she is fair.”

At her side, busily working, sat Evangeline.

“Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.”

At about that time, however, I was suddenly brought to a realistic sense of things by my next neighbor, who informed me that it was time to fold up our work. I looked at the patch, only half completed, and thought sympathetically of poor Tommy Peters.

It was then about five o’clock, and the men and boys were beginning to come. Glancing occasionally out of the window, I saw big baskets vanishing round the corner, and soon the savory odors from a certain corner of the house told tales of what was coming.

In a short time the big bell called the company to the dining-room, where we partook of a supper, the like of which I never saw before. Its goodness was indescribable. There were cold meats, biscuits, pickles, twisted doughnuts, cookies, Matilda Jones’ first loaf of cake, and that Indian pudding, the construction of which I had so much enjoyed on the previous day.

Had I wished, I could have lost myself in another study of human nature; but it was not a fitting time, and I soon became interested in the viands before me, as well as in my next neighbor. In the midst of this repast scraps of conversation reached my ears. At one end of the festal board the farmers were talking of the coming harvest; while their wives, at the other, were asking Mrs. Smith for the recipe of that brown-bread. The young people were enthusiastic over the house-warming to occur the next week; and the children, here and there, were discovering how the doughnuts were twisted.

The supper was over, and we found our way again into the parlor, made cheerful by the wood fire which glowed on the hearth. The evening passed swiftly and pleasantly; and in the odd minutes which I had to myself, I looked about me, to study the peculiarities of the sterner sex. In one corner was Ichabod Crane, that worthy pedagogue, who was beaming with joy in the presence

of the young lady addressing him, who, I could not refrain from seeing, answered to Irving's description of Katrina Van Tassel. In another corner was Mr. Micawber—still "waiting for something to turn up"—and his twins. Then moving about, making all jolly with whom they came in contact, were the host and hostess, Squire Wiggins and wife, as well as the minister, who I am sure must have been Goldsmith's parson.

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."

During the evening the young people amused themselves with a few very innocent games, such as "Twirl the Cover," "Post-Office," etc. At last it came nine o'clock, and the people began to go. Some of the lads were glancing wistfully at certain girls, as much as to say, I wish I dared. While watching this, a tall, lank youth in homespun clothes, his hands in his pockets, stepped up to me, and said in an awkward manner: "I'm going 'long your way. Don't s'pose you care if I walk 'long 'side of you."

Noticing that Phoebe was well cared for, I stammered, "Certainly not."

On our way home we passed the country church-yard, and I could not keep from my mind visions of the "Galloping Hessian of the Hollow," so that naturally I was only too glad to reach my stopping-place. That night after Phoebe had put out the candle, and we had both retired, she said to me, tremblingly, "What do you suppose Thomas asked me to-night?"

"I can't imagine," I answered; "what was it?"

"Oh, guess," she replied. "I'm not going to tell;" and she turned over, and was apparently asleep. I was wondering what it could be, when something happened. Instead of my being in a country farmhouse, I discovered myself at "Lasell." I was provoked, for I knew then that my earnest desire to attend a country sewing circle had been only imagined. However, I sincerely hope that a sewing circle in reality may prove as enjoyable as a sewing circle in imagination.

Prof. Hills' Concert.

ON Monday evening, December 18, 1882, was the second Mozart and Haydn evening at the Seminary given by Mr. Joseph A. Hills, with the assistance of Miss Katherine Van Arnhem, Messrs. C. N. Allen, Wulf Fries, and Oscar Krutzsch. The

following programme was admirably presented:—

TRIO.—No. 3, Piano-forte, Violin, and Cello. Haydn.

ALLEGRO—Andante—Finale.

MESSRS. HILLS, ALLEN, AND FRIES.

RETURN OF SPRING. Mozart.

SONGS.—"Das Veilchen." Mozart.

Mermaid's Song. Haydn.

"Ah lo so." Magic Flute. Mozart.

MISS VAN ARNHEM.

VARIATIONS in F minor. Haydn.

MR. HILLS.

TRIO.—Op. 15, No. 1, Piano-forte, Violin, and Cello. Mozart.

ALLEGRO—Larghetto—Allegretto.

MESSRS. HILLS, ALLEN, AND FRIES.

Miss Van Arnhem, upon being *encored*, responded by seating herself at the piano and singing to her own accompaniment several charming songs.

After the programme was finished, Messrs. Hills, Allen, and Fries delighted us by playing, in the most winning manner, the ever-pleasing air, "Home, Sweet Home."

Our New Pictures.

SINCE our last issue, the fine collection of engravings and other copies of the work of the great masters in art, made by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon during the last summer tour, has been arranged conveniently for the freest observation and study.

As soon as practicable, a catalogue with notes will be furnished for ready reference. Meantime, attention may well be called to the great value of this addition to the means of instruction in art, as well as to the general culture of taste and judgment in matters of artistic history. For those who regard decoration as in some sense necessarily trivial, and associated with knickknacks of domestic adornment, it is well to remember at the outset, as these pictures are studied, that the resplendent works of Michael Angelo in the Sistine, and of Raphael in the Stanze, are "decoration in the higher phases as the noblest manifestation of art." The richest results of human genius in color and ornament are on frescoed walls consecrated to religious uses; on altar-pictures in oil or stained glass; on mosaics of precious stones, brought from all the known world, to be wrought into the visible symbolism of a great faith. By them the simple story of the New Testament, from the Annunciation to the Ascension, was kept in vivid remembrance in an age which had lost much in simplicity of life. But it is interesting to

compare in the work of the great masters the differing conceptions of those simple historical facts. The collection of the Entombment is quite complete; all the celebrated pictures of it are here; also copies of the Descent from the Cross,—which, taken together, suggest at once the most striking characteristics of varied genius, as is well illustrated in the beautiful engravings—in the parlor—of this work by Volterra and Rubens.

Here are also fine illustrations for comparative study in the engravings of the Sistine Madonna, by Müller, Stienla, and Nordheimer; and an exquisite artist's proof by Morghen—his last work—of the Madonna of the Chair; Beneletti's engraving of the Transfiguration; and a magnificent copy, by Schiavoni, of Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. Two rare and most interesting studies are the Head of Christ from the original drawing for the Last Supper, in the Brera at Milan, and a quaint picture after the style of the oldest mosaic. From the first, one may imagine the vigor and impressiveness of this picture as Leonardo da Vinci left it. Four pictures.—in the parlors,—copies of lunettes in the Convent of the Benedictine Nuns at Parma, suggest the curious blending of allegory and mythology with Christian subjects—so foreign to the modern mind. The splendid copies of Sistine decoration by the entrance-door are examples of the same,—Isaiah and the Cumean Sybil, with small angels extremely like cupids,—by the same hand.

The idealized Mythology has an exquisite illustration in the Auroras. There is no better work, by the way, in photography than this of Guido's Aurora in the corridor. It conveys wonderfully the life and movement of the original; still, one longs for the resplendent coloring which makes the ceiling of that old palace in Rome glow like the very coming of the morning. The engravings of this, and of Guercino's Aurora, in the reception-room, are very beautiful as engravings. Morghen, Müller, Longhi, Volpato, Merz, and Toschi were men of as unquestioned genius in their way as the great masters whose works they translate that all the world may read.

There are beautiful bits of color in the copies of Fra Angelico's Angels from the old monastery in Florence; and the Madonna of the Star, especially, gives a just impression of the spirituality and seriousness of his pictures, with something of the quaint stiffness of the earlier painters.

These are but meager references to the richest collection which we have seen in any

school — one which illustrates the whole history of art. The portfolios of photographs — in the reception-room — are complete in photographic copies of sculpture. The masters in melody look down from the walls of the music-rooms on the latest translators of their work; busts and statuettes render faithful suggestion of the power by which art has perpetuated immortal works.

There is much deserving careful study, also, in the examples of modern art. Doré is well represented in a series of magnificent engravings. So are Delaroche and Kaulbach. It is objected to the French school that it has tricks for effect — that it is, first of all, striking, sensational. Impressive it certainly is, at its best, with something of the impressiveness of the realistic truth.

The majestic figure on the steps of the Praetorium is luminous; one is awed, as it suggests indeed, "And we saw His glory." The solemn, quiet waiting of the angels beneath the starry sky, above the Christian martyrs, cannot exaggerate the scene, as we know it must have been. In the beautiful picture of Delaroche, nature seems to have gathered the suffering one to her heart, and to rest, in lapping waves, with something of the divine peace.

In conclusion, we hope that this collection will prove to be what it deserves to be to the pupils — a constant instruction in art. The library already furnishes any needed elucidation. It is invaluable to one who goes abroad to be prepared to see what is there by previous study. Familiar with all that is here, one may accomplish far more in a short time, as well as gain time to study what cannot be thus brought into our homes.

Christmas Vacation at Lasell.

"How did you spend your vacation?" This was the question asked of the twenty-six girls whose lot it was to remain at Lasell during the Christmas holidays. To save a repetition of answers we will call in the printer's aid, and refer all inquirers to the LEAVES for information.

Two weeks,—that is, fourteen days—that is, three hundred and thirty-six precious hours,—in which wonders might have been accomplished. *Might*; but were they? That depends upon the interpretation you give the word "wonders." If we mean turning ourselves into a walking encyclopedia; acquiring unparalleled skill with the brush; rendering the sonatas of Beethoven with almost divine expression; perfecting our elocutionary powers, so that now we vie with Fannie Kemble, and other stars of her mag-

nitude,—we answer decidedly, No! But a girls' boarding-school during vacation, especially at Christmas, is hardly the place where such wonders are to be found. But though these may be missing in the programme of the two weeks, judge from the following if they were altogether wasted.

No sooner had we dispatched the gifts which were to surprise and delight our loved ones at home, than we found a pleasant surprise in store for us, in the shape of an invitation from Miss Call to spend an evening with her at her home in Newtonville. Saturday evening the barge carried a company whose levity may be excused, when one takes into account that they were in attendance upon their first and only party of the season. When we consider their long isolation from society, we cannot fail to admire the kindly spirit of one who was willing to act as hostess to them. Why state that this event was appreciated at the time, and now remains in our memories as one of the pleasantest evenings of the vacation?

About six o'clock A.M., December 25th, we were awakened by a Christmas carol from the violin and tambourine. We afterward discovered that Mr. C. N. Allen, of Boston, was among the serenaders. Before this unexpected music had died away, our attention was directed toward our stockings; and soon the melodious sound of the tin horn was heard mingling with the last strains of the carol. Santa-Claus had been most lavish with us, for besides each being the happy possessor of a bright tin horn, our stockings held quantities of eatibles, not only of the more delicate type, but also of the substantial, which was not likely to tempt an epicure; to wit—herrings! N. B. These may still be found on the outside ledge of the window-sills.

During this recess from preparations to make our marks upon the world, we left our marks upon all the available ice in the neighborhood. Although we flattered ourselves that during the past term we raised our heads to a higher plane, we confess we found our heels more easily managed, for it took but a short time to bring heels and head to the same level.

A kind invitation being tendered us by Prof. Bragdon to attend one of four entertainments, our choice devolved upon Hermann, the magician; and a few evenings later it fell to the lot of some of us to see Salvini.

The new year came in upon us very quietly; in fact, we hardly realized that the old year had passed away till in the evening, when Johnnie and Belle came to us

with plates of fruit, with "Compliments of Prof. Bragdon, and a 'Happy New Year' to you."

UPON entering chapel for prayers one morning just before school closed for the Holidays, Prof. Bragdon was surprised to find upon his desk a handsome brass sconce. In thanking the school for the gift, he spoke of the mirror, when he should glance in it, reflecting back not his aged countenance, but the faces of the many he saw before him, so they should always be just as fresh and bright in his memory in after years as they were now.

FIVE poor homesick mortals, members of the "A. B. C.," on Xmas Eve received most substantial evidence of the good-will of a fellow-member in the form of a lunch, served from Young's Hotel, Boston.

It was agreed by the now supremely happy "five" "a feast for the gods," and in every way worthy of the donor.

Though not wishing to create any covetous feelings in the hearts of our fellow-beings, it is impossible to resist the inclination to insert the

MENU.

Quail on Toast.
Saratoga Potatoes.
Sandwiches.

Beef. Turkey. Tongue.

Relishes.

Pickles. Queen Olives.

Dessert.

Fruit Cake. White and Cup Cake.
Assorted Cake.
Assorted Nuts, Raisins.
Bananas, Grapes, Oranges.
Pears.

Will Miss W. accept the most heartfelt thanks of the five appreciative "A. B. C.'s."

ALFRED HEMMENWAY, A.M., of Boston, is to give a course of four lectures on the "Principles of Common Law," before the girls of Lasell. This is a subject of which the average school-girl can well be said to be ignorant. Let us not blame her, but, rather, the course of study laid out for her education. From the interest manifested in the school, we feel safe to say that her ignorance should not be attributed to her aversion to such knowledge, but, as before said, to its absence in her curriculum of study.

Wednesday, January 10th, Mr. Hemmenway gives his first lecture on the above-

named subject. Some may regard these of minor importance; but if we let our attention be drawn closely to it, it may open a way to something wider and better.

We hope our readers will not let their imagination take the place of their reason, and think Lasell is to be turned into a law school. Such is not the case, as only those points are to be given us that will come up in the practical life of woman.

At a meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association, held December 16th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—

<i>President,</i>	Miss Carpenter.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	Miss Maynard.
<i>Secretary,</i>	Miss Mason.
<i>Sub.-Agent,</i>	Miss Fanning.

Misses Call, Dora Walston, and Sibley were elected for the Auditing Committee.

At a recent meeting of the "S. D. Society" the following officers were elected:—

<i>President,</i>	Alice House.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	Mary Davis.
<i>Secretary,</i>	Laura Place.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	Jennie Baker.
<i>Critic,</i>	Dora Walston.

Clay Hawkins and his Money-box.

CLAY HAWKINS had been an American citizen, of African descent, for six years. It was approaching the Fourth of July, and his expectations were getting high. For a year he had been hoarding his wealth in a cast-iron money-box, whose most striking feature was a little opening on top, which appealed like a hungry mouth to the chance visitor for a contribution. Visitors were an extreme rarity in the Hawkins house, but this fact did not deter Clay from hazarding extravagant conjectures as to the amount of his slowly accumulating fortune. At last the day for examining the contents of his box had come, and the young man had already formed a variety of plans for spending a dozen times the sum which his fondest hopes crowded in his bank.

"Mammy, what kin I do with ten dollahs?"

"Sho', chile, you ain't got no ten dollahs, ner eight; you mout hab seven, and I'se suah you'se got six dollahs in dat ar box. Wid youah six dollahs you kin buy me a gingham dress, and velvet bunnet wid yaller ribbons, and a par o' shoes fer Jawdige

Washington, and a new cloak fer youah deah little brudder James Gahfield Hawkins."

"Why, lawsee, mammy, won't I git nothin' fer all my savin? You and Jawdige and Jim Gahfield takes a heap o' money. But I reckon I'se got a heap in dat ar box. . . . Wid ten dollahs I kin buy two dogs, and Si Wilkins's tame coon, an dat ar gold trumpet in de stoah winder; and what else kin I buy, mammy? fer I wants to spend all de money de fust day, kase I'se had a hard time to keep it so long. Say, mammy, when kin de money be shuck outen de box?"

"Oh, go long, you gasiferous young un," exclaimed the mother, with maternal love; "shet youah mouf, an' git dat kindlin', an' de watah from de well, an' tie de calf to de picket, an' fetch de taters to de trough. After supper we'll shake de money outen de box." Clay obeyed with an alacrity hard to conceive in an African of his age: the visions of wealth near at hand acted as a powerful stimulus. At the same time, Mrs. Hawkins' imagination was active in making purchases—entirely of a personal nature—with the wealth that Clay had hoarded through a year's self-denial.

The first shake brought out a white button. "Sho'! who put dat ole button in my bank?" said the disgusted young gentleman as he shook the box again. Then a second white button fell out exactly like the first. He paused a moment before another shake, and cast upon his mother a reproachful look, intended to indicate his suspicion that she had put the first button back unobserved; but in her honest countenance he saw only surprise and chagrin. After a vigorous shake of the bank he found that the outlet was stopped up with a wad of paper, which had evidently been rammed in with a stick and with evil intent. It surprised him into exclaiming, "Drat dat little Jim Gahfield puttin' sich things in de bank?" "Never min', chile; shuah's youah born you's gwine to shake six dollahs from dat ar bank," replied Mrs. Hawkins by way of consolation.

Shake, shake, shake, and out dropped a bright piece of tin, which was calculated to deceive his eye. "Ah, dar she comes, apourin' out!" he ejaculated gleefully. "Mammy, you jist eount dat money, an I'll keep shakin'."

"Oh, you brack fool, dat's only but a piece of tin, and aint wurf nuffin," retorted the lady with that seorn which is born of superior knowledge; and there was a tinge of disappointment in her tone, as if she thought her estimate of six dollars too high.

A few more shakes brought an assortment of chips, seeds, pebbles, nails, etc. Clay

was fast losing hope, when a big copper cent rolled out. "Gum, mammy, dat's money, shuah. Oh, I'se gwine to hab my ten dollahs yet! What if all dem buttons, an' beans, an' tater-skins, an' sticks was money! Sho!" And the vision almost took away his breath.

He shook again and again, with varying success, till nothing more rattled in the box. Mrs. Hawkins had counted the money, and was trying to recover from the shock. After a moment of supreme misery, Clay gasped: "Sho' now, who ever seed de likes! Only fouah cents! By Gumbo!" And he fell back into one of those spasms which attack the colored race on slight provocation. Then Mrs. Hawkins spoke: "I'se clean beat out, shuah nuff; I'clar to gracious I never seed nothin' like it! No new dress; no bunnet; no par o' shoes—no nothin'!"

By this time Mr. Clay Hawkins had partially revived, and was able to walk slowly off with his four cents to look for a five-cent gingerbread horse with one leg gone.

Scintillations of Science.

THE subject which seems to be perplexing the scientific minds of to-day, is electricity. It is held by some, that in the near future it will supersede all motive power now used by man. Some practical tests have already been made. In San Francisco it is used in running street-cars, and will soon be applied in other cities to the same purpose. We read that it is to be used in lighting Canterbury Cathedral.

A PARKERSBURG (Penn.) gentleman is building a house wholly of iron, on a solid rock. The walls are hollow, and will be used as chimneys. The hot smoke and air from the fires, passing between the walls, is expected to aid materially in keeping the house warm in winter. It will be a nice place in a thunder-storm, with the lightning playing hide-and-seek through it.

STEEL BARS are usurping the place of bells in some parts of Europe for church-steeple. They produce very pure, distinct, and melodious sounds, and have several advantages over bells. They are much lighter, are not liable to crack, are easily operated, and are much cheaper.

LAKE TAHOE, in Nevada, has the purest water in the world. It never freezes, and never gives up its dead.

"WHAT we know, to know that we know it, what we do not know, to know that we do not know it—that is knowledge."

Longfellow's First Poem.

[WHEN Mr. Longfellow was nine years old his teacher compelled him to write one of those hateful things called "compositions." He "dropped into poetry," and turned out the following, entitled, "Mr. Finney's Turnip."]

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it
And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

Current Notes.

ANOTHER great lake has been discovered in Africa as large as the Victoria Nyanza.

THERE will be great distress in Ireland this winter, notwithstanding the large donations that have been received there.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, President Arthur held his first public reception. The White House had been closed for repairs since last August.

THE Commissioner of Education said in an address delivered in New York, that there are in the United States 12,400,000 persons over ten years of age who cannot write.

A YOUNG and learned Hindu lady is working to promote female education in India, and has aroused profound interest by a course of lectures she has delivered in Bombay.

WHILE MOURNING Gambetta's death, France is visited by another loss, in the death of General Auguste Chanzy, one of the most capable and loyal of the French Commanders in the Franco-Prussian war.

M. DE LESSEPS has announced that the scheme for the creation of an inland sea in Africa, will be resumed by private enterprise. We wonder if some enterprising person will not soon attempt to build an island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

GREAT distress is felt in Germany, caused by the devastations made by the floods in the valley of the Rhine, Main, and Necker. Over eight thousand people are without shelter, and immediate relief is needed.

FRANCE has lost one of her most illustrious sons in the death of Gambetta. Great tribute was paid to his remains, masses of flowers being sent as emblems of woe. Many speeches were delivered at the grave, and the crowd that attended the funeral was enormous.

Personals.

BERTHA RUSSELL is now in Florida.

ANNA BAKER has joined us once more.

MISS C. C. M. has at last finished *his* trousseau.

CARRIE WALLACE paid her sister a little call, not long ago.

PROFESSOR suggests that Miss D. is singing another tune now.

FANNIE BIRD spent her holidays with Lilian Clemson, in New York.

ELLA STEDMAN "received," New Year's day, at the Windsor, in New York.

WE were sorry to have Helen Dykes say good-bye to Lasell at the close of last term.

DOROTHEA WALSTON, spent the last week of vacation with her chum, Lizzie Canterbury.

IN the last number of the LEAVES the name of Alice Mayo appeared as "Alice May."

IDA L. COGGSWELL is now Mrs. Frank Bailey, and Nellie Converse Mrs. Herbert Rockwood.

ABBIE HILL is now at her home, in Texas, trying to get strong enough to come back to us next year.

M. WHEATIE McDONALD married Frederick W. Farley, Dec. 27, 1882. They live at Maple Hill Farm, Waltham.

WE fear Miss M.'s and Miss W.'s love for the culinary art is heightened by the greater love they have for consuming the results of their labor.

IDA M. FOOTE, who is now in Boston, visiting another of Lasell's girls, — Fannie Thornton, — said "Good-afternoon" to us the other day.

THE bale of Texas cotton, so handsomely packed and bound, which was a Christmas gift from Mrs. Morris, of Houston, Texas, is an object of much curiosity.

A LETTER has been received from Louie Dingley, who was compelled to leave in October, on account of her eyes, which begins, "I am delighted to be able to write to you myself this time." We are glad for her, and send our wishes that her eyes may surely and permanently recover. Lulu Devnell, who could not return this year for the same reason, has been very ill for six or eight weeks. She is now much better. Her eyes, too, are slowly improving, and she hopes, to our delight, to be with us again next year.

Semitones.

A JUNIOR wishes to know if Washington Irving is an American.

SOME one tells us that the Indians call their wives "wigwams."

GIRLS, confession is good for the soul. Who took a ride on the double-runner?

LITTLE BELLE says she will not have anything to do with John until he is in a better frame of mind.

A MAIDEN who is interested in the parish of Scituate, wants to know if whalebones come from Wales.

WHY is it serenades come only in vacation? A good way to judge who are the popular ones among us.

ONE of the Juniors has in her album "a sprig from the grave of Lowell." All desiring to see this little memento please call at No. 62.

MISS S., a Junior, who has furnished many amusing items to the LEAVES, when asked by her teacher what animals eat other animals, replied, "Cannibals."

JOHN says when he grows up to be a man, he will be either a brakesman or a teacher; but he guesses he wouldn't like to be a teacher, after all, and make girls cry.

OF all the girls Lasell has parted with, we fear there will be very few who will go through life under the names they bore here. Lizzie L. Benyon has become Mrs. George H. Bourne, and has set up her household gods in Auburndale.

THE paper which says this, is rather hard on us: —

'Which is of greater value, prithee, say —
The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth
be told?

Alas, it must! The bride is given away,
The bridegroom often regularly sold."

Musical Rehearsal.

ON TUESDAY evening, December 19th, the musical rehearsal for the term took place. The exercises were very enjoyable to the many present, the performance reflecting great credit upon those connected with it.

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS. — "Hither Fairies Trip." *J. H. Sully.*

CHORUS CLASS.

PIANO-FORTE. — Song of the Mill. *Jensen.*

MISS ETTA JACKSON.

BALLAD. — "What the Firelight Told."

Roechel.

MISS WHIPPLE.

PIANO-FORTE. — Minuet.

Schubert.

MISS SHAVER.

RECITATION. — "Giunsi Alfue."

Mozart.

ARIA. — "Deh Vinci non Sardar."

"

MISS DYKES.

PIANO-FORTE. — "Novelette."

Schuman.

MISS NELLIE BROWN.

SONG. — "My Darling was so Fair."

Taubert.

MISS HUGUS.

CHORUS. — "Down in the Dewy Dell."

H. Smart.

CHORUS CLASS.

PIANO-FORTE. — Nocturne, G flat, major.

Brassini.

MISS DURFEE.

DUET. — "In His Hands are all the Corners of the Earth."

Mendelssohn.

MISSES DYKES AND MORRIS.

PIANO-FORTE. — Faschingschwank (first movement).

Schuman.

MISS ALICE MILLER.

SONGS. — "Cherry Ripe."

Horn.

"Supposing."

Bischoff.

MISS MORRIS.

CHORUS. — "What Say the Clouds?"

J. L. Hatton.

CHORUS CLASS.

The chorus of fifty voices deserves special praise, and does credit to its teacher, Mr. Davis.

The foregoing thirteen numbers comprised the programme of one of the most enjoyable rehearsals that the Seminary has ever produced.

"There is a language of umbrellas, as of flowers. For instance: Place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners. To open it quickly in the street, means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the um-

brella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one, signifies 'Exchange is no robbery.' To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means — never mind what it means; nobody ever does that. To carry your umbrella in a case, signifies that it is a shabby one. To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies, "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on a friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not," signifies lying. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means, "It will clear off."

Exchanges.

NEVER before has the truth of the old adage, "Great minds run in the same channel," been more thoroughly tested than by the latest productions of amateur journalism. A majority of the editors have drifted into a sermonic strain as the old year died and the new year boded. A history of the last term's work, of its failures, as well as successes, seems to have been in order, and can be read in a few brief lines. Nor is one obliged to draw a moral for himself, for it is already drawn for him. According to an old and honored custom, resolutions are made for 1883, and each and all are wished a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." With the seemingly heartfelt wishes with which all the exchanges greet their contemporaries, we feel certain that all the little petty criticisms which will fly back and forth the coming year, will be said, not in a revengeful spirit, but "only for our good."

With an attempt at this same spirit, we glance over the pamphlets before us; but we must criticise, for immediately we come in contact with an editorial in the December *Tech*, which states that it "has decided to devote itself to frivolity of a most approved pattern." A little later it says: "But if we do not reach the desired standard, we can only say we are sorry, and present the excuse that it is not exactly in our line." We think it necessary to accept the excuse. There was considerable frivolity in one of the articles directly following these words; but the one entitled "A Connubial Episode," though many may think it is Lasell's style, is certainly a poor attempt at original wit.

We do, however, congratulate the editors for the decision they have given in the following edition, to return to their usual train of "lugubrious scientific thought." It is time to make a change when a paper which has such a deservedly high reputation, covers a whole half page to illustrate and quote, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"

"It is with no little pride that we present the first Christmas number of a College paper," prints the King's College *Record*. You have good reason to be proud, we think; nevertheless, we, in accordance with a certain patriotic spirit, rejoice when we find among our list another holiday number which is published in our own country. We refer to the holiday number of the *News-Letter*:

Were we asked to point out one of the most readable of College periodicals, and one not very deep, we would feel confident of pleasing should we name the *Swarthmore Phoenix*. We appreciate their feelings in regard to the spelling of their name. If they "are very sore on that point" we are specially so.

In closing, we thank most respectfully the *Sunbeam* for its sympathy for us, and beg leave to return ours for a paper which "professes to have" a pile of exchanges," but at the same time criticises an October number, at this late date, on a subject which is certainly rather old.

"VICE VERSA" is a most peculiar little story, and after your first impression of the improbability of the plot fades away, is really interesting and laughable.

An English boy, just before returning to the dreaded boarding-school — goes to his father, in fear and trembling, to beg the possession of a stone belonging in the family which claims to have some magical power. While there he makes known his antipathy to this place of learning which is to hold him for a few months. His father then brings before him, with great eloquence, the joys of boarding-school life — the privilege of being placed in such a position as to be able to drink of the knowledge of books; and finally puts a climax to his speech by giving vent to the wish that *he* were once more a school-boy, just like his son. He has been holding the fateful stone in his hand during this dissertation; and now, seeing a look of amusement, which gradually changes to a broad grin, creep over the countenance of his son, he is affronted, indignant. At last, judging the amusement to proceed from some oddity in his appear-

ance, he goes to the mirror, and beholds in himself the counterpart of his son. The wicked boy then takes the stone and wishes himself his father; and immediately he broadens to the dimensions of his paternal ancestor. He then proceeds to give that gentleman his wish to the last degree. He sends him off to school to drink deep of the stores of knowledge; and Mrs. Anstey thoroughly enjoys telling of the predicaments in which the old gentleman is placed while there.

BEN JONSON, — "Rare old Ben," his friends called him, — an English dramatist, contemporary with Shakespeare, used to dress shabbily. Being informed that Lord Craven would be pleased to see him, Ben went to his lordship's mansion. The porter, not liking his looks or dress, refused to admit him. Rough language and much noise attracted the nobleman to the door. "I understood," said Ben, "that your lordship wished to see me." "You, friend! Why, who may you be?" "I am Ben Jonson." "No, no; you cannot be the great author who wrote 'The Silent Woman!'" You look as if you could not say 'Bo' to a goose." The dramatist, looking straight at the nobleman's face, with a comical air, cried, "Bo!" "I am now convinced," said his lordship, "you are Ben Jonson."

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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From the Chair.

WE have reached what always seems the most uninteresting part of the school-year. In the fall, everything was new—even homesickness to some of us. When the newness began to wear off, there was the New England Thanksgiving to look forward to; and then, only three short weeks, and Christmas was upon us. When duties were resumed, many were the new-year's resolutions that were made; but resolutions are easily made—as easily forgotten. We look back upon them, now, as prompted by a youthful enthusiasm, and wonder that we ever fancied we were capable of accomplishing what we planned to accomplish.

We seem to think we owe no more to the days than a wish that they were passed, and complain because February claims even twenty-eight for herself. But it is only possible that we have adopted a wrong mode of thinking. We have heard that opportunities are "buds on the stem of time;" that if they are destroyed no fruit will follow. We cannot deny that we have opportunities—more than a few; and it may be that we are destroying our prospect of fruit. There are many ways of increasing our knowledge other than of books. After devoting the necessary time to our studies, there is time left that might be employed not unprofitably. A suggestion or two as to how: The walls are covered with fine engravings; works of art may be found upon the book-shelves; art-exhibitions are open to us all. Would it be unwise to employ these means of enlarging a limited knowledge of art?

Boston is near at hand with the Art Museum, Natural History Rooms, and numerous places of historic interest. Have we not forgotten that we intended, on coming to Lasell, to avail ourselves of these advantages? Ways of employing odd moments will suggest themselves, and, if followed, this will soon cease to be considered an uninteresting part of the year. We will be more than repaid now; and, having jealously guarded our moments, the fruit of this year's growth will fulfill the promise of its buds.

IN the editorials we sometimes forget that we are not required to limit ourselves to the usual remarks appropriate to the seasons. If we happen to turn aside from words of welcome or advice, it is only to make some approving comment upon a passing subject of interest. We forget that it is also our privilege to criticize and disapprove; with this in view we will not apologize for a complaining spirit in venturing to voice a plea for the Seniors. They have won their position by years of toil, and to maintain it have to keep a daily watch on words and actions. They are expected to know everything, and to be able to do everything; but when they look

for a compensation, for a position so trying, they find their privileges are almost none. If, owing to some flaw in conduct, their names are wanting on the honor-lists, they are not allowed to walk alone beyond the limits of the grounds, much less are they allowed to go to Boston alone. Then ought the Senior privileges to appear, to fill the void. Seniors are supposed to be old enough and wise enough to be subjects of confidence—yet they are not. Is the trouble with them, or with those over them? Let us hope that the coming Senior class may be possessors of more liberty than the present.

IN an article on Cornell University, in a late number of the *Christian Union*, the writer asserts that we are just on the eve of a new industrial development for women. In conclusion he says: "No woman's college has yet fully waked up to this fact. It would be congruous with Cornell's history if it were the first to teach women how to enter upon this new life of industrial independence which modern civilization is opening to them." We would like to suggest that for several years past Lasell has taught young women "how to enter upon this new life of industrial independence." We have demonstrated that, while neglecting neither science nor literature, we can cultivate our talents in such a way as to become independent of circumstances. Cooking, millinery, dress-cutting, telegraphy, art needle-work, photographic-coloring, and, lastly, law, have found places at Lasell. Wonder what we can add to the list to show that we are fully awake to the fact of a new industrial development.

SOME one has beautifully said that sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear.

"THERE is no work which wears so much and achieves so little as lazy work."

—*Christian Union.*

My Daughter Louise.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,

My seat on the sand, and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter —

My sweet little daughter Louise.

We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to — she minds her of some pretty story —

And says, "To the city that mortals love best."

Then I say, "It must lead to the far-away city,
The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,

Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees;
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,

My womanly daughter Louise.

She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;

The shallop is lost in the distance — it lingers,
It waits; but I know that its coming will prove

That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,

I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.

The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;

I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
But *she* rests at the end of the path in the city
"Whose builder and maker is God."

HOMER GREENE.

A Short Stay in X——.

LET me introduce my readers to the neighborhood of X——, a country place so remote from the rush of the nineteenth century that it boasts not even one stage to the village of M——, seven miles away, and the mail visits it only once a week. For anyone in X—— to send or receive a letter oftener than once in two or three months, is an almost unheard-of extravagance. It is not a literary center, as may be imagined. What stray books each family possesses — a few tattered school-books, and perhaps an old copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" or "The Young Ladies' Monitor" — are stowed away on the top shelf of the clothes-press, where their darkness and dust are rarely disturbed. Shall we explore the house of some X—— family, and try to catch a few glimpses of the life they lead? This odd, rambling house at the top of the hill, which once boasted a

coat of white paint, but is now worn to a dull gray by the winds and storms of many years, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. N——, their five grown-up daughters, and their hired man. They are hospitable people, and will not hesitate to let us in.

Stepping upon the low "stoop," we will take just one peep into the parlor on the right, — a room sacred to grand occasions, — and will then pass on into the common living-room. It is a large, square room, the wood-work painted a bright blue, and the intervening spaces covered with paper adorned with a most remarkable vine, — the like of which was never beheld on earth, — bearing an abundance of bright green leaves, large red and yellow flowers, and clusters of fruit in a most tantalizing state of lusciousness. In one corner curtains of calico, abounding in other like prodigal vines, separate the "bed-sink," where the old people sleep, from the rest of the room. On our left, as we enter, is a large, old-fashioned fire-place, with a brick hearth and a smoke-grimed mantel-shelf above. Alas! I cannot say to the delight of modern amateurs in household art, that it has glittering brass andirons, the *Lares residentiæ* of the sacred hearth, but unpoetical iron ones instead. However, the glowing bed of coals, the dancing, shining flame climbing up and playing over the great logs of fragrant birch and hickory, the roaring and snapping, the clouds of sparks that go speeding up the wide-mouthed, sooty chimney — do not these furnish beauty enough? Wonderful panoramas of life! Youth in the dancing yellow flames, ever leaping higher, never at rest; maturer years in the red coals, with their concentrated heat and steady glow; age, in the pale, gray ashes.

The pleasantest seasons in the life at the N—— farmhouse were the long winter evenings, when the logs were piled high on the hearth; and Jem brought from the cellar a bright tin-pan heaped up with the darlings of the orchard — the fair cheeks of the "golden sweets" crowded in with the russet coats of the "seek-no-farthens," and the spicy little crimson "Spitzenbergs," and the kingly "Rhode Island greenings." Blissfully ignorant of plates and silver fruit-knives, each one chose his favorite from the pan, and talked and laughed as he ate.

By and by, when all had eaten to satisfaction (and to take one apple only would be called unpardonable daintiness in X—— circles), Mr. N—— would call from his chimney-corner, "Come, girls, give us some music." As the girls possessed good strong voices, had learned to "read notes" at the

singing-school held once a week at the neighboring school-house, and knew a great variety of songs, their music was very enjoyable to ears not over-fastidious. How the walls echoed to the tune of "Our days are gliding swiftly by," and "There's rest for the weary," and the good old tunes of "Ballerma," "Ortonville," and "St. Martin's!" Then, perhaps, as a final treat, they could persuade Mr. N—— to give them, in his quaint treble, the old campaign song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," by which the Republicans marched straight on to victory with the gallant Harrison in the fall of '40; and as the chorus rose with its quaint melody, "O, it's then we'll beat little Van — Van — Van, As a used-up man,"

the souls of singer and hearers burned anew with partisan zeal. The *Weekly Tribune* had penetrated even to this remote region, and one copy was handed around among the farmers until it was literally worn out. As a result, X—— was a most zealous Republican district.

But the nine slow strokes of the clock warn our revelers that it is time for good-night greetings. The neighbors set off for their star-lit journey home "cross lots;" Mrs. N. puts away her knitting-needles and the long blue stocking just "toed off;" Jem splits the kindling-wood, and covers the fire between the andirons; and the girls, carrying a long tallow-candle in its tin candle-stick, climb the stairs to their attic-chamber, — a great, bare room, looked down upon by the sloping roof and dusty, cob-webbed rafters.

But that old attic saw as many "good times" (what girl doesn't like the phrase?) as some more ambitious apartments. When a friend from a neighboring farm-house came to spend the night, what gymnastics in costume those dusky rafters looked down upon; with what shouts of laughter they resounded; what delicious secrets were whispered under the bed-quilts, in that "sweet talking tune which, with friends on such occasions, is wont to last from evening till morning," as dear Fredrika Bremer says. The last sleigh-ride, or the moonlit walk home from singing-school last week, was lived over again. The merits and demerits of rustic beaux were discussed with a freedom which, if every timid swain could realize, surely "*vox faucibus hæreret*" the next time he ventured to ask Miss Martha to "see her safe home." If a bit of wedding-cake found its way somehow to that chamber (a Mrs. B., who knew the girls' fancy for fortune-seeking, often sent them a bit, carried off in her pocket from some

rustic marriage-feast), what fun in putting it under pillows, and comparing notes next morning on the dreams which its magical presence was supposed to influence!

The life of the X—— girls, though hardly what we would fancy, was not a dreary one to them. Up with the sun, busy all the morning; but after the dinner-dishes were washed, free to sit down, in a clean print, to their sewing and talk, unless invited to a quilting or tea-drinking somewhere. In the evening, when not gathered around the fire-place, as we have seen them, they went to apple-cuts, or singing-schools, or a "donation," or paid an evening visit, or sometimes enjoyed a sleigh-ride. In summer, picnics were frequent, and excursions to the Pine Hills for huckleberries—a dozen or more young people crowded into one great lumber-wagon, with their pails and dishes; and coming home in the cool evening, their breaths fragrant with sassafras, and pails full to the brim with ripe, purple fruit, garlanded over with the green leaves and bright red berries of the wintergreen, ready to relate wondrous adventures to the "old folks" of how "Lizzie got lost," and was found again, and "Lucy saw a rattlesnake," and "the boys came *so near* killing it." Ah, that was a real Argonautic expedition to the young folks of X——!

Then there were the family gatherings at Thanksgiving or New Year's, when the married sons and daughters came home, bringing their little ones to greet the ears of the aged pair with their sweet lisping, "Grandpa" and "Grandma," when the walls resounded with happy voices, and the dining-table, stretched to its utmost capacity, was still too small, and roast pig, or the stately monarch of the barn-yard, who had strutted in his glory all summer, crowned the board.

So goes the life of the young folks in X——. Sometime, if you like, we'll take a peep at the recreations of the elders.

Art Notes.

A short time ago many lovers of art listened to a very interesting lecture on art by Mr. Herkomer.

In the gallery of Doll & Richards, on Park Street, there is a small but well-chosen collection of oil-paintings. A large and beautiful view by DeHasse attracts much attention. There is a small study of jacqueminot roses especially noticeable for the graceful arrangement and neat execution.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT's great picture of "The Flight into Egypt," has been ruined by the stretching of the Syrian canvas on which it was painted. The labor of years has been lost. He has already set to work to reproduce it on new canvas.

A FINE collection of portraits, etchings, and engravings, by Hubert Herkomer, have recently been exhibited in the gallery of Williams & Everett. The portraits are exceedingly fine; their chief attraction seems to be the perfect ease and naturalness about them all. The flesh-tints are perfect. One we particularly noticed—Lorenz Herkomer, the father of the artist, represented as standing at his work. It is extremely real and lifelike.

A New York paper speaks very highly of the collection of pictures, by Boston artists, in the American Art Gallery in Madison Square. It says the Gallery has never been more attractive, and that "after an hour spent there, no true critic will ever again accuse Boston of provincialism in art." The portraits by Vinton excited much attention, especially the one of T. G. Appleton. It is considered one of the great portraits of the age.

FULLER's "Dandelion Girl" was universally admired, as well as his other pictures, including portraits. The "Dandelion Girl" was spoken of as a picture that would win entire admiration in any gallery in the world. "with, perhaps, the exception of Boston." J. Appleton Brown, Robinson, Cole, Carlsen, and Enniking, are all also represented. We find that Boston artists are fully appreciated in New York, at least.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORE died January 23d, at the age of fifty.

We feel as if our art column would not be complete without some mention of Doré. He was born at Strasburg, in 1832. His fame rested chiefly on his great designing power. His designs number more than 50,000, and yet at his death his imagination was as fertile as ever. In spite of the severe criticisms of his works, all, artists as well as others, agree in saying that he had a very superior imagination.

He was particularly noted for his book illustrations—"Dante's Inferno," "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Ancient Mariner," and others. The last few years of his life have been mostly occupied in designing illustrations for Shakespeare.

Much interest is manifested over a book now ready for the press—"Poe's Raven," with illustrations by Doré. It will be similar in size to the "Ancient Mariner," and

will contain twenty-six engravings, with a portrait of the artist. The designs were executed by Doré in about sixty days, and they are said to be among his most remarkable.

Lasell Athletic Club.

EVIDENTLY something has been stirring the minds of some twenty of our girls during the past week. Mysterious meetings have been held in Room 1 and the Gymnasium, and one young woman was heard to remark, "What shall I do without pie?" Our wonder increased, and we came to the conclusion that the chief pastry-cook was about to depart, and that the pies we so often (?) enjoy were now to be denied us. But no; the cook stands firm, and lo! an athletic club has sprung up in our midst. Soon we shall see twenty young women starting off for an hour's brisk walk in the fresh air: rain or shine it makes no difference. This is certainly a good thing, for we would all be benefited if we took more out-door exercise, and Auburndale has many beautiful places as yet unexplored. A half-hour will be devoted to running and gymnasium exercise. This is not all—pie, cake, and pork, are prohibited; we will wait to see the "Constitution" on the hot biscuit and coffee question. The subject of prizes and uniform Gymnasium-costume is under discussion. The scheme is yet new, but we like the idea. American women are not models of health; and if there is anything we can do to improve our health, and fit us to be strong, active, and enduring women, is it not a step in the right direction? The Lasell Athletic Club has our best wishes for its success. We have come out to view the issue of the exploit; and in a few days the "Constitution" will be ready and signed, and then we shall watch with great interest the steady development of twenty girls, who at present, are eager to show us what they can do.

Principles of Common Law.

THE first of the course of lectures on this subject was delivered Wednesday evening, January 10th, by Mr. Alfred Hemenway, of Boston. Probably there has never been any lecture given within the walls of Lasell which received a more rapt attention.

Mr. Hemenway is a very pleasing speaker, and his thoughts are expressed with great clearness. He began by giving the different divisions of the law as international and municipal, federal and state, written and

unwritten. The number of law maxims was stated as over two thousand. Among several mentioned was the one, "A man's house is his castle." From a decision to that effect long ago, comes the law forbidding an officer to break open the outer door of a house to serve a civil process.

The subject of corporations, called artificial persons in law, was taken up, and the purpose for which they are formed and their rights explained, and also the penalty of a violation of charter. Great stress was laid on the necessity of knowing the liability attached to a corporation before taking stock.

Real and personal property was next spoken of, and the various titles by which property is acquired.

An ancestor in the law is the person from whom an estate is derived.

The usual means of acquiring property are by grants, indentures, and deeds poll.

The lecture was concluded by reading a copy of a deed found in Egypt 106 B. C., which described the personal appearance of the grantor and grantee.

On the evening of January 24th the second lecture was given.

The subject was "Deeds." The various kinds were described, and a warranty-deed read, and each part explained in detail. After that he took up mortgage-deeds, and showed the proviso in a conveyance which makes a mortgage of it.

The announcement of this course of lectures has elicited numerous comments by the press in different parts of the country. From among them we take the following:

"Although this movement may be somewhat novel for a ladies' seminary, it is one that cannot be too highly commended. A thorough instruction in such pre-eminently practical questions as these, and many others that may readily be suggested, will prove highly beneficial to the students, and will be all the more appreciated by them when they go out into the world, where they will have no lack of opportunities for putting them into practical operation. The example set by Lasell Seminary might profitably be followed by other similar institutions." — *Industrial World, Chicago.*

"It affords us great pleasure to observe this progress in practical and necessary knowledge. It is all the more opportune and urgent, because every year the sphere of woman's individuality and practical activities is broadening. Her responsibilities are becoming greater than ever before. She is obliged, in a thousand ways, to compete with men in the great struggle for existence. She ought to be as well equipped.

In fact, since she labors under many legal inequalities and disabilities — relics of barbarism — she ought to be even better equipped. The more a woman knows, the better she is for ornament or use." — *Boston Times.*

Obituary.

"HATTIE BAILEY PEASE, aged 23 years, died January 27th, at her home in Milwaukee, Wis., after a brief but painful illness."

What a shock these few words brought to the hearts of those who had known and loved Hattie Bailey. The fair face, the pleasant voice, the gentle disposition — we remember them all, and cannot realize that they are gone from us forever. We may only bow our heads in meek submission, knowing that "He doeth all things well." The aching hearts can only say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

We first became acquainted with Hattie when, in the fall of 1877, two Claremont girls came to Lasell and joined the class of '79. One was obliged to drop out before the course was completed, but Hattie continued with us until the end; and we five, drawn together by the ties of school-life, learned to love each other as only classmates can. Hattie soon found her way to all our hearts; for while we loved her as a friend, we also respected her as a student; and when the class officers were elected, she was unanimously chosen president. We may not dwell upon these two years of school-life. All who knew Hattie during that time remember her as a diligent, intelligent scholar, conscientious in all she did, kind and forbearing to those about her. And when, at last, Commencement day came, she received a diploma nobly earned. We can see her now, as she stood that day, arrayed in pale blue silk, and read her essay on "Cross-roads." All the hard places are past, now, Hattie. No more temptations to stray from the narrow way into by and forbidden paths, in the land to which thou hast gone. This dear friend of whom we write was a Christian, and lived a beautiful Christian life among us. Regularly as the Sabbath day came, she attended the church of her choice, there gathering strength for coming duties.

After leaving Lasell she taught French and German for nearly two years at a girls' school in Norwich, N. Y.; and we doubt not that she made as successful a teacher as she had been a pupil. In December of 1881 she came home for the great event of her life: her marriage was about to take place. At this time the class arranged to

once more greet each other at loved Lasell. But ah, how can we write of that last reunion? — indeed, the only one since our graduation! The warm greetings, the happy hearts, the merry laughter, as we met in Boston after so long a separation! and then the ride to Auburndale, the walk up the familiar slope, and the dear, kind face of our Principal at the old Seminary door to welcome us. Afterward the bountiful collation, the concert in the Chapel, and last, the quiet talk in the parlor, a knot of girls gathering about Mr. Bragdon, soberly discussing our hopes and plans, past, present, and future. Hattie received the numerous congratulations and much good advice heaped upon her, in her usual amiable manner, saying, "The next time we meet, girls, we will bring *them* with us." "Yes, we must surely meet again, and God grant that not one loved heart among us may be missing." Mr. Bragdon's "God bless you, girls," as we parted that night, may be a benediction to us all. In February, 1882, Hattie became Mrs. James L. Pease, and her husband took her to Milwaukee to live. It was the first break in our little circle. For one short year she was a devoted and happy wife; and on January 15th of this year, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pease. For some days the mother seemed bright and well; but in less than two weeks her sweet young life went out, leaving the grief-stricken husband and the unconscious babe in darkness; and the mother, Mrs. Blodgett, to mourn the loss of an only child. A few days afterward the funeral services took place, and at the same time the boy baby was baptized and christened "Leon." The following Sunday the mother and husband started eastward on their sad journey with the precious clay; and on February 6th Hattie was buried at her old home in Claremont, N. H., just two days before her wedding anniversary. Among other floral offerings was a white anchor from the class of '79 — emblem of her steadfast Christian life. The class is indebted to Anna L. for selecting the design and assisting in the gift. As a last sad tribute we have adopted the following Resolutions: —

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Father to call unto himself our beloved class-mate, Hattie Bailey Pease,

Resolved, That in the death of Hattie Bailey Pease, the class of '79 has met with the saddest bereavement, and we mourn her removal as one so identified with us, that her memory will ever seem a living presence to cheer and to bless. A favorite alike with teachers and with pupils, "to know her was to love her."

Resolved, That although the first link of our little chain is broken, we will so cherish her

memory, so follow her example, that when our turn comes to obey the Divine summons, we may rejoin her "in the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Resolved, That we tender to her afflicted husband and mother our sincerest sympathy in this hour of their sad bereavement; and it is our prayer that they may find, in the spirit of submission, trust, comfort, and consolation in their deep affliction. Also we pray, that the unconscious babe, to whom years will bring the knowledge of his sad loss, may be guided by our dear All-Father in the footsteps of the mother, whom he may never know until he, too, shall pass "through the gates into the city."

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the husband and mother of our departed class-mate; also that they be published in the LASELL LEAVES.

CARRIE KENDIG,
INIE SANFORD,
LIZZIE ATKINSON,
CORA FLINT ANTHONY.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

C. K., '79.

Current Notes.

THE World's Fair will be held in Boston next summer.

THE ice palace was one of the leading features in the Carnival in Montreal. It was of large dimensions, with tall towers, and when illuminated by electric light, it surpassed in glittering splendor the most brilliant spectacles of like nature ever erected.

It is said that in 1854 Prince Napoleon was intrusted with a command in the French expedition to the Crimea. Finding the life of a soldier uncongenial, he retired from the army, ascribing ill health as the cause. For this, the *sobriquet* of "Plon-Plon" was given him by his countrymen.

DR. SCHLEMAN has obtained permission from the Hellenic Government to make excavations in Athens. He will commence his work in that part of the city where those who fell in war were buried, and where the grave of Pericles is supposed to be.

BARON VON FLOTOW, the popular composer of German operas, died January 25th in his seventy-first year. He studied, when a youth, in Paris, and was a close follower of the Italian and French schools. His first attempts in opera were not successful, but in 1855, while Kappell Meister of the court at Sehwarin, he composed the famous opera "Martha." Upon this, the reputation of Flotow as a musician is founded. No opera of the age has been so universally admired.

Its melodies are pure in style, and are free from the faults of the Italian school, while preserving some of its best qualities. It has been translated into almost all of the civilized languages.

THERE are always a few adventurers and diseomfited leaders who are waiting for a chance to take advantage of some confusion or convulsion in political affairs. Prince Napoleon thought, no doubt, that when Gambetta died the Republican cause was buried with him. He will find, however, that it did not depend entirely on one man, but that Gambetta was only one of its many strong friends. The Prince's Manifesto dwelt on the weakness and incapacity of the Government, the disunion of the Parliament, and the deeadence of the army and finances. He declares that religion is attacked, and, in short, thinks that he is the only one competent to rule France. If the Republic really were in danger, it is not likely to again try experiments with the Napoleonic system. The Prince has been arrested, and will probably be banished from the country. A strong but foolish movement is being made to exile from France all pretenders to the French throne.

The Lasell Directory.

FOR THE USE OF THE PREPS.

I HAD arrived at that period in my life when I was to leave the parental roof, and seek my fortune at a boarding-school. There was but little time for decision, and as there was much *bragging done* in the West about Lasell, I was *eager* to make that my abiding place. Preparations were at last completed, and, with a heart of *flint*, I left the house. My poor old (s) parents called me back, and said, "*Hug us once more, my child*" (s); nor would they release me for a time from their embrace. Finally, my feelings much *harrised*, and *water* streaming from my eyes, I started, and *ran some* distance, in order to make up for lost time. (I was denied the use of the carriage, on account of the breaking of the *whipple-tree*.) There were two *routts* from which to select; but I had chosen the one taken by the *Raymond* excursions, on account of the *lowe* fare. The *noyes* and the crowd at first seemed a little confusing; but the *porter* proved very attentive, and, settled among the *cushings*, *fanning* myself, I soon began to realize that I was leaving *al my* early associations far behind me. From my window I *scan(ned)* fields which were

soon to yield *pecks* of wheat,—meadows, *brooks*, bordered with sweet *Williams* and *hills*, met my gaze. I then turned to my book, and from its *pages* to my fellow-passengers. Thus the time passed pleasantly, and before many hours I found myself in Boston. I was *marshalled* across the city to the Boston and Albany depot, and took my seat in the train bound for Auburndale, which was *expres* to Newton. Arriving at my destination, I made my way to Lasell. The first thing I saw, as I approached, was a *p(l)ackard*,—"Entrance to the right." Following its direction I passed the lawn, and, attracted by a prolonged, unpardonable *huray*, followed with merry laughter, I turned, and saw it was caused by an exciting game of archery. In the heat of the contest the *bows* were *jerked* constantly with great success. Pausing but a moment, I passed on to the Seminary; and no sooner had I been ushered to my room, than I heard the *bel cherfully* ringing for tea. I descended to the dining-room, and there beheld a strange repast. Soon *w(e) all a(s)cembled*, and were *eat on* from the following *menu*: French toast, *brown* bread, good, rich Baker's chocolate, *starr* fish (*iff* that's what you eall it), *Halford* sauce, and *snow*-pudding. On a table a little to the *leeward*, *hams* were to be seen. I was seated with a young lady from *Berlin*, hale and *hardy*, on one side, a forssible young lady from *Manchester* on the other. I had not supposed that Lasell favored co-education; but beside the little *shaver John*, son of the Professor. I saw that *Nicker's* son, *Laris'* son, *Adam's* son, *Morris'* son, *Gil's* son, and *Juck's* son were among those congregated in the dining-room. From further observations made that evening I discovered that I had reached something akin to an Industrial Home. Though I was aware attention was paid to industrial branches, I was somewhat surprised to meet a *mason*, a *carpenter*, and two *millers*. When I retired to my room, whose solitude was broken only by the noise of the *cogs w(he)ells* from the *mills* not far distant, recollections of what was passed, and thoughts of what was to come, rushed upon me with such force that I thought I should *dye* of homesickness. I was given good *ale* and *Hosford's* Acid of Phosphate to drink, and at last slumber overtook me. The history of the trials and triumphs of the year will appear in a future directory.

"A FRIEND's contempt is hard to bear; one's own is still harder to endure."

Scintillations of Science.

BOSTON COMMON is to be lighted by electric-light.

PROF. LANGLEY says that the sun's spots affect the earth, and that the effect on the weather and climate will soon be known.

THE new spectroscope from Browning, of London, has passed through the Boston Custom House, and will be received here in a few days.

FOUR months ago a dense Virginia forest covered the site of Pocahontas, which now has a population of 2,000. A coal-mine was the cause.

JAPAN is keeping fully abreast of Western nations in the introduction of new inventions. One of the latest signs of this is the extensive use of the electric light in several of the government establishments at Yokohama.

THE New Orleans ice manufacturing establishments have a practice of freezing fish, flowers, and other articles in blocks of ice, which are used in the windows of restaurants, and make very attractive signs.

DID you ever hear of "lightning pictures?" A woman in Maine was standing at a window when a tree directly in front of her was struck by lightning. She was stunned, and on recovering her senses complained that her back seemed on fire. An examination disclosed a perfect likeness of the tree between her shoulders.

Personals.

SUSIE DREW visited us not long ago.

ALICE HOWARD is now traveling in the South.

WE hear Annie Briggs is having a gay time this winter.

NELLIE FERGUSON sang in the Boston Music Hall.

WE were sorry to see Laura Place leave us; but hope to see her back soon.

THE oranges Lu Devnell kindly sent have been fully appreciated.

A LETTER from Mrs. Brown (Estella Green) says she is well.

ELLA ELLIS, who is visiting in Newtonville, has been to see us once or twice.

WE are glad to hear that Jennie Griffiths, who has been so ill for the past few months, is now much better.

MR. and MRS. KENDIG favored Lasell with a call, the first part of February.

MRS. OSBORNE (Alice Howard) has been ill for six weeks with pneumonia, but is now much better.

IN answer to the request of the *News Letter*, we would reply that Miss Mary B. Williams, of Des Moines, Iowa, is the person to whom they refer.

Semitones.

PROFESSOR.—"Miss S., where was glass first made?" Miss S.—"In Antiquity."

A SENIOR walks every day at 2.15; "wholly for methodicalism," so she says.

MISS S. wanted to know if the cat they were going to "vivisect" was dead.

WHEN we bade Miss Place good-by, some one said, "That is misplaced."

ONE of the Seniors is anxious to know who wrote "Taming of the Shrew."

ANOTHER member of the Class of '83 declines the adjective *juvinis*, — *juvinis*, junior, senior.

A BULLETIN of daily news, which hangs in the dining-room, is one of the modern improvements of Lasell.

A SENIOR's definition of a lady—"A female person of maturity versed in true politeness."

GYMNASTICS are becoming so popular that some enthusiast will rise at one o'clock in the morning to take the exercise.

How the poor girl must have felt when the teacher excused her from class to get some common sense.

IT is coming to a sad state of affairs when one of our number wants to expatiate, instead of expiate, crime.

WE beg leave to inform Miss W. to the contrary, although she has always thought Lent celebrated the flood.

FIRST GIRL.—"When is your birthday?" Second girl.—"On St. Valentine's Day." First girl exclaims, "What, the 22d of February?"

WE wonder whether Wellesley girls enjoy Vocal Class. It was noticed that it was with some difficulty they stayed in the room during the whole lesson.

A JUNIOR, upon reading a letter from a friend who wrote that he had been to see "Pirates of Penzance," ejaculates, "'Pirā-tes of Penzance!' Who is he?"

PROF. B. keeps the children in one of his classes quiet, by allowing them to amuse themselves with the cat and kittens.

YOUNG lady declining a French verb interrupts herself, by exclaiming she has made a mistake. "No; you have made no mistake," says the teacher; "it would be well if you did make more mistakes of that same kind."

Dry-goods boxes and shawls make excellent double-runners; but we would advise all who engage in the exciting pastime of coasting, to be sure of the experience of the person who takes charge of the steering.

THE thanks of the Mineralogy Class are hereby tendered to Miss Carpenter, for her gift of amethystine quartz crystals, and of lavas from Vesuvius. Who is the next to make a donation?

THE spelling of the Lasell directory is not erroneous, only "peculiar."

NEW plays of Shakespeare: "McBeth;" "What an Ado About Nothing;" "To be or Not to Be;" "Twelfth Knight;" "Three gentlemen of Venice."

PEDESTRIANISM is coming in vogue. Three of our enterprising young women walked to Boston, one morning, not long ago. Arriving in Allston, which is more than a third of the distance, they inquired of a girl from the Emerald Isle their way. "Och! Boston," she said, with a slow, wondering shake of her head, "is many and many a mile;" and still they were not discouraged.

A MEMBER of the Junior class says an acre is much smaller than one would think; and throwing a calculating glance around the 12 by 15 feet room, remarks, "How many acres do you suppose there are in this room?" Then seeing a smile on the faces of the girls, exclaims, "Well, I believe there is *one*, anyway."

FROM the following, taken from *The Brunonian*, we infer that Psychology is as great a trial to the masculine, as to the feminine, mind. Let us hope that none of the coming graduates may suffer such a horrible fate.

The winter's dusk was darkening fast,
As swift across the campus passed
A youth, who clasped, with nervous hand,
A book inscribed in letters grand,
"Psychology!"

Dark was his brow, and fierce his eye,
While, like a trumpet note on high,
Rang far and wide that word of woe
By Senior classes degraded so,
"Psychology!"

In happy Juniors' rooms of ease
No Porter did his eye displease;
And at the sound of joyful tones,
Burst from his lips, with hollow groans,
"Psychology!"

"A hard advance, and very long,
In back review two sections strong;"
This was his class-mate's last good-night;
A voice replied, with feeble might,
"Psychology!"

At dawn's first light the watchman heard
Ring through the air the startling word,
Repeated o'er and o'er again,
As though by one in cruel pain,
"Psychology!"

The janitor, when on his round,
The student pale and ghastly found,
Still clasping in his lifeless hand
The book inscribed, in letters grand,
"Psychology!"

Prof. Hills' Concert.

THE third and last of the series of Mozart and Haydn concerts which Prof. Hills has been giving at the Seminary, took place Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, 1883. It was fully on a par with the foregoing two which so delighted the audience.

PROGRAMME.

Trio — No. 24, Piano-forte, Violin, and Cello, *Haydn*.

Allegro Moderato — Adagio-Rondo,
MESSRS. HILLS, ALLEN, AND FRIES.

Song — Aria, from "Magic Flute," *Mozart*.
MR. WEBBER.

Fantasia, for Piano-forte, C. Moll, *Mozart*.
Fantasia, for Piano-forte, C. Dur, *Haydn*.
MR. HILLS.

Song — Sympathy, *Haydn*.
Sailor's Song, *Haydn*.
MR. WEBBER.

Trio — Op. 15, No. 3, Piano-forte, Violin, and Cello, *Mozart*.

Allegro, Andante Cantabile, Allegro.
MESSRS. HILLS, ALLEN, AND FRIES.

The concerts have been a great source of enjoyment to the music-lovers, and have done much to acquaint us with those masters of music, Mozart and Haydn.

Society Notes.

THE Lasellians give a public entertainment March 15th.

ON Saturday evening, January 13th, the twelve members of the "A. B. C." amused themselves by indulging in a taffy-pull. Although the candy was slightly scorched, it answered the purpose well, and after

having reduced it to a snowy (?) whiteness, and by so doing obtaining a generous amount of blisters on their dainty hands, they adjourned to the Gymnasium, where they participated in dancing and literary exercises. At nine o'clock the bell hastily summoned them from the field of action, and they regretfully departed, each bearing an overflowing plate of the sticky substance.

THE election of officers which took place in the Lasellia Club, February 5th, resulted as follows:—

Miss Ava Lowe,	<i>President.</i>
" Mamie Marshall,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
" Annie Gilson,	<i>Secretary.</i>
" Hattie Peck,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" Grace Eaton,	<i>Critic.</i>
" Lizzie Whipple,	<i>Guard.</i>

THE Lasellia Club celebrated its second anniversary the 21st of January, by giving an entertainment and supper. The principal amusement of the evening consisted of a shadow pantomime; and the clearly outlined silhouettes of the actresses were the occasion of much laughter.

After some music, dancing, and a highly appreciated supper, the company dispersed, with cries of, "Long live the Lasellias."

"Perfectly Lovely."

EVEN worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it, is this universally used and senseless phrase! It is applied to anything and everything. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation, and of common-sense.

Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen: the first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come; and 'Isn't the day just lovely?'" and "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely?'"

With these young women, everything that isn't "perfectly horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee-jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

I took a young girl last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty, and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen half the spring-time glory of that delightful place.

The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of sickly puns. It is

an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they feel.

Children catch it who cannot speak plain, and pronounce a doll or plaything "perfly lubly."

Whenever I hear it I always want to exclaim, "O girls, do stop! Better take up the forcible language of your brothers, than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence."

Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics — books new and old, and all that interests their brothers. But do they show themselves competent to carry on a conversation that will stimulate and refresh those whom they meet? Good talkers never fail to interest and to charm; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them. — *K. A. S., in "Youth's Companion."*

MONDAY evening, January 29th, a large number from the school attended the first representation in Boston of Gounod's "Redemption," a work which occupied the composer twelve years.

In Part One, the "Earthquake" was especially fine, where, in the accompaniment, one could fancy that he heard the rocks being rent in twain, and the graves being opened.

Other portions particularly noticeable were the chorus by the Prophetic Choir, in Part Two, and the soprano solos, "From Thy love as a Father," sung by one of the holy women before the apostles, and, "Lovely Appear over the Mountains," in the scene on the day of Pentecost, both of which were rendered very effectively. But the grandest part of all was the chorus at the Ascension, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," which received prolonged and vigorous applause.

On our return we were kindly treated by our Principal to apples and crackers, which were very acceptable.

Exchanges.

Though not usually inclined to be visionary, we found ourselves drifting that way not long since. We had been glancing through the columns of the recent publications of the college press; hence our thoughts, passing beyond our control, wandered in that direction. We were in a large hall, which was divided off into apartments by low curtains. Each of these represented

the much-talked-of editorial sanctums of the different college papers. In the corner of most of these sat the exchange editor, surrounded by his "pile of exchanges." As we watched him or her scan the pages of different periodicals, it was interesting to watch the varying expressions which crossed the countenance. Note-books were clutched, and the editorial "we" with its accompanying criticism was scribbled. I took especial notice of several of these apartments and their occupants.

In the *College Courier* office there sat a rather gloomy personage. As he picked up the different papers he seemed to find nothing which exactly pleased him; hence he criticised whatever he saw first. 'Twas the "Locals" in one paper,—he might have applied the same criticism to the *Courier*,—it was the motto in another, and so on.

In the *Adelphian* we saw a student working hard to prove that the time-worn idea of the "man in the moon" would be better thought of as "the woman in the moon." We heard him read aloud his argument. "The moon is spoken of by the poets as beautiful—an epithet never applied to man; she comes forth gradually, like unto a woman," etc. His arguments are good were they only upon the other side, for they prove conclusively that our old idea is correct; for where woman is in all her beauty, there will man be found, not woman.

We also saw the establishment of the *Vassar Miscellany*. On a rest in one part was a bust of that "far-famed apostle of perseverance, Gov. Benj. F. Butler." At this a young woman was gazing earnestly, reading from his face and features a very interesting and characteristic history.

Harvard and *Yale* had each a suite of rooms, but they were located as far apart as possible. There seemed, however, to be a connecting telephone, and when any of the *Harvard* sheets had a bright and cruel thought it was sent to *Yale*; whereupon the *Yale* editors would have a consultation, and an equally complimentary answer was returned. These remarks being overheard in the sanctums of the satellites of each of these, were greatly enjoyed and immediately copied.

Last, but not least, we turn lovingly, but perhaps not critically enough, to the abode of the LEAVES. Is its table covered with the "substantial evidences on foolscap paper" asked for in its last issue? We feel —. We beg pardon of our readers for stopping so abruptly, but we were suddenly recalled to the real, in place of the imaginary state of affairs, and our vision disappeared.

Natural History.

ANTS.

THE Lord was so pleased with Solomon, that he told him to ask what he would of him; and he asked for wisdom and understanding. The consequence was that he excelled every one in knowledge. He was given to understand natural history, so that "he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." All that remains of this inspired knowledge as to natural history, is the little he says of ants in the "Proverbs." There he writes: "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." As Solomon said, so Huber found the facts to be. The ants have "no guide, overseer, or ruler." Every ant-establishment is a republic, in which each individual has his fixed duties to perform. In consequence of their habits of foresight and frugality, ease reigns in the dwellings of these little animals; and they become attached to their nests by a feeling of patriotism. Woe betide him who disturbs them in their occupations, or destroys their home! Their underground home beneath the hillock is a marvel of architecture. The little creature begins by making a hole in the ground; then chambers are burrowed, connected by corridors—the chambers, one above another, sometimes reaching fifteen inches below the surface. There is a large central chamber, its ceilings supported by pillars, where, at times, the ants all meet. Winding ways lead to this chamber from all parts of the nest. The openings of the ant-hills are many; every evening they are closed, and are not opened on wet days. But beside these openings for ordinary use, they have masked doors and thin partitions, through which they can easily pass, in case they are sorely pressed by an invading force of ants, and obliged to flee from their nest. Some ants are masons, using mortar in rearing their houses. They watch for the evening dew or gentle rain, and when there is moisture enough to form mud, a large number of the workers may be seen preparing the mortar or hurrying with pellets of it to the proper place in the building. The formation of every part of the home goes on at the same time—the masonry above, the excavation of the chambers and corridors below, as well as the carrying of

the earth to form the hillock. I wish I could show you an ants'-nest as it appears some early summer morning. The ants have rested well during the night, some having slept in the lower, some in the higher, chambers. The sun's rays have come with their warmth and light, apprising the occupants of the upper stories that it is time to be at work. Immediately they arouse themselves, and proceed to awake those below: a tender touch of the feelers will do with some, but a hard punch with the mandibles is required for the sleepy-heads. But by and by the whole nest is in motion. They know where to find the larvæ, and in a few moments they crowd the outlets, carrying the little grubs on their backs to lay them on the ant-hills, where they will receive the warmth of the solar rays. Besides feeding and securing a proper warmth for their larvæ, the ants keep them exceedingly clean by brushing them with their feelers.

The larva now spins a cocoon around itself, and is called a pupa. This develops in its encasement until it becomes a young ant. When it has arrived at full development, the workers cut away the shell with their mandibles. The little creature finds itself still helpless, but the ants train it; they teach it to walk, and they feed it until it is able to take care of itself, which is only a few days. The new-born males and females are kept in tutelage till the day of general departure or swarming. Till then, the workers confine them to the ant-hill; but the young neuters are set to work at once. If you are watching, you may witness the general departure. It is on a warm day near the end of August. It is the marriage flight. First the males swarm out, displaying their iridescent wings, and the females immediately follow. The females, for the most part, return to their homes; while some of them, aided by workers, may establish a new colony. From this time their wings are useless, and they hasten to tear them off. They are henceforth the honored charges of the workers. Sentinels watch them continually, to provide for their wants. When they walk out, an escort accompanies them; they caress them, brush them, lick them, and offer them food continually. In case of serious danger to the nest, they are dragged out by the secret passages, and put into places of safety.

The ants are ever ready to assist each other. If one is tired, a comrade carries it on its back. Those who are so absorbed in their work that they have no time to think of food, are fed by their companions

When an ant is wounded, the first one that meets it renders it assistance, and carries it home. But though so lovely in their home-life, they are always ready for war. Usually their warring is ants against ants. There are slave-holding ants, and these occasion most of their fights. The russet-colored ant must have slaves to provide for his wants, his mandibles being fitted only for fighting and for carrying prisoners home; if deprived of his slaves he perishes by starvation. Thus by studying the ants we discover many interesting facts; and the farther our study leads us the more interesting it becomes.

"Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the deep blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning."

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From the Chair.

RUMORS and long facts tell us that essays have been weighing upon Junior brains. Outside of the charmed five, we cannot tell what may happen on the evening of April 3d. An intellectual entertainment we feel sure is in store for us—one not too profound, we hope, for we still like to be amused.

WHILE a compulsory attendance reaches the many, the few must suffer. More than one in the vocal classes who can't sing, or won't sing, impatiently watches the hands of the clock, and wonders why she is spending her time so unprofitably. But what

these lose others seem to have gained. Attending the vocal classes, they have become aware that they possess musical talent. Unwilling to have us remain ignorant of the fact, some of them recently appeared on the stage, and favored the faculty and students with examples of their solo and chorus singing. No further assurance of their talent is needed.

DEAR MISS EDITOR,—The plea in the February LEAVES for larger liberty for Seniors, because they are Seniors, appeals to one's sense of the fitness of things. It is right to expect every Senior to be on the Self-Governed list.

But let me suggest: Ought any Senior, owing to some flaw in conduct, to keep herself off this list? If Seniors—to use your perfect language—are not "old enough and wise enough to be subjects of confidence," is the "trouble" with the administration of the lists or with themselves?

INTERESTED.

WE admit that it is right to expect every Senior to be on the Self-Governed list—but the facts remain: every Senior does not so order her conduct that "if all imitated her, our school would need no rules." And the plea was not for more liberty as the reward of conduct, but as a Senior privilege. Because a Senior has not all the self-governed qualifications, must we infer that she is unworthy of the "confidence" we plead for?

That the Self-Governed girls tacitly pledge themselves on receiving the honor, to act so that Lasell would need no rules if all followed their example, is a conceded fact among the tactics of the Seminary. This being the case, the present restriction of no one being allowed to enter a store in the village, even for the purchase of a darning-needle, without permission, suggests a decided lack in the character of the members of the honor list, or else the S. G. honor is not what it pretends to be; and the student has not the degree of trust placed in her of which her standing is presumed to show her worthy. The simple matter of going to

the village stores at one's discretion, does not seem to call forth, according to our mind, any greater strength of character than the honored student is supposed to have, and the restriction thus appears incompatible with the underlying aim of the system.

We see from the following that our method of combining practical with book knowledge is the one pursued in France. Had we been favored with a call, the note-books might have contained a different report. The clever French women might have wondered that the Americans were so slow to see defects in their educational system; at the same time they would have had to admit that they had been seen and overcome.

"Two clever French women have been sent by their government to America to observe and report our systems of higher education for women. They have been among us, unobserved themselves, but 'taking notes,' nevertheless. In a recent interview with President Gregory, in Washington, they acknowledge, with characteristic courtesy, the admirable management of Wellesley and Vassar Colleges, and the high grade of literary and scientific instruction given to American girls; but their French politeness does not shut their eyes to the serious defects in our system, and in its outcome. 'The chief criticism made by them upon the American education of girls,' says Dr. Gregory, 'is the serious lack of the practical element. The pupils learn abundance of book-knowledge, but learn little or nothing of the arts and duties belonging to women, wives, and mothers. It was laughable, if it had not also been vexing, to hear their accounts of the replies made to them by the lady-teachers of our high-schools and seminaries for girls. To their question as to why household science and arts are not taught in the schools, the responses were: 'Oh, we have no time for such things.' 'They are not necessary. We have plenty of servants to do these things.' 'We are rich, and able to hire all this.' 'We must teach science, and history, and literature, and cannot spend time on domestic matters. The girls must learn these things at home, or in their own homes when they come to have them.' They

were asked, "What do you do about it in your schools for girls in France?" "Oh, in France, sewing and dress-making are taught in all the public schools. In the lower grades the girls are taught to sew, to mend, to darn, and all that; and in the higher grades they are taught to cut and fit dresses. Every French woman knows just how to instruct her servant, and to oversee her seamstress." "

Song of the Iceberg.

FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK.

From the frozen heart of the glittering North,
Exulting, I've burst away!
On the ocean tide forever to ride—
Ha! ha! who biddeth me stay?

I am not old, for a thousand years
Have but brightened my crystal blood;
I fill my cup from the storm-cloud's tears,
And gather the snows for food.

Men quake as the lifting folds of storm
Uncover my ghastly face;
There is woe in the sweep of my giant arm!
There is death in my chill embrace!

To our ice-barred lands the pigmy race,
Unbidden, essayed to pass:
I beckoned my brothers to come apace,
And we shivered their fleets like glass.

But there came a youth to our desolate realm,
A pale and slender man;
With nerve of iron he grasped the helm,
And laughed at our idle ban!

He fastened his ship in a rock-bound bay—
"The ice is around her still!"
But we could not hinder his northward way,
Or fetter that chainless will.

The silent shores of the uttermost sea
With reverent feet he trod—
We know by the glance of his sleepless eye
That he was the Sent of God.

From the frozen heart of the glittering North,
Exulting, I've burst away!
On the ocean tide forever to ride—
Ha! ha! who biddeth me stay?

I'll wander away to the tropic isles;
I'll traverse the realms of noon;
Antarctic kinsmen are waiting for me—
I'll join the revelry soon!

But what is this in the atmosphere?
And what is that eye of flame
That burns, and burns to my very heart,
And withers my giant frame?

I have shivered the lightnings on my breast,
I have mocked at the whirlwind's mood,
But the sun hath smitten my shining crest,
And the ocean drinks my blood.

The Story of "Jack o' Lantern."

I'LL tell you the story simply as I heard it; I am not sure it is true; in fact, I myself don't believe it at all.

Many years ago there lived in Northern England an industrious smith, who worked with all his might from dawn till late at night, and he was getting poorer every year. His family were sick and hungry, and half clothed, and, to make matters worse, he could get no one to help him at his forge; or if he succeeded in getting a helper it was only for a few days, for they all seemed to be unwilling to work for a smith who was born under such an unlucky star.

While the poor smith was grieving over his misfortunes, Satan came along, as if by chance.

"Ho, John! how fares it with thee?"

"Badly enough, your worship," replied the smith; "and matters grow worse every day."

"Ha, ha, John! it is as I thought. Thou art serving the wrong master," said Satan. "Serve me, and thou shalt have not only food and clothing and money, but pleasure to thy heart's content."

"Work I have plenty," answered John, "but my helpers leave almost as soon as they are come, and I cannot weld the iron and blow the bellows alone. I would gladly work, and then my children should have food and clothes; and as for pleasure, I would find that in my work. If only a helper would work with me, all would be well."

"But, honest John," adroitly answered Satan, "I will order that whoever so much as touches thy bellows-pole can never let go till thou bidd'st him. So thou mayest work as long as it pleaseth thee."

"What must I do, your majesty, in return, if thou give me this favor?" asked the smith eagerly. "I will give thee," answered Satan, "all prosperity and happiness for twenty years; and, moreover, I will order that whoever once touches the bellows-pole cannot let go again without thy bidding. For twenty years this prosperity shall continue, but after that thou art mine forever."

The poor smith was sorely puzzled by Satan's offer. But hunger and poverty moved him to say, "I will accept thy offer, majesty; give me good fortune for twenty years, and then I will be thine."

Satan went his way. The smith returned to his forge; he worked and prospered, and soon became the most favored man in all the land. He had no trouble to get helpers, and the forge was active day and night;

and not content with six days' work in the week, the smith occupied the Sabbath with his pursuit for riches. But the twenty years soon came to an end. Satan came again.

"Well, my old friend, how fares it now with thee?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderfully well," replied the smith. "I have riches, and honor, and fame, and am the greatest man in the land."

"Well, John, I have helped thee to this fortune," said Satan; "the twenty years are gone, and thou must now come with me."

"Well said; it is fair," answered the smith. "Let me but weld this iron I have now hot, and I am away with your majesty. A little puff from the bellows, a little more heat, and I am done. Pray, your majesty, give one or two strokes of the bellows-pole, and then my work is ended."

"Well, then, honest John," said Satan, "since it is thy last request I will favor thee." So Satan caught the pole, and with two or three vigorous strokes the fire began to blaze brightly. But the smith sat down and put down his hammer. When Satan observed this, he exclaimed:—

"What, John, wilt thou idle now? I will not give another stroke to the pole. Thy work is done, and thou must come with me at once, without delay."

"No, your majesty; not too fast," answered the smith. "Thou canst not let go the pole until I bid thee; and I shall keep thee here forever, rather than be thy slave."

"Ah, John, thou hast deceived me, and broken thy word;" groaned Satan.

"But, your majesty, we made that bargain when thou hadst the advantage of me; now we can make another when mine is the advantage," said John, complacently.

"Since it must be so," Satan replied, "if thou wilt but let me go, I will declare thee free forever, never to serve me; and thy good fortune I will increase tenfold."

"Well, well, friend," replied the smith, "so long as thou holdest the bellows-pole I am thy master, and I fear not the slightest harm from thee; and so far as good fortune goes, I already have sufficient. Nevertheless, mindful of thy kindness to me during the twenty years, I will loose thee on the terms thou hast named."

So Satan was freed, and was gone. The smith's good fortune was boundless; he had riches, and friends, and fame. But he died. Then he knocked at the gate of heaven; and the angel asked,—

"Who art thou?"

"I am John the smith, the greatest man in all my land; open the gate."

"Depart," said the angel; "thou canst not enter heaven; for in seeking wealth thou brokest the laws of heaven. Thou must go below."

Then the smith knocked at the gate of hell.

"Come in!" cried Satan. "Oh, thou art John the smith! Thou hast deceived me once, and I will see to it that thou shalt never have another chance. Begone! Thou canst find no home in hell. Go!"

"But," exclaimed John, "where can I go? Heaven will not receive me, and hell drives me away. There is no place for me!"

"No;" answered Satan; "there is a place for thee. Thou must go back to earth."

"But how can I find my way in this terrible darkness?" asked the smith.

"Here is a lantern; now go, and let me never see thy face again," said Satan.

So the poor smith took the light, and started for the earth. And to this day he is seeking for his home. And on a dark night you may often see in the marshes and meadows the flitting light of Jack-o-Lantern.

Art Notes.

THE progress of American art seems to be rapidly advancing. We realize how rapidly when we recall the number of art-schools that have been founded within a few years, the new art clubs established, art papers and magazines, and the art exhibitions held throughout the country.

There are still many obstacles to be overcome before American art will be what all Americans desire. Two, perhaps, are worthy of note here. In the first place, an artist cannot earn a living by his brush, and, at the same time, do his best work. If he paints to please the, as yet uneducated, eye of the public (those who can buy his pictures), he must sacrifice his noblest plans, and bring down his lofty ideals to a standard which can be appreciated by the present generation. A well-known and prominent artist was heard to say, that during all the years he had been before the public, he had not received enough from picture-sales to pay his studio rent. Either the picture-buyers must become more cultured, or some means must be furnished to support artists, before our best American work will appear.

Another obstacle is the heavy duty required on all works of art brought into the country. This, of necessity, prevents, in a

great measure, the importation of works of art, and our artists are deprived of many means of advancement.

At no time of the year does there seem to be as much interest manifested in art as now. The number of art exhibitions is unusually large; we scarcely take up a paper without seeing an account of one. New York papers are full of interesting accounts of her exhibitions; but it is in Boston art that we are more interested, for this we can see and criticise for ourselves. At the gallery of Williams & Everett there has been exhibited a collection of oil-paintings by Thomas Allen, a name well known to Boston art-lovers. Not only are Mr. Allen's finished pictures on exhibition, but his entire collection of sketches and studies in their various stages of completion, affording an excellent opportunity for studying the artist's methods. Some of the pictures have been exhibited before. Among them are "Evening on the Plaza, San Antonio," and "The Toilers of the Plains." But the best work of the artist is seen in his native New England landscapes, "Upland Pasture, Pittsfield," being especially noticeable.

At the gallery of Noyes & Blakeslee is the largest example of the work of Benjamin Constant, the French painter, that has ever been exhibited in Boston. It, like so many of Constant's pictures, represents an Oriental harem scene. It is very curious, and is well worth looking at, but it does not seem to please Boston very well. We quote from a Boston paper: "The picture is not wholly devoid of interest, but it cannot for a moment occupy the thoughts of an intelligent mind, or cause any emotion except of surprise, that a painter of reputation should be content to fritter away his time and talents on such productions; it is full of bad drawing and color, and the pose of the chief figure is distinctly clumsy."

We are glad to learn that the engraving from the late William M. Hunt's famous picture of "The Bathers," upon which Mr. Schoff has been engaged for nearly three years, is completed, and is about to be exhibited. "The Bathers" is regarded as one of the finest of the painter's works, and one of the not very large list of really important pictures which this country has produced. Perhaps lovers of art will be interested in an art-book, soon to be published by James E. Freeman, an American artist, long a resident in Rome. "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome," is the title. The author requests that the readers use it as they would an artist's sketch-book, opening it at random.

From July to October there is to be an international art-exhibition held in the Glass Palace at Munich. There are to be prizes, and all, without regard to nationality, will hold equal chance of success. This is an opportunity for American artists to display their works which they ought not to lose, and which we hope they will not.

DEAR LEAVES, — Allow us to greet you with a topic of the times, and congratulate you on the becoming style of your new dress.

We have not been apart from the inner workings of the LEAVES long enough but that we feel a deep interest in all the doings of our former *protégé*.

The late division in the editorial staff is a most favorable one, as it makes a wider scope for material, besides bringing the personal interest of more students into the workshop of the paper. at the same time giving stability by conferring the chief editorship on one person for a number of issues.

The present students of the Seminary are to be envied for the advantages given this year by the course of law lectures and the improved method of calisthenics. We thought Lasell was about right when it was our home; but even since our day advancements have put in an appearance, and though we cannot have the pleasure of profiting by them, we are only too proud that our *Alma Mater* opens such benefits to others.

Rumors of a Music Hall and well-fitted Gymnasium have reached us. We heartily second that addition, for we well remember that the first two weeks of Lasell life led to the conclusion that a piano above, below, and on either side, was hardly conducive to study.

Concentration of thought is a good thing to learn; consequently we were not without some gain, though it would gladly have been exchanged for a separate music apartment, and obtained by some other method. A larger Gymnasium has been a long-felt need at the Seminary, though we understand the students are making the best use of the old one, and have lately organized an athletic club. We rejoice at this movement, and wish for it all success.

Among the benefits of the proposed building, we hope the Trustees will provide the students with suitable society-rooms. The present "S. D." hall is far from what it should be for ventilation, size, and proportion, the latter debarring all interest for

handsome furnishings, which the society would gladly add were the room fitting to receive them. Well-decorated society-rooms would, besides adding zeal and interest to the societies themselves, be an advantage to the Seminary by way of adornment.

The day of the Junior Ex. is fast approaching, and the Juniors have our sympathy. You will be next door to the bliss of Seniorship when it is over; so let us have the pleasure of comforting you with the thoughts of coming delights which cancel all Junior woes.

We often think of the class which took our place this year, as deep in the mysteries of class-meetings, essays, and the delightful studies of the last year, given, as if for a taste, to lure on to future work. We wonder if you are going to have the zeal which the classes of the last few years have lacked, to arrange for Class Day. If you will accept a hint from an elder sister, go on and have it. As the reading of essays at Commencement has been given up, it is hardly too much to expect of the Seniors preparations for Class Day exercises.

We, as a class, have had a slight wrench in our sisterly bond. One has found somebody more congenial than her maiden sisters, and has started off on the plan of doing for two. L's propensity for helping was well known, but we did not think of it coming to this so soon. Well, "Barkus is willin'." The rest of us are still pursuing studies or enjoying the comforts and pleasures of home. The events of four years at Lasell are ever recurring to our minds with pleasantest associations, and we anxiously await the reading of the LEAVES as a kind of home letter. '82.

Life's Problem.

THIS time, in early spring, the air is so inviting, and all out-doors so beautiful, staying in the house when one can be out is wicked. At least, that is my doctrine; and I avail myself of every opportunity to take a stroll. On one of these occasions I started for a tramp through the fields. Wandering along, thinking of "airy nothings," suddenly I came upon a small child seated on the grass. She looked up smilingly, then down at a new slate covered with figures lying in her lap. Her expression changed to one of perplexity, as she said, without waiting to be questioned: "My master has given me a problem to solve, and I want to play. He said it would be easy if I commenced now, and worked a

little, and I could have ever so much time for play, too; but then, he will not call for an answer for a long, long time—more than three-score years. I guess I'll leave it awhile, and have some fun first. Good-bye, old slate. I'm going to get some flowers, and have a race with that great big yellow butterfly, who is beckoning to me with his wings. Now I'm off, and I'll be back soon and work like everything."

One hot, sultry day in midsummer a traveler was passing through a deep wood. Attracted by the babbling of a brook, he turned aside from the beaten path, in search of the stream. Soon he reached a cluster of bushes, forming a kind of arbor. Pushing aside the branches, the object of his quest was revealed; but, aside from that, his eyes rested on a most beautiful picture. Beside the brook a lovely girl, just in the prime of youth, lay sleeping, her head resting on one arm, while the other was thrown carelessly down at her side. The scene would have attracted any one, but it seemed to have a peculiar fascination for the traveler, which he could not explain until, turning to leave the spot, he saw upon the ground a slate filled with figures. Instantly his mind traveled back over the years to a day in spring when he had seen a child seated in a meadow with this same slate in her hand. The beautiful sleeper beside the brook must be the little girl grown to womanhood, with the problem still unsolved, and one score of years gone. 'Twould be useless to awaken her; the work was for her alone, and no interference on his part would avail. Sadly he drew the bushes together, and left her sleeping.

Autumn had come. Everything was jolly, mellow, and yellow, and all mankind were busy out of doors harvesting, while woman-kind were busy within, preparing provision for them.

About noon on one of the busiest days, an old man drew up before the door of a farm-house, and solicited a meal for himself and horse. He was welcomed cheerfully by the mistress of the house, and ushered into the "best room," while she left to prepare his refreshment. The guest, finally becoming wearied of watching the manœuvres of what seemed to him the countless number of children in the yard, betook himself to a pile of books and papers which lay on the table. While looking them over carelessly his thoughts turned to his hostess; he had only seen her a moment, but her face impressed him as being a singularly pleasant one, with the exception of a troubled, longing look about the eyes,

which haunted him unpleasantly. The papers, meanwhile, being disposed of rapidly, when in the midst of the pile the old man came upon something of great interest to him—a slate, cracked and rusty, but occupied by the same problem he had seen so many years ago. The work was still unaccomplished. There had been evidently some attempt to solve it, but a small mistake in the beginning had disheartened the worker. Two-score years were gone, and the slate laid aside, as "what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" was now the question of that woman's life.

In an upper room, looking out upon a dreary landscape covered with snow, over which hung a dull sky, sat an old woman engaged at a strange task,—not knitting, or sewing, or reading, as such old persons are wont to be, but puzzling over a slate, endeavoring, in her feebleness, to do the task given her years ago, in her strength. "Listen," she whispered to herself. "I did not think that three-score years would be so short; there must be some mistake. Oh, Master, help me to do this work! then give me the tongue of an angel to say to all, 'Do not wait until the eleventh hour!'"

Current Notes.

THE coronation of the Russian Emperor will take place May 27th—more than two years after his accession. The occasion will be the most splendid and costly of the present year, and the principal heads of the Russian army, navy, government, and society will attend.

THE indictment against Prince Napoleon was considered insufficient, so the Government released him, and he has returned to his home. The French people complain that foreigners take their crises too seriously, and that the English papers have said too much about the late unpleasant affair in France.

THERE is a question whether the new five-cent piece is legal or not. A designation of the value of the coin should appear on it. On the new coin there is nothing but a "V," and, if gilded, it could be taken for five dollars as well as for five cents. Whether the difficulty can be satisfactorily remedied by stamping the word "cents" on the coins already struck off, or only by a new coinage, is a question that is not yet decided.

THE death of Sir Salar Jung is of international importance. Although a Moham-

medan, and in an independent state, he remained loyal to the British government. On this account the English showered honors upon him, which he amply deserved, as he was a man of extraordinary ability.

RICHARD WAGNER was born in Leipsic in 1813, and died in Venice on the 13th of last February. He thought it good fortune that he lost his father in his earliest years; for, after relating the story of a king who drove from his place a certain fairy who wished to endow his young son with the spirit of discontent with the actual, and of passionate pursuit of the new, he said: "This same fairy comes to us all, and we might all become geniuses if she were not repulsed by what is called 'education.' Without let or hindrance," he adds, "after the death of my father, the fairy glided into my cradle and bestowed on me the gift which never left me, and which, in complete independence, has made me always my own teacher." Behold! in that consists all genius! Neglected as his education was, he was early sent to a gymnasium, where he acquired a knowledge of antiquity, and a taste for music and poetry. He was writing dramas, when, at the age of fifteen, he became acquainted with Beethoven's "Symphonies," and not until then did he decide to devote himself to music. His early career as a composer was full of failures, but his persistent spirit would not let him despond. When his "Tannhauser" was brought out, through the influence of Liszt, his name began to gain a wide celebrity. His trilogy, "The King of Nibelungen," also excited universal attention. His latest, and perhaps greatest, work, "Parsifal," was finished and produced during the present year. Wagner may be considered the greatest representative of the modern school of music.

Ye Peak Family.

AND it came to pass on the twenty-second day of the second month in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXXXIII, that the Prince Joseph lifted up his voice and cried, "Hearken, O ye damsels! to the words which the Princess Caroline will speak unto you." Then the Princess Caroline arose, and spake in this wise: "Behold, the children of the tribe of Peak, who dwell in the region of Hackstown, are passing through the States; and at the setting of the sun will come to make their sojourn among us, and at the second hour of the night will make our hearts glad with sweet music and

pleasant words." And the damsels who abode at the court of Prince Charles did wonder amazingly, and questioned among themselves, saying, "Who are these Peak sisters that are to sojourn among us?"

The day wore on; and behold, at the ringing of the bell in the second hour of the night, the damsels, who had waxed exceedingly curious, gathered with one accord in the assembly-room. And lo! when the curtain was torn asunder, there was one Peak sister who did stand alone; but soon the sisters did grow in number, till they reached a half-score, and they did stand arrayed after the manner of their tribe. And behold, they did raise their voices in singing to the tune of America.

When silence was once more upon them, Penelope, the leader of the tribe, arose, saying: "Give ear, and hearken unto me, ye damsels of Lasell. We come from a far country, and many are the wondrous works we will show you. I am Penelope, and these are the names of my sisters: Euphemia, Arabella, Keturah, Fidelia, Aramantha, Mehitable, Iolanthe, Lucindy, and Ypsylanti." Then Euphemia did speak in verse concerning Thomas Pool, and it gladdened greatly the hearts of the maidens to hear sung the praises of this youth. And behold, at this time there passed a mighty wind over the place where they did sit, and from the mighty Penelope to the small Ypsylanti, they did sneeze most vehemently. And boldness did fall upon Aramantha, and she did ask very impudent questions of Euphemia; but Penelope did silence her with one wrathful look, and she did speak no more, but lifted up her kerchief and wept. And behold, the sisters did speak among themselves concerning George Washington, but their ignorance was very great, and Mehitable arose and turned their darkness into light. And now they did question one another about a certain man that did sell muffins in the region of Drury Lane; and this did please the maidens exceedingly, insomuch that they did beat their hands together muchly. Then Arabella and Keturah arose and did play on instruments of music; but unseemly mirth did take possession of them, so that they did cease in the midst, and did seat themselves with much quickness. Iolanthe also was much given to music, and she did play on the cornet exceedingly well, so that the tribe was filled with pride. Fidelia then did sing a song about that science concerning the heart and mind, and behold her sisters did sing with her. And now the hour did grow late, and soon the tribe did

disappear as it had come, until only one sister was left, who was much frightened, and pursued after her sisters in a great haste. Now, the damsels of Lasell were much pleased with the children of the tribe of Peak; and the good Prince Charles did order that a great feast should be spread for them and for the maidens of his court. So they did dance and feast until a late hour of the night, when at the ringing of the bell they arose, and departed each maiden to her own room, rejoicing greatly in their happiness.

A Peep at some Old Girls.

LAST week I took a vacation. "Funny time for a vacation!" Yes; but, you see, I don't expect any vacation next summer. I shall rusticate right here, under the branches of these great trees, in the pleasantest of all summer resorts, East, or West, — Auburn-dale — Lasell. I shall want to watch the stately growing of that new building, — the Music Hall, and Gymnasium, and Observatory, — to be named, you know, after the one of you who sends in \$5,000 to help pay for it. Do you know we are going to have almost, if not quite, the finest Gymnasium in the land? I suppose Harvard's must be permitted to excel, but no others, so far as I now know them. By-the-by, why *don't* some of you send to old Lasell of your abundance, to help her do this for future generations? That sort of thing is all the fashion now!

If I lie on the grass, next summer, and watch that long dream of mine take form, I shall not want vacation; so I stole a bit, lately, and went toward the center of things. You don't care to hear about my getting to mother, sisters, brothers, and old friends of twenty years ago — the people who knew me when I wore aprons and caps, and drove cows, split wood, or drove grocery-wagons after study-hours, for an odd penny to help keep things going; the people who call me "Charlie," and seem to think John and me boys together (not far from right, are they?); the dear old friends who don't seem to have changed a bit, in face or ways, for twenty years. Let me tell you though, that home-coming is far sweeter as years go by. The selfish, personal enjoyment may be less, for one thinks less of self; but as gray hairs come, and years number up, every meeting is an event, every hand-clasp and kiss counts one rare comfort more — one of how many in this life?

But of the "old girls." Detention by an accident on the Westward journey, gave me the delight of a five-minutes' talk with Kit-

tie Morrill, who, through flood and rain, obeyed, in her old prompt fashion, my brief telegraphic summons to meet me at the depot. She is at her old home in Jackson, Michigan, looks well, and laughs her old free laugh.

It was too short a glimpse; but I was very thankful for that. I did not forget that Marion Beller would have come to the train too; but I could not foresee the accident, and had it not been for that should have passed her home—Detroit—in the night. On to Chicago, where a moment's sight of Gen. Jones and Mr. Morrisson gave me a good word to bring to their "little" girls here. Florence Huse, an "old girl" from Evanston, has married, and lives now in Burlington, Vt. So she comes East to stay, while her sister, Mrs. Wilder, whose home was in Boston, changes places with her, moving this spring to Evanston. Lillie Potter's "Adventures in the Far East" are talked of in Evanston, and all confidence in her and her mate, Miss Ninde, that they will do well and profitably what few such young girls could do at all. She is in Egypt, now. I want to go to St. Joseph, to see my brother. I take two sides of a triangle so as to see Bertie Steell, who brightens up one of the (outwardly) most dismal days I have ever seen. Is that Nebraska weather, Bertie? "1574 West 18th Street" is where the directory says she lives; and I meekly inquire the direction, and am advised to take a car. "H'm," said I to myself, "you don't understand how Down-Easters can walk;" and, cooped up in a car for twenty-four hours, I felt like walking, so I started. When I had gone about a mile toward 18th Street, I looked up and saw *No. 202 E. 14th Street*. A car was passing for 18th, and I stepped in. It was a good thing. That was the best five-cents' worth of ride I ever had; and I have taken all I could get in London, Paris, Vienna, and New York. If you go to see Bertie Steell, take a lunch, get into the yellow car, marked 18th and 20th Street, at the station, go to sleep, and by supper-time the driver will waken you at 1574 West 18th. But it is a very pleasant part of the seven-hilled city when you are there. So pleasant did I find it, indeed, with Bertie in an arm-chair facing me, and talking over "old girls" and times old and new, that I was too late for my train, and compelled to stay over night. One thing I have to remember against Miss Bertie Steell: she promised to show me the lawyer, and didn't. But she showed me some one I was more glad to see, — Fanny Dillrance, who used to live in

Dubuque, and has been for two or three years in Germany, perfecting — no, I don't like that word there — going on with her musical education. I thought she was yet abroad. So imagine my glad surprise at finding her in a nice little cottage on the corner. She hasn't changed a bit, except that she wears her hair "banged," and so is not so handsome (to me) as when her good forehead was uncovered. She says the accident to her hand, which it was feared might be a serious hindrance to her playing, has left almost no bad effects. I learned, too, that Mrs. Langworthy, Bernice's mother, is living here with her son, taking care of dear little Carrie Glover Langworthy's motherless children. I should have found her had I had time. Some of you will remember her pleasant, motherly face and ways, when she visited Bernice here. A seven hours' ride, made very short and profitable by the company of Bishop J. F. Hurst (who lives next door to Mary Williams' home in Des Moines, and who told me how much her family is esteemed in the capital of this strong State), brought me to St. Joseph. This brisk town calls itself clean, because (it says) Kansas City (its rival neighbor) has two feet of sloppy mud, while it (St. Joseph) has but one. As to Kansas City I can't say; but if it be worse, it is too bad to live in. You ought to see the streets between the end of the city sidewalks and the door of Sue McCord's home, which is half in the country,—on the outskirts, anyhow,—and imagine the boys, anxious to make a smart appearance under the keen eyes of Sue and her sisters, with patent-leather boots, and nice, sleek black trousers, picking their ways in the uncertain light of early evening through that slush of Missouri mud! The girls must give them warm welcome to bring them the second time! I advise them to keep the patent-leathers under the porch, and wade out in hip-rubbers, and noiselessly exchange before ringing.

Sue's home is a delightful one, and in my brief call (?) of an hour or so [my brother waited in the carriage, and remarked that if he had known I was going to stay "a few moments," he would have gone home and done a half-day's work, and sent the carriage out after me. That brother never did sympathize with my social tendencies. He is astonishingly like my wife in that respect] she and her mother made me feel the "at home" of real Southern hospitality. Mr. McCord has lately finished one of the finest wholesale grocery buildings in the United States. I called on Mattie McDon-

ald, but she was visiting in Quincy, Ill. I was sorry after I left that I did not call for some of the family. They would have spared me a moment, for Mattie's sake; but I did not like to intrude. She lives in the city, in what is apparently a fine home. Do you know, girls, when I see your homes, and remember from what comforts, perhaps luxuries, you come, I wonder, not that you grumble a little, now and then, at the contracted accommodations of a school, but that you are as contented, and happy, and pleasant about it all as you are; and I feel more like trying to make our school-home as comfortable for you as I can. Bertha and Emma Hax I saw, too, and Yetta Westheimer. Bertha and Emma are "doing a little something," they said, which was illustrated next morning when I saw Bertha driving a black horse in a ready way that showed she was used to it. She said she was "going to get a few things." I suppose these girls work real hard. Yetta attends a half-day at a private school in the city. Her good father and mother gave me a very grateful welcome. Lasell is well represented in St. Joseph. Jessie McCord visited there last winter, and all the girls had a "Lasell Reunion." They ought to have one every year. They could get May Bullens from Chillicothe, and Mamie Weyl from St. Louis, and Lillie Pratt from Kansas City, and Jennie Kiser and her sister down from Keokuk, and all the rest from Iowa, and Wisconsin, and Kansas, and Texas, and have the Town Hall for a banquet, and make speeches, and sing the songs of "Auld Lang Syne."

On my way back I expected to meet Lizzie Frost, at Galesburg; but she was disabled, and sent me a good letter instead. I did have a five-minutes' talk with Eva Bragdon, of 77, who, with her new husband, Fred F. Judd, a bright, manly-looking teacher in Jennings Seminary, met the train at Aurora, Ill. She looks well, and says she is happy; and they both certainly looked happy, though the train was late and they had had no dinner! I record one disappointment: I spent an hour in Waukegan, Ill., with old friends, and might just as well as not have seen Sadie Holmes, who came from Wisconsin, but who is now, as Mrs. Rev. J. S. Ford, living in this same Waukegan town. But I only learned of it on my return to Auburndale. I would have been so glad to see her. Many others near, or on my track, back and forth, I would have been only too glad to see, but these had to suffice for this time. I fully planned to go to Lafayette, Ind., and see

the parents and home of Alta Dresser. Dear girl! how soon she "went home." But I outstayed my leave of absence elsewhere. Anna J. Howe, who used to live there, has, I understand, removed. Write to me, girls! — *all old girls* — please, and tell of yourselves. C. C. B.

Personals.

MAME WEYL is visiting Etta Reynolds.

ANNA PARSONS is taking drawing-lessons in Portsmouth.

NELL ALDERMAN made Mrs. Derbyshire (Annie Holbrook) a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett (Susie Garfield) took tea with us the other evening.

MRS. THOMPSON, formerly a teacher of mathematics at Lasell, was here the last of February.

MAME CONGDON writes from Rome that she met Miss Cushman, a short time ago. She plans to go to Spain in April, returning home the last of May.

Semitones.

SOME one fails to see the difference between a circus and a drama.

A FACT in Natural History — lobsters come under the *molecule* class of the animal kingdom.

You are hereby informed that the people living in the time of the Restoration were distinguished for their immortality.

WE would advise all in the Junior literature class to confine themselves to the literal in speech, as metaphors sometimes are puzzling. For instance, when some one says an author nearly had his head taken off, we must necessarily understand that he was executed.

EASTERN girls are compared to Western girls as the Athenians to the barbarous tribes of Greece. Although living in the same country, and under the same advantages, the Western girl is represented as conspicuous for her loneliness, both in dress and manners. Girls of the West, rebel against such an assertion! Vindicate yourselves!

SPEAKING of pictures, we clip this from the *Zion's Herald*: "Mr. Suddenwealth,

showing his new house to admiring friends, said, 'Here is a niche for a Pish.' What he meant was a Psyche. Let's look sharp before we talk about them. By the way, Miss S——, Prof. B—— was fooling when he told you that the gentleman who gazes so wistfully down the stairs toward the table was Charlotte Cushman. That's "Ganymede."

Society Notes.

The election of officers for the Lasell Publishing Association, for the next three months, resulted as follows:—

Bertha L. Morrisson,	<i>President.</i>
Anna Curtis,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Lizzie Whipple,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Emma Choate,	<i>Subscription Agent.</i>
Ida Sibley,	} <i>Auditing Com.</i>
Lina Moynard,	
Gussie Lowe,	

THROUGH the thoughtful kindness of Mrs. Dresser, the "S. D. Society" has been made the recipient of a beautiful picture of Alta Dresser, a sister "S. D.," whose death, last summer, we so much mourn. The society hereby extend their deepest thanks to Mrs. Dresser for the gift, which is a touching memorial of one whom we all loved.

THE Athletic Club prospers, and the members seem to take considerable interest in it. At a recent meeting Edith Flint was elected President, and Molly Davis, Secretary. Meetings will be held every other Friday evening for the rest of the year. The club meets for exercise in the Gymnasium every evening at half-past eight o'clock.

Sleighride.

THE night of the 10th of February was as delightful as any one of us who had arranged to go on the ride to South Natick, that evening, could wish.

It was biting cold, but we did not care for that when we were packed in the sleighs, wrapped in numerous heavy shawls and robes. No, it rather added to the enjoyment, although the occupants of the houses along the road must have thought we were suffering to an alarming extent, judging from the sound (we would not profane the name of music by calling those ear-piercing noises singing). Arriving at Bailey's Hotel,

our appetites were in good trim to do complete justice to the excellent supper prepared.

After satisfying our school-girl capacity, we went to the ball-room, and danced until informed that all things were in readiness for our return. The home trip was not characterized by any noticeable particular; the unearthly sounds and ghostly stories did not seem any more or less unearthly or ghostly, but as we separated for the night, we all agreed that those who staid at home missed a jolly time.

Fancy Dress Party.

SATURDAY evening, March 10th, the girls assembled in the dining-room, about half in fancy dress, the others as spectators. Considering the short preparation, the costumes were very pretty and unique. Among the company were many distinguished ladies and gentlemen. The Lady ——, in black velvet and diamonds, escorted by Sir ——, K.C.B., etc. The evening passed very pleasantly with dancing, and the refreshments were certainly appreciated. The company broke up at an early hour, pronouncing the Gym. Prom. of '83 a great success.

A Song of Elocution.

Should you ask me, Whence these noises,
Whence these low tones and these high tones,
With the throat-sounds all evaded?
What the dying groans of Juniors,
And the expiring sighs of Seniors,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
That you hear throughout the halls?
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the year of two and four-score
Came a teacher to our home-school,
Who, by dint of great persuasion,
Fired our hearts with resolution
To learn the art of elocution.
Thus the fever came and seized us;
Would you trace its course among us,
Stay and read this rude production—
Read this song of elocution.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas an afternoon in autumn;
Very hot and still my room was.
When the air was filled with buzzing,
With a soft, repeated cooing.
To my ears there came a murmur,
Came a low, prolonged breathing,
As of winds among the pine-trees.

Stopping work, I sat and listened
 To the strange, unnatural sounds:
 "Hung, hung, hung!" was uttered.
 "Keep near me!" in accents frightened.
 Then I rose and left my studies,
 Said within myself, "What are they—
 What these words of threat'ning horror?
 Has some criminal just departed?
 Is there some one to be rescued?"
 Forthwith stand I at the doorway;
 Through the entry, long and vacant,
 Rang that cry of desolation.
 But there came no other answer,
 Till a shrill voice, not far distant,
 Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
 "And I'll be there anon, my friend."
 Rushing, then, in that direction,
 Whence had issued those strange sounds.
 Shouted I, "O girls, why is it
 That your hearts are so afflicted?
 Wishing, are you, for assistance?
 Is there something I can do?"
 Laughingly a voice responded,
 "I am practicing elocution."
 Then at last I'd found the reason,
 Found what I had sought so long.

CHAPTER II.

But the sounds that heard I that day,
 Heard have I the winter long.
 Oh, the trilling of the "r's!"
 Oh, the lolling of the tongues!
 Oh, the "ah-goo's" and the "la-loo's,"
 Oh, the "di-do's" and the "de-do's,"
 That have fallen from our lips!
 And by means of repetition,
 We've improved articulation.
 "T's" and "d's" are not rejected;
 "I-n-g" has its true value;
 And we smoothly say "nateur."
 Then, in view of this improvement,
 Can we not foretell the future,
 When our reading will be perfect—
 When, as stars, we shine refulgent
 In the elocutionary world?

Exchanges.

THE College publications of the last month seem worried as to what are the appropriate topics of the day which can be transformed into readable editorials or articles. Athletics are rather out of date; it is too early for the Commencement struggle, and the semi-annual examinations are passed. In fact, the March winds seem to bear thoughts and topics away from the writer instead of wafting them toward him. At last a few, perhaps in desperation, have attacked the well-worn subject—the *marking system*. This subject, ably presented by the *Bowdoin Orient*, though old, is worthy of thorough discussion, and should not be dropped until the system is abolished.

We were particularly interested in the table of contents, with the author of each

article recorded, which appeared with one of the February numbers of the *Varsity*, for it gave another example of the fact that all the work in almost everything undertaken, however many may be interested, is done by the few.

The *Waif*, which we handle tenderly, to prevent its destruction, is a paper of considerable merit. The poem, made up of a series of quotations from different authors, is certainly unique and entertaining. Though borrowed from a San Francisco paper, yet it shows the good discernment of the one selecting it—a trait which does not display itself in some of our publications.

Contrary to our usual custom, we publish this month the list of our exchanges, the most of which we have received regularly throughout the school-year. We therefore take this opportunity to thank our contemporaries for the pleasure which their presence has given us, and to give them our best wishes.

Yale Record, Tech, Polytechnic, Dartmouth, Brunonian, Wheelman, Beacon, Vassar Miscellany, Williams' Athenaeum, Nassau Literary Magazine, Student, Crimson, Harvard Daily Herald, College Argus, Tuftonian, Cornell Era, Bowdoin Orient, Beacon, Critic, Volante, Oberlin Review, King's College Record, Campus, News Letter, Exonian, Trinity Tablet, Columbia Spectator, Herdelbery Monthly Journal, Dickinson Liberal, North Western, College Rambler, Res Academicæ, Willistonian, Register, Varsity, Crescent, College Mercury, University Monthly, High School Review, Latin School Register, Students' Journal, Swarthmore Phoenix, Rouge et Noir, Madisonensis, Round Table, Student Life, Emory Mirror, College Messenger, High School Bulletin, Premier, Sunbeam, College Journal, Monmouth Collegian, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Southern Collegian, Argosy, Hobart Herald, Princetonian.

Science.

SCIENCE, deep and profound, reveals its wonders and gives up its secrets like the sea, and yet always seems more wonderful.

"IMPROVEMENT" is the word in this nineteenth century; and in ten years from now we will probably be taking an electric shock when we are tired and pressed for time, instead of taking sleep.

As "time and tide wait for no man," and everybody is in a rush to catch up or get ahead, we must have something which will accomplish the desired effect. This is found in the dynamo-electric machine, whose mo-

tive power is ten times that of the common locomotive. Repeated trials have been made in Paris, and have proved it to be much safer and much cheaper; and as cost counts everything, there is no doubt but that it will be universally adopted.

EXPORTING A GLACIER. The enormous mountain of ice—the Fonor-Svartisen, in Norway—is about to become the object of rather a curious speculation. It appears that a company of merchants at Bergen have obtained the right to sell it, in blocks, for exportation. A number of blocks have been taken, and found of excellent quality, so that a number of vessels are being prepared for exporting it. As the glacier is about one hundred and twenty miles square, and but two miles distant from the sea, it is probable that the enterprise will prove very successful.

Allegory.

You who are thinking of climbing the hill of knowledge, as represented by Lasell, look well to your equipments. This hill, though not as high as some near it, is quite steep; so provide yourself with the staff of perseverance and the sandals of courage. You will meet at its foot many fellow-travelers. Make friends with them. In your long journey companionship is both pleasant and profitable. At various distances before you are groups of old travelers, who gaze at you with curious eyes. Those highest up the path are known as Seniors. Secure in the lofty position, and within short distance of the summit, they gaze with sublime indifference on the group struggling just below them, called Juniors. Poor Juniors! their honors are dearly bought! Below the Juniors, do you see that insignificant procession winding laboriously along? It is composed of Sophomores, bearing heavy burdens, called responsibilities. Now look just below you, and see those children skipping about. Those are Freshmen. Before their eyes they wear blinders, called ignorance; but as difficulties are met and overcome, these are replaced by spectacles of wisdom. Scattered all over the hill are travelers connected with no group in particular; they are known by the name of "Specials." Not much time can you spend at the foot of the hill; and as I judge you have come with a determination to reach the summit, let me offer a little advice. First, take notice of that army of words. If you cannot spell them immediately, they will haunt your footsteps for many a mile, appearing in forms too numerous to mention;

peeping out from compositions, and lurking to attack you when off your guard. You will, doubtless, be able to ride in the Faculty's ear over the path usually trod by Freshmen, and will commence your labors among the Sophomores. Among other acquaintances that you will meet here will be some very ancient personages. Their customs, manners, and speech have nothing familiar, yet, before you reach the summit, the names of some of their leaders will have become well known to you. You will no longer wear a look of blank amazement when Æneas is brought before you. You are also assailed by numerous little flighty figures, who dance around you in many a fantastic measure. They gesticulate vigorously when you inquire their mission, and murmur in strange tones. A large, corpulent individual, known as M. Grammaire, is the only one who can aid you to overcome these enemies. Consult him concerning every movement of the foe, and follow implicitly all his directions. He will not desert you until your vanquished enemies will submissively come and go at your bidding. Several times you stop and rest during this stage of your journey. Finally you behold the Seniors standing triumphantly on the summit. They wave their banners and exhibit their trophies. You may wish that your journey was also ended, but you give them hearty congratulations, and wishes of great success in their future career. After a few months' rest you again move on. But now, on looking back, you see two groups behind you, and you are known as a Junior. All your energies are called into play. Several specials join you, and with awe-struck faces you enter a vast cave. Explosions greet your ears, and many colored lights gleam across your pathway. The way is broken by many a deep precipice. You inquire of your leader the name of this cave, and you are told that it is the Cave of Chemistry. You fear to penetrate too deeply into its recesses, and are glad when once more the light of day is reached. You now find a very luxuriant vegetation, and straightway every Junior begins to gather flowers, leaves, and roots. The travelers who do not belong to your company look on in wonder, while you learnedly discuss exogenous and endogenous plants. But persevere; the path of learning is not all flowers. A large plain appears before you. On this, called Exhibition Plain, the Juniors stop and perform some mental gymnastics for the pleasure of those above, and the advancement of those below them.

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The plain is exceedingly smooth, and unless you are able to seize hold of many points which are very apt to be a little beyond your reach, you will slide off the path and be obliged to join the Specials. But if you are successful in this part of your journey the rest of your way is comparatively easy. You now aid in the departure of the Seniors; and as they leave you, you find that their mantle has fallen upon you. Wisely bear the honors which you now possess. Be not over-confident; you are not invincible. Remember you were once at the foot of the hill, and mindful of your own follies,—alas, not yet wholly things of the past,—be lenient to the errors of others. It is customary for the Seniors to spend a portion of their time in star-gazing; but while engaged in this occupation beware that you do not stumble over the astronomical theorems and problems scattered so thickly about your feet. You will now often come to quite wide sheets of water. Owing to the rarified air of wisdom in these regions, these bodies of water

are invariably covered with a thin ice. These are called Examination Periods, and you must exercise the greatest deliberation and caution in walking over them. Should you fall through once or twice you can be revived, but with every accident of this kind your power to recover is less, and should you continue to exercise so little skill, you will finally sink out of sight in the icy waters, and the name of Senior will be yours no longer. Should you be successful in your endeavors you will soon find yourself standing on the summit. You look below, and many upturned faces meet your gaze. You forget the rough places in your path, and remember only its sunny portions. Your journey seems like a beautiful mosaic, not a piece of which could be lost without marring the beauty of the whole. But look about you, and you see other hills more lofty than that on which you stand rising around you. Then be not content with present achievements, but press on.

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VOLUME VIII.

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Editorials.

THREE months ago it was decided that the LEAVES should be conducted on a new plan, and in accordance with this decision it was voted by the Association that the editors should hold their offices for a term of three months. The duties of one term have been successfully fulfilled, and with this issue of our paper the new editorial staff, though somewhat reluctantly, takes its seat. With feelings somewhat akin to regret we say good-bye, but not farewell, to our sisters who have so faithfully accomplished the work undertaken in behalf of the paper.

WE are now entering upon a new term, the last of the year, and with feelings both

of pleasure and regret we hail its arrival. Few of us but are glad that three months only intervene before the school-year will be over, and are looking eagerly forward to June Commencement. Then we will again meet our friends from whom we have so long been separated. Eager for vacation, which we trust all enjoyed and needed, we regretted that one week should pass so soon, and that the 12th of April, which marked the beginning of this term, should come upon us so quickly. Yet this is not all. September seems but as yesterday; then, if ever, we came to school with fixed determinations that at the end of the year some marked improvement might be seen in some branch of our culture. As yet, none is perceptible; and fearing that the year has nearly passed without any great accomplishment, we are almost inclined to wish we could stop the swiftly flying days, and put to use some of their moments which are idly spent in worrying. But since "time and tide wait for no man," our only alternative is to grasp and hold firmly that which comes to us in the passing and flying moments.

Gradually our improvement has been made, and owing to its slow progress we are unable to see our advancement; but it is with us, nevertheless, and though unknown to us, it is observed, we hope, by our friends.

It might not be amiss to acknowledge in the LEAVES, the kindness of Mr. Gordon, who, not long since, gave the school an invitation to attend the entertainment at the Congregational Church, consisting of stereopticon views of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." Through some misunderstanding the invitation was not responded to as heartily as might have been wished. Yet, from those that accepted, we learn that the evening was enjoyably spent.

THE excitement for the past two or three weeks seemed to be on the subject of the class-rings of the Seniors. There is always a calm before a storm, and it would be safe

to say that this grave and majestic body had not had a class-meeting for a whole week. During this time the innocent caller was no longer despoiled of her visit, by being informed that she was interrupting a Senior meeting. But the storm broke forth on the morning of March 31st, when this body of nine appeared at the breakfast table with the precious articles. Their object in shaking hands with every one they met, was not, of course, to attract attention, but rather to appear cordial, since they are considered so grave and dignified (?).

We will not describe the ring, except to say that the stone is a cat's-eye. It will be remembered when this class were Juniors, they gave us a very classical entertainment, each member representing a muse (mews); and for this reason we consider the cat's-eye very appropriate and suggestive.

THE season has opened very favorably for out-of-door sports, and daily the lawn is the scene of the interesting game of lawn-tennis. But the girls are not willing to be confined to this alone. Already several boat-clubs have been formed, and when the suits are made, and the boats ready, the practice in rowing will begin. This idea of boating is by no means new with this season, but is merely carrying a step further the work begun in previous years. To our present knowledge one club has bought a boat, which will add one more to the number belonging to the school. Now the interest is awakened, we may soon hear of others doing the same. Some ambitious person might ask, since there is so much interest manifested in the sport, why it could not be scientifically developed into a form for competition with other colleges. Girls, don't get excited. Though we shall not be able to enter you for the contests this summer, you can make a beginning, work up an interest, and have inter-club races. In view of the match, the training you would get would be nothing more than the gymnastics so heartily advocated by Principal and teachers. We say, most emphatically, god-speed to the enterprise, doubting not that it will receive the approval of all.

The Long Ago.

[This well-known, beautiful poem, by B. F. Taylor, is reprinted by request.]

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And summers, like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as cheap as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasure there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that waved where the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul" be in sight.

What Next?

THIS morning, as I stood drumming my fingers on the window-pane after breakfast, my thoughts became varied and active.

Like Wilkins Micawber, I had been waiting for "something to turn up," and the delay was becoming unendurable.

The novelty of having "finished school" had worn off. Friends had ceased to ask if I had become rested; how it seemed to be released from the confinement of close study and school discipline; if I intended having my "sheepskin" framed;—all this interesting stage of graduation had gone by.

The frequently-asked question of "What next?" was becoming decidedly embarrassing.

Were these four years spent in endeavoring to cull knowledge from the world's best authors to be wasted? Was there not something more profitable for me to do than answering the demands of society, making feeble attempts to sketch, and miserable efforts to execute simple music? Was the seed so carefully sown, so diligently watched and enriched, to become unfruitful, because placed in broader confines, with fewer vigilant eyes to watch its growth? Thoughts like these came rushing into my mind, leaving a most unpleasant impression.

Putting on my out-door wraps, I fancied I breathed more freely as I stepped out into the cool, bracing air of the October morning. The foliage of the trees wore the richer, deeper shades of autumnal livery; the fruits of vine, garden, and orchard, were being harvested; birds were singing their farewell songs ere their departure for a sunny and more congenial clime; industries of all kinds were in progress. Still, on I went, scrutinizing the face of each one I met, to read, if possible, their purpose and ambition.

Away up the street I descried a small boy seated on a curb-stone, weeping piteously, digging his fists into his eyes, and looking most miserable. Here was one, at least, who was not altogether contented with his lot. You remember the adage, "Misery likes company."

"What seems to be the trouble, my little man?" said I, as, coming up nearer to him, I laid my hand on his shoulder.

All was silent for a few moments, and I was at a loss to know whether it was grief or timidity that prevented a reply.

Taking a shy, quizzical glance up into my face, he thrust his hand into the pocket of his much-begrimed jacket, drew out a small piece of cotton cloth, and wiped vigorously his tear-stained face.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I repeated, meanwhile picking from the ground a something he had pulled out with his so-called handkerchief.

"Teacher turned me out, and sent me home," was the reply. "'Cause—'cause—I made the boys laugh," he sobbed again.

"Made the boys laugh? What did you do? Come, stand on your feet, wipe your face, and tell how it happened. Was it this that made them laugh?" I asked, handing to him a somewhat rudely formed donkey and rider of putty?

"Yes," he responded. "You see Bob and I, at recess, ran over to the new building and found some putty, and had just time enough to get back before the bell rung. While

teacher was hearing the first spelling class recite, I made this;" and he deftly remodeled the figures, straightening one long ear of the antic-looking animal, and placing its rider in position. "Of course the boys giggled, and teacher called me up and made me sit on the floor; then gave me my slate, and told me to print 'Bad boy' twenty-five times.

"I suppose he thought he was punishing me dreadfully," continued this mischievous child; "but, my! it just took me no time. When I had finished, I drew this on the other side, then held it up for the boys to see, and they just shouted. Do you know my teacher? Have you seen him?" he eagerly asked, while I, almost convulsed with laughter, looked at the picture of a gentleman I had seen frequently at church. There certainly was talent in this child to have drawn so well such an amusing picture.

Seated on a low bench was the teacher, holding on each knee a boy, and alternately whipping them with a long ferule. Beads of perspiration stood out upon his face; his hair was disordered, and general discomfiture was depicted for all parties concerned. Around this group stood boys of different sizes enjoying the scene immensely.

"These two boys that teacher is whipping are the boys that told," explained the artist.

I was about to ask more questions, but just then the door of a public building across the street opened, and a throng of children rushed out, with the noise and clamor of youth and healthful spirits.

I turned to address my companion, but already he was far up the street with his associates.

Walking home, thinking of the incident of the morning, my attention was called to the talent of this urchin. True, the figures molded, the pictures drawn, were blissfully ignorant of true workmanship; but might not this be the beginning of genius?

In thought I went back to the morning after Commencement, and lived over again the scene at the depot, where the class of '81 were shedding tears over the thought of leaving the school-home and dear associations. Each was busy with her own thoughts. Silence reigned, except now and then a "long-drawn sigh" or an ominous sob behind some tear-moistened handkerchief.

"Well, well, girls, this will never do," Professor was saying. "This is the time for you to look merry, instead of sad. Your day of usefulness is just dawning. You have each a talent to cultivate; and

though at times you may become disheartened, remember it is always the unexpected things that happen. Come, tell me your plans for future work. You surely cannot have been gathering tools these years with no plans for using them."

I don't think now that the Professor meant to organize an indignation-meeting, but every eye was dry, and every handkerchief immediately disappeared at the very mention of the fact that we ought to be happy at such a heart-rending time as that. I thought myself he was not far from being a barbarian. The train was rushing along, and soon the shrill whistle of the engine warned us of our departure.

Professor's remarks were lost for that day, at least. But to-day they all came back to me. There was an unmistakable meaning in all Professor had said.

Had I really a talent? If so, what was it? In all the time spent at school, I had not taken a thought of what I should do after I had finished my course of study. To be a faithful student, and maintain good standing, had been my highest ambition. Even the boy had made manifest his gift. This day had indeed been a revelation to me.

Art Notes.

HERE is an opportunity for our young art students to display their talent. The Harper Brothers offer a prize of \$3,000 to young artists under twenty-five years of age for the best original drawings to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn." The successful competitor receives the reward upon the conditions that he will use it for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including a journey abroad of at least six months, for the study of the old masters. The drawing must be presented anonymously, not later than August 1, 1883. Why should not some of our girls try for this? Many hours of the summer vacation might be pleasantly passed in planning designs for the "Christmas Hymn." It surely is such an offer as will excite the ambition of any true lover of art.

LONDON's well-known artists, Messrs. Salviati and Burke, have just presented the American nation with a portrait of President Garfield executed in mosaic and venetian glass. It will be placed in the Capitol at Washington, where it will hang side by side with the mosaic likeness of President Lincoln, which was presented by the same firm.

A PALETTE which was used by Turner, has been presented to the English National Gallery by Mr. R. H. Tibbs, a Brighton artist. It will hereafter be exhibited with the pictures in Trafalgar Square.

REV. THOMAS MAGOON, of Philadelphia, has presented Vassar College with seven water-colors from the brush of William T. Richards. They will be hung in the art gallery which Dr. Magoon established there on Founder's Day, May 4, 1882. Dr. Magoon describes the pictures as "the cycle of universal culture, illustrated by the graphic history of England." Although they are small, they are the result of two years' constant labor.

ONE of the best sale collections seen for a long time occurred on March 30th, at Williams & Everett's. It consisted of 86 paintings by foreign artists, and among them Wahlberg, Lambinet, and Jacquet. One picture, which attracted much attention, was the "Advance of Arab Cavalry," by Schreyer. Among a group of horses, one charger stands out prominently, full of life and spirit, strongly drawn, finely colored, and correct in minute details.

THE excellent painting of "St. Paul in Chains," by Murillo, which was placed in St. Peter's Cathedral, in Cincinnati, many years ago, at the expense of \$25,000, has lately been ruined. The sexton, in trying to place a screen over it, fell from the scaffolding through the picture to the floor. Hopes are still entertained that it may be fixed, although it is very doubtful.

MR. GEORGE FULLER's latest picture is called "Nydia," the subject being from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The figure is described as "set against the gloom of the sky, shining in a strong light, which may be conceived as being east by the glaring flames of Vesuvius, and standing out in vigorous relief in a calm and statuesque repose, which is in marked contrast with the hurrying forms that are dimly seen in the murky obscurity of the background."

At the gallery of Messrs. Doll & Richards have been some remarkable charcoal drawings by John McAllister—remarkable in those qualities which make a picture. They are simple suggestions of the effect of light and shadows upon landscape and figures, showing a love for the works of Millet, Corot, and Hunt, yet a marked individuality of expression on the part of the artist.

THE words etch and etching have come into common use, and, no doubt, we are all

more or less familiar with beautiful etchings which adorn the walls of those who are fond of art. But, perhaps, a little sketch of the art would be of interest. This style was first introduced by the famous German painter, Albrecht Dürer, and after being nearly forgotten has been revived. Etch comes from the same word as eat. Etchings are drawings on copper. The copper is covered with wax, upon which the picture is drawn with an artist's needle. The plate is placed in an acid bath; the acid acting on the lines only, having no effect upon the wax-covered surface. Next, the wax is removed, and the plate is ready to be inked with a roller; then by pressing on a piece of paper, a picture is produced. The term "etching on linen," which we sometimes hear, is improperly used for "sketching"—that is, drawing with pen and ink.

Young Ladies and Dress.

A LADY who had taught for over thirty years, once gave the writer some very interesting information. "When a new scholar was introduced," she said, "I always looked first at her dress. If that was plain, neat, and tidy, I was pretty confident that I had good material to work with. For the first two or three years of my teaching I was in the habit of scrutinizing the features, and the formation of the heads; but these came at last to be quite secondary considerations. One school was so expensive that none but daughters of the wealthy could possibly enter it; so when a young lady came to the class-room in a plain dress, I was sure that it was on account of her idea of the fitness of things. This argued common sense. Common sense is always in direct antagonism to vanity; and where there is no vanity there is seldom self-consciousness. So, you see, a plain dress came to mean a great deal to me. I learned never to expect anything from a girl whose school-dress was silk or velvet. I shall always retain the impression made upon me by a quiet little body in a blue-flannel dress, and the plainest of plain trimmings. She came from one of the first families in wealth and culture, and was the most unobtrusive child I ever knew, as well as the most brilliant. When she told me on graduation day that she had decided to study for a physician, I was not in the least surprised, and I was sure she would succeed—as she certainly has, in the most marvelous manner. She carried off every honor; and though the girls in purple and fine linen sneered at her plain

attire and lack of style, there was not one who could ever compete with her.

Certainly, on the whole, the deductions of this teacher are correct. It takes time to array one's self in elaborate garments; and the girl whose mind is occupied with loops, and trimmings, and general furbelows, cannot, for a philosophical reason, have room for much else. Then there is a reason deeper than this, even. The girl whose tastes are in the line of dress and display, has not an intellectual development. She may be imitative and intuitive to a degree, but she will always, or generally, be superficial in her learning, and shallow in character.

A school-girl who dressed very plainly, but in good taste, was once asked why she did not "rig up" more.

"Because," she said, "I haven't time to fuss about clothes, and learn, too; and then I should like to have something new to wear when I am older. Velvets, and brocades, and diamonds, and pearls, and all those fine things, will be new to me, by and by; and there is nothing left for you girls to anticipate." Certainly a very wise and satisfactory answer. — ELEANOR KIRK, in *Congregationalist*.

Junior Ex.

FOR weeks preceding the 3d of April, preoccupied expressions dwelt upon Junior countenances. As weeks wore on, Junior meetings grew frequent. Our curiosity waxed accordingly, and was only satisfied by the issuing of invitations to the annual class exhibition. Fine taste had been displayed in the selection of invitations and programmes, and we naturally expected much from the entertainment they announced; but if we expected much, we were soon to realize more.

At half-past seven, on the evening of the third, the five Juniors were to be found in the parlors, waiting to receive their friends. Waiting was not long, for the parlors were soon filled with the guests and those sharing the duties of hostess. After the reception occurred the literary treat in the Chapel. The Juniors, not satisfied with a mere exhibition of their class to admiring friends, here gave an exhibition of ability and the results of careful work, calling forth praise from those usually professing indifference on such occasions. The thought of the entertainment—Woman in Different Lands—was happily chosen, interesting to those who had given it their best efforts, and inspiring an interest in those fortunate enough to form the audience.

After an opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Metcalf, followed by an instrumental solo, Miss Sibley read an essay on "Woman in France." She was represented not as the frivolous person we sometimes think her, but as the possessor of qualities we might well imitate. Miss Nellie Packard described the social and intellectual life of "Woman in Germany," reflecting upon the education that makes her the slave, rather than the companion, of her husband. Miss Augustine Lowe gave a sketch of the life of "Woman in England," full of ideas borrowed from personal observation. Miss Shiff introduced us to "Woman in America," calling our attention to her freedom from some of the restrictions of her sisters across the sea, prophesying for her a bright and useful future. With Miss Mary Davis we were transported to 1983, and looked upon "The Coming Woman"—the fulfillment of all our hopes—the ideal we are endeavoring to reach. Music, vocal and instrumental, varied the programme. The Chapel was tastefully decorated with the art work of the pupils. On the wall, at the rear of the platform, hung the class motto, "*Nitor in Adversum*," in pink letters on a black ground; but no letters were needed to tell us that the Juniors had already been successful "in pressing forward against opposition." An informal reception followed the literary exercises; refreshments and conversation were indulged in, and only too soon was the Junior Ex. of '83 classed with our pleasantest memories of the past.

Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Hibbard, sister of Mrs. A. A. Ayer, to Mr. E. G. Crew, of Bristol, England, was solemnized in Olivet Baptist Church, under brilliant circumstances, on Thursday evening last. By seven o'clock, the hour fixed, the beautiful edifice was thronged in every part with a fashionable audience. As the strains of a march broke the spell of eager expectancy, the wedding party filed down the aisle. The bride's dress was of cream-white satin and brocade, with a tulle veil and orange-blossoms, in her hand a very pretty bouquet of orange-flowers, and, needless to say, she looked exceedingly charming. A bevy of beauty—the bridesmaids, Misses Mosely, Ayer, Paine, Burney, and Smith, in their bright array, three in pale blue silk and two in white muslin,—all carried bouquets of cream roses. — *Montreal Witness*.

Lasellia Club Entertainment.

NATURE breathed her blessing upon the Lasellia Club on the evening of March 15th. The coming event had cast its shadows in Auburndale and the neighboring cities and towns. In consequence of this, it was a large and appreciative audience which assembled in the Chapel on the appointed evening, to witness the first entertainment of this club.

The brief but effective address of the President disclosed some facts which we should otherwise not have been conscious of; namely, the youth and inexperience of their number. The whole programme was well sustained. The musical and recitative selections reflected credit upon the performers and their instructors. The debate, which was decided in the negative, by a competent jury, was full of life and thought. This, in connection with the essay, showed that the club was in truth what it was in name—a literary club.

PROGRAMME.

PIANO SOLO.—Concerto, Op. 25, 1st movement.
Mendelssohn.

MISS MASON.
Assisted on 2d Piano by PROF. HILLS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

MISS LOWE.

SONG.—"For you, dearest heart."
Root.
MISS POOR.

SELECTION.—"Robert of Sicily."
Longfellow.
MISS SHIFF.

PIANO SOLO.—Op. 47, Capriccio.
Fritz Spindler.
MISS PECK.

DEBATE.—"Resolved: That Inventions are Injurious to the Laboring Classes."
Affirm: MISSES GILSON and STARR.
Neg: MISSES GOODALE and LOU WALSTON.

SONG.—"Will he come?"
Sullivan.
MISS WHIPPLE.

ESSAY.—"Men who have Amused the World."
MISS CHOATE.

DUET.—Violin and Piano. Flower Song.
(*Blumenlied.*)
Lange.
MISSES HOAG AND PECK.

RECITATION.—Fable.
La Fontaine.
MISS MORRISON.

SONG.—"Sognai."
Schira.
MISS MORRIS.

PIANO SOLO.—Capriccio, Op. 22. *Mendelssohn.*
MISS MASON.
Assisted on 2d Piano by PROF. HILLS.

Current News.

THE public debt of the United States was reduced \$9,344,826.27 during the month of March.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, with friends, is now in Florida for a few weeks. He says he already feels benefited by the trip.

JOHN BROWN, for many years the personal attendant of Queen Victoria, has recently died at Windsor Castle.

MAINLY through the exertions of Madame Sales, a French National Woman's Suffrage Society has been formed in Paris.

A DISPATCH from Vienna says: "The Bishop of Bohemia is so much alarmed at the rapid spread of Spiritualism in that country, that he has declared any one professing belief in Spiritualistic doctrines to be guilty of heresy."

IN London an anonymous letter has been published which declares that the Fenians are sending packages of linen infected with small-pox to persons obnoxious to the Irish National party.

JAMES R. DAVIS has been appointed examiner of teas, at an annual salary of \$2,500.

MR. A. N. WYMAN has been promoted to the office of United States Treasurer, and Mr. E. O. Graves has been appointed to fill his place as Assistant Treasurer.

THE Wisconsin Legislature has recently passed a labor bill, imposing a fine and imprisonment upon all persons employing children under fourteen years of age. In Milwaukee alone this will throw nearly 3,000 children out of employment.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES denies the rumor about his candidacy for Governor of Ohio, in a private letter written to a friend in Washington, in which he says: "All reports of my intention of returning to public life are unfounded. Under no consideration would I become a candidate."

Vacation at Lasell.

AFTER Professor had "read our titles clear" to the Self-Governed list, and our usual hearty dinner had been eaten, the farewells began to be spoken, and we who intended spending our vacation at Lasell (notwithstanding the fact that a few briny tears were seen scattered mysteriously around through the halls), began making plans for a jolly vacation.

But it did not take long for us to convince ourselves that it was useless to spend time in this way, for a vacation at Lasell always passes off so quietly, and yet so pleasantly, that there is no need for premeditation.

We had an invitation to spend one afternoon of our vacation at "The Mighty Dollar," which we accepted by a large majority.

Each girl was favored with a ride in Professor's "wonderful one-hoss shay," and last, but not least, I must tell you about our serenade. We had just returned from breakfast, and were wondering what that day would bring forth, when we heard the "sweet (?) strains of music afar;" and looking out, we discovered that the maidens of Lasell were about to be honored with a serenade by one of the best orchestras (of the kind) in America. After the violins and bass-viol had been tuned the music began; and then, oh bliss! oh rapture unforeseen! But lest you should envy us our good times, I will leave the rest to your imagination.

For the remainder of the vacation, it is sufficient to say that we did everything that boarding-school girls can contrive, and before we knew it the seven short days had gained the inside track on us, and the time was going on at the rate of "two-forty" toward the next vacation.

Obituary.

MISS HATTIE L. WINTER, daughter of Sanford Winter, Esq., died, at the family residence on Belmont Street, of consumption, at the age of 24 years and 10 months. To many this notice of the death of Miss Winter will be a sad surprise; but the members of the family and her intimate friends have realized for some time that her span of life was fast shortening. Miss Winter was of an amiable and loving disposition, which won for her a large circle of friends. The first symptoms of the dread disease which finally caused her death were apparent about a year ago, and at that time she visited Colorado, in company with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harding, and returned after a few months' rest there, her health apparently much improved. Her gain was but temporary, however, and last summer she was very feeble. It was the intention of the family to have her spend the winter in the South; but when the time of departure arrived, her health would not admit of her being removed. Since then she has failed rapidly, and her death has daily been expected for some time. That one in

the bloom of life, with the prospect of such a happy future, should be taken away, is peculiarly sad, and arouses the sympathies of the entire community for the bereft family and friends, and for the young man to whom she was engaged to be married. The funeral services occurred at the parents' residence, on Belmont Street.

Science.

THE National Academy of Science, at its last meeting, appointed a committee to arrange plans for observing the total eclipse of the sun May 6th, next. This eclipse is of unusual importance, as the duration of totality at its maximum is 5m. 55s. Unfortunately, the path of the shadow lies wholly in the Pacific Ocean, and there are only a few small islands from which observations are possible. An expedition has been sent to Caroline Island to make observations. An appropriation of \$5,000 has been asked from Congress to defray expenses.

A RECENT sitting of the French Academy of Sciences was principally devoted to the examination of a new system of telephoning invented by a German electrician, Dr. Moser, which seems likely to mark an era in the history of the telephone. Dr. Moser's system enables the same message or sound transmitted by a single wire to be heard by a hundred different persons at the same time, and with equal distinctness by all. A public trial of the invention took place some time ago in a large room in the Place Vendôme, and fifty or sixty persons were enabled to hear at the same time, with perfect distinctness, the pieces played by a band in the Hipodrome, some two miles away. Messages have since been sent, by the same apparatus, from Paris to Nancy, a distance of fully 250 miles.

AN ingenious device for stirring up sluggish fish, as a preliminary to catching them through the ice, is mentioned by Lansdell, in his recent book of travels, "Through Siberia," as being employed by the natives on the river Irtysh. The process is there specially applied to the capture of sturgeon, which in winter congregate in muddy hollows in the bed of the river, where they lie motionless, for the sake of the warmth. The fishermen cut holes in the ice, and set spring lines at them, and then proceed to heat a number of balls of clay red-hot, and to throw them into the river below the bait. The heat rouses the fish, which rise, swim up the stream, and are caught. It

would be of interest to determine by experiment whether any of our own ford fish could be induced to take bait by inciting them to activity by means of heated bricks.

THE recent death of Hon. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, will be a personal loss to many of our younger scientific men. He was a man of intense activity and diversified talents.

Personals.

WE regret to say that Addie Johnson was called home before the end of the term, by the serious illness of her uncle.

MISS PATRICK visited her friend Ida Sibley, not long ago.

MISS TAPPEN, a former teacher at Lasell, has been elected teacher of Latin at Vassar. Miss Tappen is a graduate of that college.

NELLIE CANFIELD's mother came all the way from Iowa to visit her during vacation.

MAMIE SHELLENBERGER's brother was here to visit her, and to attend the Junior Ex.

WE were happy to have Emily Shiff and Anna Beach with us once more.

MISS PRESTON's sister, who was so very ill, is recovering.

GRACE FRIBLEY gave us a flying visit several weeks since. She has been making a business trip through some of the New England States.

MABELLE OLDS was summoned home about a week before the term closed.

THE following girls have received visits from their sisters—Miss French, Annie Norwood, and Miss Mangels.

TWO beautiful Easter-cards on Prof. Bragdon's desk, from Birdie Mason and Sophie White, give evidence that they still think of their old school-home.

SADIE SMITH's wedding-cards are out. We send her our hearty congratulations. She is going to Quincy, Ill., to live.

ADA HIBBARD was married the 12th of April. We congratulate you, Ada, and hope that you will be as happy as we know you expected to be.

WE hear from many of the "old girls," this month: Alice Baxter, one of the girls

of '76, is the wife of Rev. J. Marshall Barker, a missionary to Mexico. We hear they are doing a grand and glorious work.

BERTIE BURNHAM is a thriving milliner in Bethel, Maine. She half promises us a visit this spring. Her sister Mattie has been visiting Lucie Fenn. We hope she will give us a call while in this region.

BERNICE LANGWORTHY, now Mrs. B. M. McFadden, of Baltimore, sent us a very pleasant letter recently.

ANNIE BARTLETT writes that she is at home, and not very well; but she hopes to be able to teach, this spring, in North Epping, N. H.

GRACE GARLAND is now Mrs. W. F. Etherington, and lives in Brooklyn.

MAUD NEWCOMB is busy with home duties. As Annie Bartlett says, "She is a lovely girl."

EDITH PEW is at home, and goes to Boston every week for German lessons.

MARY ALGER has gone to Camden, S. C., to live.

BLANCHE BLACKSTONE is at home. She has a few pupils in painting, and writes that she enjoys teaching very much.

LIDA BROOKS writes that she is at home. She confesses, though, that she expects soon to leave the parental roof for one of her own.

MOLLIE STARKS, now Mrs. John Brownell, of Troy, N. Y., writes of her continual interest in her *Alma Mater*. She says that Mrs. Chas. D. Kellum, *née* Gertie Orelup, lives on the same street with her.

LOUISA BARKER is Mrs. Chas. E. Worcester, and lives in Waltham. It seems as if she might afford to be a little more neighborly.

EDITH WADMAN is now Mrs. E. G. Johnston, and is living at Beach Bluff, Swampscott.

MAUD BENTLEY is still at Lowell, with her sister. Why don't you give us a call, once in awhile, Maud?

FANNY BABSON is at home, in Gloucester.

MATTIE LORIMER, now Mrs. Griggs, is boarding at the Palmer House, in Chicago. Kittie Griggs, her sister-in-law, has made her *début* in society, but is still keeping up her studies. She has just returned from a trip to Florida.

FANNY NASON is in the millinery department of Jordan & Marsh, working herself independent.

EMMA FERNALD is now Mrs. Pearl Brock, and lives in Boston.

ADDIE SMITH is Mrs. John Balcomb, of Athol, Mass.

LIZZIE EMERSON is teaching in Gloucester, with good success.

LOU HAWLEY, now Mrs. James Sanders, is living in Southbridge, Mass.

GRACE PERLEY, we are sorry to hear, has recently been very ill. She is in Portland.

NELLIE BOIT was married last summer to Frank W. Freeman, and now lives at Rice Lake, Wis.

AMIE KELLY is Mrs. J. F. Adams, of Haverhill. We recently received a pleasant letter from her.

Soirée.

THE second soirée of this year occurred Monday, April 2d. The following programme was, as usual, charmingly rendered:—

PROGRAMME.

1. CHORUS.—"Ave Maria." *F. Marchetti.*
CHORUS CLASS.
2. PIANO-FORTE.—Tarantella. *Smith.*
MISS MORRIS.
3. SONG.—"Punchinello." *Molloy.*
MISS MILES.
4. PIANO-FORTE.—Agitato, A minor. *Schulhoff.*
MISS DUFEE.
5. SONG.—"Consider the Lilies." *Topliff.*
MISS FRENCH.
6. PIANO-FORTE.—Valse Gracieuse. *Spindler.*
MISS MERRILL.
7. SONG.—"Waiting." *Thalberg.*
MISS ANNA BAKER.
1. PIANO-FORTE.—Moisé. *Thalberg.*
MISS NELLIE BROWN.
2. SONG.—"The Sailor's Return." *Cruschman.*
MISS WHIPPLE.
3. SONG.—"When the Tide comes In." *Millard.*
MISS PRICKETT.
4. PIANO-FORTE.—Concerto, G minor, (last two movements). *Mendelssohn.*
MISS MASON.
- Orchestral Accompaniment supplied at 2d Piano by MR. HILLS.
5. CHORUS.—"The Spinning Chorus." *Wagner.*
CHORUS CLASS.

Society Notes.

THE "S. D." Society are preparing to give their annual entertainment on the evening of May —. At their last election the following officers were elected:—

Miss Dora Walston,	<i>President.</i>
" Bertha Childs,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
" Grace Durfee,	<i>Secretary.</i>
" Blanche Shaver,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" Edith Flint,	<i>Critic.</i>
" Virginia Prickett,	<i>Usher.</i>

The following is the result of the election at the Lasellia Club, Monday, April 16th:—

Miss Lizzie Hoag,	<i>President.</i>
" Tibbie Hosford,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
" Lizzie Canterbury,	<i>Secretary.</i>
" Lou Walston,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" Lydia Starr,	<i>Critic.</i>
" Blanche Jones,	<i>Guard.</i>

Semitones.

WE learn that there is a place in Connecticut where the people never have the measles, because they have Haddam.

THIS, by a Western poet, cannot be excelled in delicacy for a freckled lotion. 'Tis worth far more than the pearl-powders manufactured in the East: "Freckles on the face of a pretty girl are like daisies slumbering in a field of cream."

PROF. H—— remarked, upon seeing the Junior's motto, "*Nitor in Adversum*," that he never saw a neater one.

WE have heard the phrase "eating one's words." That was what happened at one table in the dining-room, the other day; only, by some remarkable process, adjectives like "awful," "terrible," "horrid," and "lovely," were changed into "palatable" and "delicious" ice-cream.

A MEMBER of the Rhetoric Class defines sentimentality as "an excessive idea of what is sensible."

ONE of the Seniors brilliantly remarked that on a mummy in the New York Museum there was a placard requesting visitors not to throw anything into its oesophagus. It has since been discovered that she meant the sarcophagus.

PROF. — "Miss L——; you have an unexcused absence from Chapel."

Miss L—— "I don't know when it could have been, unless it was the night I went to the Oratorio of the 'Recreation.'"

Prof. — "Pretty well named."

EXAMINATION in History (Room No. 7).

Q.— "When is Independence Day?"

Ans.— "Why, the 22d of February, of course."

FIRST girl (mending with an immense needle).

Second girl.— "Why don't you take a trussing-needle?"

Third girl.— "What's that?"

Second girl.— "The kind you sew up chickens with."

Third girl (innocently). — "Oh, you mean a basting-needle! Haven't you heard of basting chickens?"

THE sweet sounds of "taisez-vous" echo no longer through our corridors.

ONE girl seemed to have things pretty well mixed, when she said the monkey was one of her descendants, instead of ancestors.

PROF.— "Miss W——, who wrote the Ten Commandments?"

Miss W—— (with alacrity), "Job."

ONE of the girls wanted to "sachet" across the street, the other day.

WAS the Junior unconsciously pleading the cause of the Seniors, when, in Latin prose, she wrote a sentence which could be translated as follows: "Pity the sorrows of the poor old Seniors."

PSYCHOLOGY CLASS. — "What nation has most acute sense of hearing?" Senior. — "Dogs."

As yet we have heard of no death resulting from lack of food on Fast Day.

THE ingenuity of the girls was, at least, tested on the evening of the Fancy Dress Party.

THOSE of us who attempted roller-skating for the first time during vacation, decided that our feet, rather than our tongues, were our "unruly members."

THE brilliancy of the class-rings seems to have inspired one of the students to write the following grand epic:—

"O where did you come from,
Say, pretty ring,

With your cat's-eye

So polished and clear?"

"O, I've come," said the ring,

"From the jeweler's store,

And found a resting-place here."

"O come," said the Fresh,

"And my finger adorn,

For you are so pretty and small."

"O, I can't," said the ring;

"I'm a quite pretty thing,

But I answer the Senior's call."

Obituary.

"The cat was selected,

And then was dissected."

DIED, suddenly, on the 2d of April, the gray cat. This sad intelligence has already been forced upon the readers of the LEAVES. We can but restate it, adding a few particulars hitherto unmentioned. It may remove the edge from the sorrow of some to hear that the last hours were comparatively peaceful; the struggle of parting with life was but short. The cat chose rather to give its body a sacrifice to science, than to flee from the ensnaring chloroform, and enjoy the remainder of its nine lives. The post-mortem examination was attended by many physiologists, and disclosed some interesting facts among them — that the cat in question was addicted to melancholy; from which it was inferred that through its larynx had passed the wails that have disturbed the midnight silence and our slumbers. But even its wails were music to the ones we must suppress, realizing we can see the gray form, the green eyes, no more. We would extend heartfelt sympathy to the mourning readers, and would have them feel that theirs is a common sorrow.

Clippings.

THE deaf man's spring joke: "Man wants but little hear below."—*Ex.*

TWO students inspecting the Laocoön. First student.— "Did he drink?" Second student.— "No; why?" First student.— "Well, he's got the worst case of snakes I ever saw, anyway."—*Ex.*

A LITTLE girl who had been at church, but evidently did not understand all that had been said, came home and asked, "Where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

"PA, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?" "Tut, tut; I'll answer no more of your silly questions."—*Ex.*

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Exchanges.

AMONG our exchanges the *Kent Hill Breeze* is read with great pleasure. It sparkles with the bright side of student life, and the literary matter is always of high order. All in all it is quite a "breezy" sheet.

The *Tech* is before us, with its excellent contents, as usual. We were surprised, however, to see that so much dissipation was going on among our friends and neighbors. Suppers and balls seemed to be the most important articles in the April number.

We are glad to place the *College Rambler* among our exchanges, and hope it will prove true to its indications of a successful career.

Notwithstanding the foreboding pictures which adorn the cover of the *North-Western*, it is a spicy sheet.

The *Volante* comes to us from Chicago. Its exterior is very handsome, and the reading-matter considerably above the

average, and it puts even the *Crimson* in the shade, strange as it may seem.

The *Columbia Spectator* is one of our most entertaining exchanges. The cuts are particularly interesting.

We are glad to welcome the *Yale Courant*, and to see that it continues to be gotten up in a pretty and attractive manner. But it seems to have devoted all its energies to the ameliorating of the *Yale Courant*, and the squelching of its rivals.

Our eyes happen to fall on the *Beacon*, which contains a lengthy article on the "new" subject of co-education.

Each morning finds us eagerly searching the columns of the *Harvard Daily Herald* for the latest athletic news.

We are indebted to many schools and colleges for papers of which no mention was made in our list as published last month. To the omitted we tender our apology.

The great pile of exchanges
Before us we view;
But oft we try vainly
To find something new.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME VIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., MAY, 1883.

NUMBER 8

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Editorial.

THERE is a plant which it is hard to name, and of which little definite is known except that it sends forth its LEAVES near the last of each month. These are taken up by some sudden gust and wafted to many homes and colleges, both East and West. By these has our little knowledge of the parent tree been gained, and by careful observation during the seven years they have thus come to us, we have been able to gather a few facts: It has been found that its season is long, extending from September to June; that, contrary to the natural trees, whose leaves act as organs of inspiration, these LEAVES serve, rather, as a means of exhaling that which is within,

without taking any good themselves thereby; that in neither September nor October do these LEAVES turn red or yellow, or in any way change their outward appearance, except they may be brighter and fresher during those months, and if so there is reason for it, since then is their springtime rather than their autumn; that no LEAVES are received during the summer months. It may be that no breeze is strong enough to bear them to us; but a better explanation seems to be that "LEAVES have their time to fall." And it seems that they could have chosen no better time, had they the power, than during these warm months, when all, could we follow our inclinations, would give up and do likewise.

A remarkable change occurred in the form of the LEAVES for February. In that cold and dreary month, when all life seems dead, the LEAVES actually came to us with a changed aspect. By their combined efforts they had formed a blossom, the LEAVES themselves forming the sepals of the flower. The two enveloping petals are of a greenish-gray color, and by a mere glance at certain black spots thereon, the true worth of the flower can be told.

Once more the blossom appears, and with June the season closes. Let us hope that as long a time will elapse before the blossom changes to the seed, as did before the LEAVES were changed to the blossom.

THE name of Hudson generally brings with it the idea of the river, and whatever associations may have been connected with it. It may carry our thoughts to the Empire State, to the Catskill Mountains, or even to the town bearing the same name. But sometimes it is different, and may bring to others suggestions even more pleasant. To those who may be ignorant of the reason of giving one of the boats the above name, and may think of the inconsistency of floating the Hudson on the Charles, a word of explanation may be given. The boats had come, but what should they be named? This seemed to be the question puzzling all minds; and when the matter was laid before the school, and suggestions

as to the names asked for, everything from "Charlie" to "Whitewing" was given. But all could not decide upon any one name, as each seemed to please the few rather than serve the many. After some hesitation it was thought to be the kindest remembrance of our Shakesperian professor, to name one of the boats in his honor. Thus it happened that one of the boats was called "Hudson," after one who has been a faithful instructor to us, and one whom we all respect and love.

Prof. Hudson has been connected with the school about six years, and has successfully filled the position given him. As a mark of appreciation, a portrait of him will soon be hung, which will honor as well as adorn the walls.

"His head is silvered o'er with age,
And long experience makes him sage."

By informing the readers of the LEAVES this month that the June number of the paper will be late, we may prepare them for its tardiness, and prevent the vain expectation that some might experience. A full account of the Commencement exercises will be given, and for this reason the paper will not go to press until after the usual time of publication.

It is both natural and becoming that alumnae and past members of the school should take a lively interest in the paper, which represents in a certain sense their *Alma Mater*, which forms a ready and oft-recurring reminder of a pleasant and profitable period of their lives, and in a manner continues their connection with an institution endeared to memory. Supposing they take this interest in our efforts, and remembering that they make a large portion of our patrons, we would be especially pleased to hear from them, and therefore beg of them, in the name of "Auld Lang Syne," not to be negligent in this matter, but to give us words of encouragement and advice. But very few, if any, have anticipated our request, and therefore we think a gentle reminder may not be lost or out of place in this connection. We would with pleasure

devote some of our columns to them, should they at any time be so inclined as to remember those who are now in the places they once filled.

Surely, after this appeal, we cannot do less than expect that some communications from our absent friends will soon be received.

"This is Life."

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"I have planned much work for my life," she said,—

A girlish creature, with golden hair,
And bright and winsome as she was fair.

"The days are full till he comes to wed;
The clothes to buy, and the home to make
A very Eden, for his dear sake."

But cares soon come to the wedded wife;
She shares his duties, and hopes, and fears,
Which lessen not with the waning years—

For a very struggle, at best, is life;
If we knew the burdens along the line,
We should shrink to receive this gift divine.

Sometimes, in the hush of the evening hour,
She thinks of the leisure she meant to gain,
And the work she would do with hand and brain.

"I am tired, to-night. I am lacking power
To think," she says; "I must wait until
My brain is rested, and pulse is still."

Oh! woman and man, there is never rest;
Dream not of a leisure that will not come
Till age shall make you both blind and dumb.

You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you.

Say oft of the years, as they pass from sight,
"This, *this* is life, with its golden store:
I shall have it once, but it comes no more."

Have a purpose, and do with your utmost might:
You will finish your work on the other side
When you wake in His likeness, satisfied.

An Air Castle.

THE wood fire was singing on the hearth like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a summer's noon.

Darkness was closing around me, and a dim moon and a few faint stars shone in at my window.

I could see the lights of the distant village shine through the mist and fog, as I sat before my fire, musing.

Many an hour of my life had been spent in imaginary dreams; and as I sat alone, this cold and dreary evening, my mind was in just such a mood, and naturally took its

favorite course. I was soon oblivious of all around me, and surrounded by many new and fitting scenes. A trip across the great ocean was one of my foremost desires; and in this moment of forgetfulness I was truly realizing my dream. I was on board a ship, new and strange to me; the sailors about me were busy, and as I turned to catch a glimpse of my native country, the mass of buildings, towers, etc., faded from my sight; and it was after a vain attempt to distinguish even the dot in the distance, which I knew was America, that I turned with a new feeling around me.

A distant sail, or line of smoke, now and then, were all that gave evidence of life around us. The great sea beneath stretched on all sides of us to the horizon; and above us was one large expanse of clear blue sky. The great billows tossed the ship about like a plaything, and for many days the world seemed to be one mass of water and sky. The little stars in the night were our only visitors, and we soon learned to love them as a friend. The dazzling cliffs and the gay birds were the first advances of life in this new world which we were fast approaching. I soon found myself in the buzz and whirl of the busy city life, and the wealth of the great metropolis surrounded me. The beautiful river Thames, too, flowed on in its course, heedless of the great city, with but one aim—to reach its destination. I caught a glimpse of the crowded streets, the busy people, the Queen's palace and beautiful gardens, the great tower which holds so much of England's history in its hands, and, last of all, the famous Westminster Abbey, where many a coronation has taken place, and many an honored poet buried. I saw the Scottish hills, covered by a warm, clear sky, and saw, too, the great Edinburgh University, through which many a man has taken his last step to fame; the ruins of the Holyrood Castle, where Queen Mary lived; and many a ruin on the summit of some picturesque hill, made the landscape beautiful. I even caught a little sight through Edinburgh streets, which rise and fall over the slopes, lined by magnificent buildings. I stepped across the great English Channel, and found myself in Paris. Its smoothly paved streets and walks, its long avenues and promenades, and its beautiful palaces and parks, interested me. I remember its gold dome, rising so far above its neighboring buildings, the mint, and many an old historical ruin; and after spending many hours in the art galleries, I tore myself away from the fascinations of French life, and the waters

of Lake Geneva seemed to cool and freshen my excited mind. The gorgeous sun rising over those snow-capped peaks, was something I had never before pictured; and the beautiful lakes at the bottom seemed like basins which Nature had provided to catch all the waste water and snow from the high hills. I can dimly recollect the long rows of grapevines, heavily loaded with fruit, in Germany. The many blossoming fruit-trees, the beautiful birds, and the warm sky, all seemed to say that Nature had been kind to them. And "I first saw Venice by moonlight." A thousand lamps glittered from the square of St. Mark and along the water's edge; above rose the cloudy shapes of spires, domes, and palaces, as if emerging from the sea; and occasionally the twinkling lamp of a gondola darted across the water like a shooting star, and suddenly disappeared, as if quenched in the wave. There was something so unearthly in the scene, so visionary and fairy-like, that I almost expected to see the city float away like a cloud, and dissolve into thin air.

I started from my dream. The rain was splashing on the window-panes.

The hours had flown, and with the last flame of the fire, my fancy died also. I sat alone in the cold and cheerless room a moment, and soon aroused myself to reality, lighted my candle, and went to bed.

THE Seniors, for once at least, appreciated their position. On Friday evening, May 4th, by the kind invitation of Prof. Lindsay, they became a part of the large audience which witnessed the Greek play "Electra," at the Jacob Sleeper Hall, Boston. Their recent study of Grecian tragedy enabled them to enjoy it the more thoroughly. The excellent presentation of the whole carried one in imagination to the times when "Electra" made its first appearance upon the Grecian stage. No hesitancy on the part of the actors for a single moment marred the effect, and the whole showed much successful study and preparation.

THE habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural condition between thought and deed.

A COMPLETE education fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices of peace and war. — *Milton*.

Art Notes.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(Copied, by the author's permission, from the manuscript, and not included in his published works.)

GREENOUGH said of the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon, that the long procession of figures was necessary to relieve the stillness of the colonnades. Especially does a procession of horses answer this purpose. The motion is varied in every animal, and, in the group, the effect is that of moving animals; you can almost see the dust. Curved lines of the Parthenon are suggested by faults in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris.

Art is the Creator's path to his works. It is a translation, a representation. Design is all—far better than any skill in execution; it will almost make fingers. The end determines all details. Perfection of finish always marks decline in art. Perfections in architecture are height and mass, because they represent the relation to the sphere in which they stand. The spire reaching into heaven reminds one of the law of gravitation, by appreciation of which alone it can rise. So mass suggests the earth; but mass is not all. A colossus may be large in size, but small in style.

"Position," again, "is necessary for perfecting beauty." "No sort of pinnacle," said Wren, "is worthy of appearing in the air but a statue, and no roof but a dome." Art is a constant selection. "Where did you go for stone? Didn't go at all—dug it up on the spot." The architect works it into a noble building. The perpetual leaning on nature marks progress. First a hut of boughs; then a large building imitating the cliff; then the dome like heaven. The pyramid is only the shape of a heap of sand. This *superfluity of base* is mark of Egyptian architecture, as *competence of support* is of Greek. *Aspiration* is said to be the idea of Gothic. The architect works under lead of Nature. She fascinates his eye with new suggestions of aim and means. The parts he has built will suggest what is to come.

Who taught Titian and Salvator Rosa how to draw? Was it Signor Quadro, with square and rule? No; it was weather-stains on walls, bold forms of clouds, suggesting possibilities unknown to Signor Quadro—Jove's brow traced in the skies. Who sat for the Ludovisi Juno? I think the artist drew from a *cloud*. Nature lines the sea-shore with terraces of granite. They suggest at once just such ruins as the palace

of Xerxes, where a nation could pass in review before a king. "Every growth of nature has but one moment of perfect beauty," says Schelling. Art, seizing it then, causes it to display its pure being forever. Art does not directly imitate what eyes can see. Phidias, when he made the god, did not copy nature. He imagined what form Jove would take; "but," says Plotinus, "he did not reproduce his whole thought, for the chisel often slipped."

Beauty rests on necessity. There is a mathematical, but also a constructive, reason for every change. The plumage of the bird has a reason, even, for its colors in the structure of the animal—it is in the grain. Beauty is in the nature, not the ornament. Necessity is a suggestion of nature. The first ship was a raft—your feet were wet; the second was a scow, to keep out water; third, a top, to keep off rain; fourth, a sharpened bow; fifth, added sails, and the sixth, *steam*. The architect does not build for a committee, but wind, storm, and floods are the inspectors of his work. He must measure and weigh their strength. Is his stone friable? Nations are to pass judgment on his work for years. "In nature the organic form resembles the end inscribed on it," says Swedenborg. The nest is part of the bird. Every insect and every animal builds for its own use and elements.

Observe, in optics, no number of reflections in reflection are disagreeable; the more the better. "In architecture," says Wren, "the longer a colonnade the more beautiful, *ad infinitum*." Echoes delight us, we say; the cry repeated five or seven times, each in a new key, has a strange charm. All rhymes in nature please—your reflections in the water, the stars repeated in flowers and frost, the oak-leaf in the under shell of the tortoise, the acanthus-leaf in the stalactite of Mammoth Cave, the profile at the Notch, Chaucer's face in a pebble in the British Museum.

There is no end to these repetitions. So clouds give sleeping giants, dragons, etc. I think water-deities of fountains—Nile and Neptune—were suggested by them. The beauty of mathematics forms the path of comets, which sketch, in the vault of space, the precise figures of the flowers of the field. What are all these hints but signs of a grand economy and correlation throughout nature, suggesting unity of origin? All plants develop of one leaf, all animals from vertebra. Chemists hope to come to one element with two problems. Philosophy reaches being and non-being; and what is all this but suggestion of law—

law of which man is the typical result, so that chemistry, botany, and physiology cannot forget him. Italy inherited the enthusiasm of the Greeks in art. The history of Benvenuto Cellini is almost incomprehensible to an American. We know of no such enthusiasm. In the end of the thirteenth century Florence determined to renew the cathedral of San Reparata. They desired that Arnolfo should undertake it, and that it should be done on a scheme great enough to express the heart of the people—who united in *one will* to order it. The life of Cellini is full of sad incidents. We have *our own tastes*: we love a locomotive, a yacht; we value eloquence; but sculpture we regard as a curiosity, to be put in a museum. Other nations have had a keener sense of beauty than we. We must be content to be scholars, when others excel us. It is better, perhaps, to *do* the deeds which artists celebrate than to attempt to imitate them. Sanity in art consists in not being overcome by your means.

"S. D." Entertainment.

THE case of *Disputam vs. Lasell*, which has excited so much attention in and about Auburndale for the past few weeks, came before the Supreme Court the evening of the 2d inst. Upon entering the crowded hall at the time court was in session, you might have wondered to see the dignitaries of law represented by young women only; but your astonishment would have turned to interest, as the lawyers proceeded with the case. The witnesses were questioned and cross-questioned with much sharpness, but they all appeared equal to the occasion, with the exception of one, who was compelled to sit down, by reason of her nervous and weak condition, caused by a maidenly modesty at speaking before so large an assembly. One witness, in spite of the solemnity of the oath,—being in the name of Ben Butler himself,—was discovered in a misstatement of some very important facts. We waited anxiously for the verdict of the jury, but the sentence could not be pronounced until the next session of court, as the jury were unable to pass judgment without a knowledge of the true value of a pepper-corn.

The trial, however, was not the only thing we should have been anticipating. The remainder of the programme was fully as interesting and entertaining. The whole showed that time and careful study had been given to make the evening a success:

and a success it proved. May the "S. D.s" never do worse — and a long life to them.

PROGRAMME.

- Duet. — Capriccio Hongrois, *Ketterer.*
 MISSES SHAVER AND BROWN.
- President's Address,
 MISS DORA WALSTON.
- Vocal Solo. — "Tis I," *Pinsuti.*
 MISS FERGUSON.
- Reading. — Scene from "As You Like It." *Shakespeare.*
 MISS JENNIE BAKER.
- Instrumental Solo. — Gavotte. *Rudolph Nieman.*
 MISS MERRILL.
- Mock Trial.
- Violin Solo. — La Somnambula. *Singelee.*
 MISS DUFFEE.
- Vocal Trio. — "Rest Thee on this Mossy Pillow." *Smart.*
 MISSES BAKER, PRICKETT, AND FLINT.
- Ritecation. — Selection from "Light of Asia." *Arnold.*
 MISS RANSOM.
- Vocal Solo. — "Good-bye." *Tosti.*
 MISS DYKES.
- Instrumental Quartette. — Spanische Tanze. *Moszkowski.*
 MISSES BROWN, CHILDS, SHAVER, AND DUFFEE.

The Excursion to Plymouth.

MONDAY, May 7th, we made the annual pilgrimage to Plymouth. After an early breakfast we set forth, accompanied by Prof. Bragdon, without whom no excursion seems complete. Arrived at Plymouth, the first object attracting our attention was the colossal statue of Faith, on a high hill overlooking the harbor. This statue, which is two hundred and sixteen times life size, is one of the finest pieces of granite statuary in the world. From the monument we started for Plymouth Rock, on the way passing the house where Gov. Winslow once lived. At last we came in sight of the spot where the Pilgrims landed, and there lay the rock under a granite canopy supported by four granite columns. To preserve it from the hands of vandals, who would break off pieces for relics, it is inclosed in iron gates set between the columns of the canopy. One of these gates being open, we all went inside the inclosure to touch the rock, and several even kissed the unfeeling stone. From thence the party ascended the hill, and wended its way to the old burying-hill. There "the Pilgrim Fathers are at rest," where once stood their old fort and watch-tower, and from whence one looks out on the spot where they landed in the new country. The oldest stone in this graveyard is the one in memory of Edward Gray, erected in 1681. Among the many old

stones are some which bear curious epitaphs; among them are the following: —

He glanced into our world to see
 A sample of our miserie.

Pray, fellow-mortals, don't your death forget.
 You that your eyes cast on this grave,
 Know you a dying time must have.

Remember me as you pass by.
 As you are now, so once was I;
 As I am now, so you will be;
 Therefore prepare to follow me.

Here is another, which, alas! is only too true: —

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man.

The carvings on these stones are very peculiar. On many are cross-bones and skulls, and on one is a skeleton seated on a globe, holding a scythe in his hand, while skulls and bones are scattered all about him. It is impossible to determine whether the figures on several were meant to represent angels or demons.

In this historic burying-place we ate our lunch, for which our long tramp had given us hearty appetites. Then gathering up the fragments, that nothing should remain to tell of our being there, we rested, and a few improved the time by sketching the harbor.

In a short time we proceeded on our sight-seeing. Passing by a school-house, where the children were enjoying the noon recess, we breathed a sigh for the days when we, too, played hop-scotch and hide-and-seek.

Our first stop was made at the Court House. Here most of us for the first time saw a court-room. Below, in the room of the Registry of Deeds, is kept the writing traced by the hands of the Pilgrims. Here are recorded their deeds, mortgages, wills, and the records of the First Church.

From the Court House it is but a short distance to Pilgrim Hall. In front of it is a large stone surrounded by an iron railing. This is the upper portion of Forefathers' Rock. About the time of the Revolution, in endeavoring to raise the rock, to prevent its being covered by the filling in of the wharf, this piece split off. This was taken as a sign of the separation of the Colonies from England. On the railing around the rock are the names of the forty-one persons who signed the compact on board the Mayflower. Upon entering the hall, we are requested to inscribe name, residence, and birth-place in an immense volume. On the walls hang portraits of many of the Pilgrims, and large paintings representing the embarkation and landing. In glass cases are the relics — swords, books, platters, working utensils,

etc. There is also the cradle in which Peregrine White, the first child born in the Colony, was rocked, and chairs which belonged to Governor Carver and Elder Brewster. Among the relics, one which attracted the especial attention of the girls was a slipper. The highest French heel is low compared with the heel of that slipper, and the sole of it reminds one forcibly of a very pointed mason's trowel. When all the relics had been seen we started for the station, and soon Plymouth was left behind.

As we had a special car, there was considerable merriment on our homeward trip. If one could have looked in he might have been somewhat surprised, as well as amused, to see our dignified Professor going about, like a huge raven, feeding pickles and confectionery to the girls. Evidently the Professor knows the way to a girl's heart. On account of our sufferings from thirst, we unanimously agreed that railroad companies, in addition to placing an axe and a saw in each car, should provide drinking-water. We have been taught by experience, and hereafter when we go on an excursion we will each carry a canteen.

It was a tired but happy crowd of girls who that night anointed their sun-burnt faces with cream, and sought "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A Few Facts Gathered from Personal Observation.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"
 And Miss W.'s room had gathered then
 Its beauty and its chivalry.

THE readers may take the last line literally or not, but the unprejudiced observer chose to do the former. Liberty Hall was all commotion, and the shrieks of laughter mingled with those of fear, called forth the inmates of the neighboring rooms to witness the scene. The door of the above-named room opened, and to the astonished gaze of the inquiring multitude, four girls did bear a body wrapped in white. This was assisted in its rolling along the hall by aid of feet; and when the destination was reached all were hustled into a room, where evidently something worse was in store for the body thus enveloped. Four maidens were conducted after this same manner, and the interested spectator was only too soon debarred from further observation, as the door was then closed and locked. To the inquiries of the curious readers, "only this and nothing more" can be said — it was the initiation of the "A. B. C."

Current News.

At Washington, during the past winter, the average attendance at negro schools has been 6,583 children; and reports say that the order and lessons at these schools have been much better than at the white schools in the same city.

In Michigan an act has just been passed requiring that all pupils of the public schools be instructed in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effect alcohol has on the human system. This has been brought about principally through the instrumentality of Mrs. M. H. Hunt, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The recent cyclones in the Southern States have been very destructive. Between one and two hundred persons were killed in Mississippi and Georgia, while many others were dangerously wounded.

In 1860 the population of the city of New York was 814,254. To-day it is estimated at 1,450,000. The population of the island is now increasing at the rate of 75,000 each year.

At Castle Garden last year, \$6,000,000 were received from the immigrants for railroad tickets.

During a performance which was given at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, an explosion of gas caused the injury of twenty persons.

Mr. A. P. Peck's Concert.

An expectant little party of about fifty of our girls, including Prof. and Mrs. Burke and Prof. Bragdon, left Auburndale on an early evening train for Boston, Tuesday, April 24th. We were all lovers of music, and it was with the sweetest anticipations that we walked through a drizzling rain to Music Hall. Seats of the first row, second balcony, were reserved for us, and very soon the orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Neuendorff, opened the programme with Weber's Overture, "Eury-anthe." The other orchestral selections during the evening were, Wagner's Grand Fantasia "Lohengrin," and "Marche Triumphale" of Gounod's. Mme. Scalchi, Mme. Boema, Miss Hope Glenn, Signor Del Puente, Mr. Jules Jordan and Mr. Carl Baermann completed the programme. The latter played, with orchestral accompaniment, Weber's "Concertstück," in F minor, and "Les Patineurs," by Meyerbeer Liszt.

The programme was pleasing, and the artists doubled our enthusiasm. We arrived in Auburndale about midnight, and after a brisk walk in the pouring rain we reached the Seminary, ate the little lunch prepared for us, and said "good-night."

Commencement Week.

The week preceding the 21st of June will disclose much that is pleasant to the inmates of Lasell and their friends. The Commencement Concert, coming on the evening of June 13th, heralds the attractions of Commencement week proper. On Baccalaureate Sunday we have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Buckley, of Boston. Class Day, for some time disregarded in the calendar of Lasell, occupies the attention on Monday afternoon. In the evening our interest will be held by a talk by Mrs. Croly (Jennie June), on "Dress." On Tuesday evening occurs the reception tendered by the Principal to the Senior class. Wednesday brings the year to a close with the address of Dr. Duryea, the conferring of diplomas, and the lunch on the lawn.

Science.

There is a common impression that the nickel five-cent piece was intended to weigh five grams and to measure two centimeters. The act passed in Congress, May 16, 1866, authorizing their coinage, left the shape and devices upon the coin to the discretion of the Director of the Mint, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury. The weight of the coin was fixed at 67.16 grains, or 4,352 milligrams, with a margin of two grains, or 125 milligrams, each way, to allow for accidents of coinage. It seems there was no intention to make the coin of the supposed weight or size. It may be remarked that all the coins are above the legal limit of weight (4.48 grains).

A MONTREAL firm has invented and patented a machine for cooking by electricity. It consists of a sauce-pan so isolated by non-conductors, that the bottom forms the positive pole of the current. The negative pole is attached to a movable point which travels in circles over the bottom of the pan underneath, distributing the heat over the whole surface, and with a sufficient rapidity to avoid burning a hole through the pan at any one point.

A CHIMNEY of paper-pulp, fifty feet high, has lately been put up at Breslau, in

Germany. Compressed paper-pulp is one of the least inflammable of substances, and is now generally recognized as superior to iron as a material for fire-proof doors.

We have it from Vienna that the weather can be foretold by observations upon the common American white pine. If the branches of the last two seasons' growth be drooping, there is soon to be rain or snow; but if they be raised, such weather is a long way off.

A USEFUL machine has lately been invented in New York for the purpose of separating unburnt coal, rags, bones, tin, etc., from refuse gathered in the streets of the city. One machine will receive and separate one load of refuse every three minutes. It is the intention of the company to place these machines at the different dumps in the city, as they have been voted advantageous to the city, as well as profitable to the company.

A Talk by Mrs. Fields.

SUNDAY afternoon, May 6th, Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett were with us, the former delivering a short lecture. She began by speaking of the fact that all must do something after leaving school. She mentioned some things that we might do; and there are some girls who after their school-days will have leisure to do much good to others.

The speaker then told some methods of doing good. She agreed with the majority of thinkers on the subject by saying, "Do not give money." She related the story of Octavia Hill, who has done much good in London. She was in the studio with Ruskin, and they began to talk of a square in the vicinity where the people were very poor and wicked. They asked what could be done for them, and Miss Hill suggested a plan, which she carried out. She bought the houses surrounding the square, thus becoming the landlady of these poor people. She then collected the rents herself, and becoming acquainted with the people, helped them by her influence. The square has now become quite respectable.

Mrs. Fields thinks the right way to help the poor is to work in connection with some society formed for the purpose, as more can be reached in that manner. She said much good can be done by spending two hours a week in some direction; and many who cannot give anything else can spend that amount of time.

Personals.

WE gladly welcome five new girls this term.

GRACE KITFIELD and Lizzie Luther did not return this term.

MAMIE CONGDON sails for home soon.

ELBERTIE BURNHAM made her old school home a visit not long ago.

AGNES FANNING enjoyed a call from her mother.

CARRIE HINKLEY is visiting in Dakota.

SOPHIE WHITE will be here Commencement.

JENNIE GRIFFITH was here not long ago. We were glad to see her.

BERTHA CHILDS' cousin was here the eve of the "S. D." entertainment.

TESSIE and Florence Shiff were called to their home in New York, to attend their father's funeral. They have the warmest sympathy of all the school.

SARAH BUCK made a farewell visit to Lasell before going to Europe, whither she sailed the 14th of May. We wish her a pleasant voyage, and a safe return; and we should like to hear from her while abroad.

WE are glad to hear that Emily Peadbody, of '82, will be with us on Commencement.

MISS PRESTON received a visit from her sister.

WE have wondered at Mr. Bragdon's haggard countenance of late; but we were enlightened when he confessed that he had been dreaming on Sadie Smith Schofield's wedding-cake.

ALICE DUNSMORE writes that she is at home busy with music-scholars, both vocal and instrumental, and that she enjoys teaching very much.

WE hear that Alice Linscott Hall is going to be here for Commencement, and that she is to bring her infant son. We hope it is true. We want very much to see both.

HATTIE CLARK is very busy with her music pupils and studying. She expects to make her *début* as a concert singer, in Chickering Hall, New York, next winter.

HATTIE ADAMSON made a short visit at her home, in Germantown, Penn., to attend her brother's wedding.

ELLA STEDMAN, of '82, is expected here for Commencement.

NETTIE LIBBEY writes that she has been studying German for the past year.

NELLIE FERGUSON and Gertrude Rice were with us at the S. D. entertainment.

We regret to say that Marion Collis was called home by a telegram saying that her father was very ill.

FANNIE SAWYER, with her mother and friends, has taken advantage of Prof. Raymond's excursion, and is now enjoying the California breezes.

MATTIE RANSOM graduated from the Boston School of Oratory, May 17th. She has now gone to her home in Williamsport, where her sister Sadie is soon to be married. Both of these are "old girls."

Miscellany.

WHO went to see the gypsies?

IF students of theology are called theologues, why are not students of geology called geologues?

PROFESSOR OF FRENCH.—"Miss K——, please tell the class what 'beau' means." Miss K——. — "I can't; I never had one."

WE are informed that the Assyrians were famous for their artistic agriculture, as is shown by the ruins of their beautiful edifices.

ONE girl asked another what the expression "howling wilderness" meant, and was told it was the wind howling through the trees.

THE Plymouth excursion seemed to excite the appetite as well as admiration of one girl, for in describing the statue of Faith to her neighbor at the tea-table, she said that it had on it Faith, Liberty — and bread, if you please.

ON the evening of April 25th a large and enthusiastic audience was highly entertained by the reading of "Midsummer Night's Dream," by our elocution teacher, Miss Annie Payson Call, of Newtonville. She was accompanied by four of Boston's best amateurs, who, by their fine rendering of Mendelssohn's music, added much to the attractiveness of the play. Miss Call's rendering of the play displayed much talent, and her delineation of the various and dissimilar characters showed much experience and careful study.

WHERE is the foot-ball we had last year?

SOME one wants to know where Christendom is.

SPRING, beautiful spring has come, so wails the organ-grinder.

THE boating season has begun, and one girl has already been spilled out.

ONE girl mournfully wailed out a petition to "Mother, mother Tiber, to whom the Romans pray."

TEACHER IN HISTORY.—"Miss ——, who built the tower of Babel?" Miss.—"The ancestors of Noah."

AS the weather has become so warm, the gymnastics will be dispensed with for the remainder of the term.

PROF. BRAGDON has resigned his place, during his absence, to Prof. Burke, for taking the girls out riding.

PROFESSOR suggested that we should visit the Blind Asylum, as the inmates would be very glad to see their old friends.

A BROTHER of one of the girls has kindly volunteered his translation of the mystic symbols "S. D." in the name "she dudes."

ONE girl was told that the ice-cream was frozen by steam. Her reply was, "I should think it would melt it instead of freezing it."

IT is really so long since we have been to a spelling match that we have forgotten how to spell. The truth of this was fully shown at the unexpected match we had recently in the Chapel.

PROFESSOR.—"So you think all animals were created for the use of man, do you?" Miss.—"Yes, sir; I do." Prof.—"Well, how about the shark?" Miss.—"Oh! I guess man was created for the shark!"

FIRST GIRL.—"You have written on my apron; and I was told that a girl that would write on another girl's apron couldn't go in good company." Second Girl.—"I know it; I was in your company when I did it."

NOT long since, Professor took a trip to the riverside, taking with him a companion, whom he left near the boat-house. After finishing one kind of business he turned to another *Matt-er*, and found his companion had mysteriously disappeared. No doubt he felt like exclaiming:—

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

A Grandmother's Tale.

Listen, my children, and a tale I will tell
Of the long, long ago at a place called Lasell;
Where daughters were gathered from all the
broad land —
From Maine's gloomy forests to the tropic's
wide band.

A place well suited for a boarding-school girl,
Away from the city's mad bustle and whirl —
Just ten miles from Boston, that city renowned;
A better location could never be found.

And turn where you would you always would
fail
To find such a place as this Auburndale, —
So easy of access from far and from near,
And always when reached a place of good cheer.

Right here was the school I know of so well:
As I before said, its name was Lasell;
Forty years have now passed, with their heat
and their cold,
And with them my youth, for I am now very
old.

Two score of years, but so swift was their flight,
As I think of it now, it seems but last night
When I stood, a "new girl," in pitiable state,
And wondered what next would be my hard
fate.

I longed for my home, or some pleasant face,
And then, to my joy, I found Laura Place;
With face sweet and winning, with her fortune
content,
She carried bright sunshine wherever she went.

Though you know not her story, 'tis briefly
related:
To the sorrows of life she seemed to be fated;
Disappointed in love, to a convent she went,
And as Mother Superior her last days were
spent.

Another there was who, by gypsies attracted,
Drove Emma, her sister, very nearly distracted.
O Sallie Belcher! how sad was the day
When you from your kindred determined to
stray!

And how their fond hearts you grievously
pained,
When your name for a gypsy's you foolishly
changed.
Among other bright faces there in our school,
Was one who was always breaking a rule;

But Grace has now changed from her frolicsome
life,
And is now settled down as a minister's wife.
A lecturer, now, is traveling around,
And now this way will no doubt be bound.

Great fame has she won by her brilliant address,
Delivered in Tammany Hall, I guess.
You may think it strange, but in the days gone
by,
We were schoolmates, this same Alice House
and I.

But a thing more wondrous than yet has been
stated,
Was the great sensation that Cora created.
She took to the stage, without heeding at all
The words of her sister, or her parents' sad call.

Mr. Cogswell entreated, Miss Mabel did scold,
And wish of her sister to get a firm hold.
Twenty years she has played, the best in her
line,
And always, as actress, the star she does shine.

Of some names there were two, and of some
even three:
For instance, of Johnson, Addie, Helen, and V.
Of one other name the same can I show,
And reveals itself in the short name of Lowe.

Three sisters there were from Pennsylvania
State;
And Gussie, the second, could excitement create.
She could raise up the spirits, and tables could
rock,
And in many strange ways queer mediums mock.

With the aid of these things she our fortunes
could tell;
And like other such persons she hit very well.
In what her vocation has turned out to be,
I'm just as ignorant as I can be.

But I mustn't stop here; there are others as well
Of whom strange things I could easily tell.
Now there's Agnes Fanning, full of wisdom and
wit,
I can't seem to think that she's changed one bit.

But people do say, and I suppose it is so
(For people never speak of what they don't
know),
That Agnes has gone on a far-away mission,
The heathen to raise to a better condition.

Of all the fond notions we maidens possessed,
The high ones of Ida surpassed all the rest;
The name of Sibley she vowed she would keep,
Unless with the change great riches could reap.

O Ida! to you it little did dawn
That Cupid could come in so humble a form.
Now "love in a cottage" you very well know,
And I often wonder how it came to be so.

It has often been said "Love's eyes are blind,"
And here in your case its truth I now find.
Of many more girls I ought to make mention;
There's enough left for a Woman's Convention.

There's Prickett, and Miller, and Maynard, and
Coe;
But I can't stop to tell of them all, you know.
For with Wallace, and Goodale, and Baker,
and Hill,
And Packards, and Walston, and then Cora
Mills.

With Stell and Lill Wadhams I now heave a
sigh,
And close my long list with Miss Eva Dye.

But before I quite close, it seems but just right
I should speak of one person now clear in my
sight.

This is Professor, who taught our ideas
To shoot in their proper and logical spheres.
He was the Principal so long, long ago;
Who fills his place now I'm sure I don't know.

My voice is now failing; 'tis impossible to tell
Of all the nice girls who went to Lasell.
Since you are so tired, and I am so old,
The rest of the story must remain untold

Statistics of the Class of '83.

Nicknames. — "Porkapolis;" "Helio-
gapolis;" "Old Bat;" "Battery;" "Asia
Minor;" "Phinio;" "Satellite;" "Lill
M. Froze-to-death;" "Purchase."

Color of eyes. — Three, brown; one, pale
blue; one, dark blue; three, gray; one,
green or undeterminable.

Age. — Average, 19 years.

Weight. — Aggregate, 1,047½ lbs.; aver-
age, 116½ lbs.; heaviest, 140 lbs.; lightest,
94 lbs.

Height. — Aggregate, 47 ft. 6 in.; tallest,
5ft. 4½ in.; shortest, 4 ft. 11 in.

Matrimonial Prospects. — Two, decided;
one, encouraged; one, indifferent; one, in-
tent on single blessedness; one, "only wait-
ing;" the rest are hopeful.

Church Preference. — Five, Methodists;
three, Congregationalists; one, Episco-
palian.

Political Sentiments. — Nine, Republicans.

Not long ago about twenty of the girls
accompanied Miss West to Boston, to visit
the Art Club Exhibition of water-colors
and crayons. Some of the work was re-
markably fine, one piece being valued at
\$500. After visiting this Exhibition they
went to the Art Museum, which, as usual,
was found very interesting and instructive.
The Boston Art Museum is one of the
finest in the country, and the Lasell girls
should make an effort to go there before
they return to their homes, in June.

Blind Institution.

"How many girls would like to go to the
Blind Institution?" Up went the hands of
about fifty young women; and Wednesday,
May 16th, was decided upon as being as

good a day as any for our little trip. Wednesday noon, after being counted and re-counted, and escorted to the depot by our worthy Professor, we boarded the 2.07 train, and made our way to Boston under the protection of Miss L. Upon arriving in that city we were met by Professor G., who escorted us to the open horse-car which was waiting for us. Off we started, and soon found ourselves in front of the large, high building of the Blind Institution. We climbed the long flight of steps, and were bade enter by a pleasant-looking lady, who showed us immediately to the chapel, passing through a square hall, in which stood a large globe. After we were seated we looked around us, and this is what we saw: Directly in front stood the large pipe-organ, and, facing the audience, about fifty boys were on seats gradually sloping, so we were able to notice the different faces. In front of the boys, to the left, sat a young man at a table, working an example in algebra. On a table stood a plate electric-machine, with which, later on, some experiments were shown us. On a stand, perhaps three feet square, was arranged a map of Europe. To the right stood a piano, and on the wall above it hung a map of the United States. We were particularly impressed by the intelligent faces of most of the boys and by their happy expressions. The exercises commenced with a song by the kindergarten class, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Following this, some bright little fellows gave us an example of their brightness by a few problems in mental arithmetic. The young gentleman at the table then very clearly explained to us his example, and his slate was passed us to be examined. The older boys then rendered us a fine orchestral selection. A vocal solo followed. Then the object class enlightened us as regards the difference between the bittern and the heron. The geography class was also exceedingly interesting. Several other things of interest were shown us, and lastly the orchestra favored us with more delightful music.

We left the chapel and wended our way through corridors and subterranean passages until at last we came to a gymnasium. Here we found twelve girls marching and going through numerous athletic exercises, while keeping time to music. It must be said that we rather envied those little blind girls, when, after the exercises were over, we crossed the floor. Such a floor is not to be found at Lasell. We passed over a courtyard and entered another large building. Going up stairs we were ushered into

a room where sat sixty or more girls. Here we were entertained by a chorus of little maidens, then by a solo by one of the young ladies; next by an instrumental duet, and lastly by another chorus. We were then told to stop in a room at the foot of the stairs, and we should find some young ladies sewing on machines. It was interesting, yet sad, to watch them sewing so patiently. In the farther end of the room sat that dear old lady, Laura Bridgeman. We stopped a moment to look in wonder at that pleasant, pale face. Along one end of the room were cabinets containing work done by these patient workers. We passed out of the room upon a large lawn, on which children were playing. The merry little girls passed us, arm in arm, singing at the tops of their voices, with faces all smiles.

As we left this little world nestling in the heart of a great city, and came out into the bright May sunshine of our own, we felt almost condemned that we spent so many hours of our life faultfinding, while those who had lost so much seemed to chide us with their cheerfulness.

Exchanges.

WE welcome the *Palladium* and the *Doane Owl* among our new exchanges.

OVER \$50,000 has already been subscribed to a permanent fund for the Harvard annex. — *Ex.*

THE cuts in the *Tech.* for April, also appeared in the *Almanac* of 1870 or '74; our memory fails us as to the exact date.

Go to the *Brunonian* for something "deep," but for something "light and airy," scan the columns of the *Carson Index*.

WE see by an exchange that there is serious talk of Cornell having an annex. "How happy the Cornell 'men' must feel!"

THE *Swathmore Phoenix* has probably received so many compliments for its handsome cover, 'tis best, perhaps, that we say nothing, for fear of its becoming vain.

THE Wellesley girls talk of starting a paper. The question has also been agitated at Smith. The Faculties of both colleges are opposed to it. — *Ex.* Why?

OUR eyes first fall on the *Randolph Macon Monthly*, which contains a poem on "How to Kiss;" also, two or three other articles pertaining to the same subject. Somebody

must have had osculation on the brain. "Let the good work proceed, and joy be unconfined!"

THE news that the Trustees of Columbia University had crushed the co-education business, was received with much gladness by all. — *Ex.*

GLAD to see that the *Adelphian* has inserted a fashion column. We will now know where to look when in search for the latest fashion notes. But we would advise the little *Waif*, published by our sisters in the South, to cut out their Fashion Notes and insert an Exchange Column; that is, if they have not "space" enough for both.

ACCORDING to our opinion the *Williams Athenæum* stands to the front in regard to literary matter, the *Colby Echo* for its wit, the *Columbia Spectator* for its cuts, and the *Princetonian* for its amount of advertising.

IN glancing over the columns of the *Campus* we observe the following: —

My pony 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Book of my freshman days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poet's lays,
I'd tribute bring.


My gallant pony, thee,
Help to the wearied be
When "Ex." is nigh.
I love thy well-worn look,
Thou gentle little book;
Down in some hidden nook
Silently lie.

A Journey to the Moon—1983.

MY friend the Professor had been some years perfecting his grand scheme for an apparatus powerful enough to take one to the Moon. At last it was completed, and he invited me to accompany him in the trial trip. I was somewhat afraid at first, but curiosity overcame my fear, and I consented to go.

Our vehicle consisted of a great ball, with a very cozy little room inside; it was to be sent from an immense mortar. This had been a long time in building, and had cost a large part of my friend's fortune; but he expected to realize it again in the success of his invention. Bright and early on the day on which we were to go, we stepped into the car, and carefully fastened ourselves in. The mortar went off with such a shock that we were both stunned. When I recovered, I saw that the Professor was arranging his oxygen

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bags, and rejoicing over the successful start. We then opened a little loop-hole in the side of the car to look at the earth, which, now far away, looked quite small, and of a confused greenish color. After a little time we were pleased to find, by the changed motion, that we had passed the most critical stage in the journey,—namely, the boundary of the Earth's attraction,—and were now floating serenely toward the Moon. We stopped with somewhat of a shock. Yes, we were really at the Moon. We fitted to our noses the bags of oxygen, which the Professor's foresight had provided, and stepped out to see the sights. We saw a number of Moon-people gazing with surprise at our queer conveyance, which had come so suddenly among them. They were tall, slim, shadowy-looking people. When we attempted to speak, our voices overwhelmed them, for one of our whispers was enough to be heard in that thin atmosphere. One of them, who, from his great importance in the community, we supposed to

be the one familiarly known on Earth as the "Man in the Moon," invited us to his house. It was a large, handsome dwelling, but unsubstantial, as everything there seemed to be. It was surrounded by trees, the foliage of which (a characteristic of all their trees, he said) was a pale, silvery color. Our host was very polite, and showed all their ways of doing things in the Moon; also treated us to green cheese. He was quite a philosopher, and was glad to find out some things about the Earth, which, he said, he had watched with great interest. But our supply of oxygen now began to give out, and we were obliged to bid our friends good-bye, and start on our return. We had an uneventful journey home, where we arrived that evening.

The dispatches from Moscow, which tell of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh in the procession, fail to say anything about Mrs. Mackey and her fifteen dresses!

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Editorial.

As before announced, this number of the LEAVES appears later than usual, in order to give a report of Commencement exercises. We scarcely realized that the year was gone, so swiftly had the time passed, till the last day came, and we separated to our homes. Liberty Hall, Ghost Lane, Happy and Social Halls, and Crazy Alley no longer resound with many voices. There are no more Monday-morning sheet and pillow fights in Sisters' Hall.

The Faculty need lose no more sleep sitting up till the "wee, sma' hours" discussing our virtues and failings. No; they are no longer troubled with us. We are

all self-governed till September. The old Italian fruit-vender has ceased to stop at the foot of the Seminary hill to cry, in his sonorous voice, "Orange-e-es, orange-e-es, sweet orange-e-e-es, sixteen for a quarter!" There is no one now to gaze out of the windows on Sunday afternoon at "the irresponsible small fry." The Seminary is almost deserted.

Our joy at going home was not unmixed with sorrow, for we parted from many with whom we may never meet again. We shall miss several teachers, the Seniors, and a number of the other pupils next year. We hope for all of them that life will lie in pleasant places, and to the departing teachers and school-mates we give the old farewell of which our "good-bye" is the contraction, "God be with you."

It would be a change for the better if more schools would adopt the custom of Lasell in not requiring its graduates to deliver orations.

Who is not familiar with the Commencement oration?

We say *the* oration; for the thousands produced every June are all very much alike, whether a delicate, graceful, and prettily-worded composition on Hope, or the views of an embryo politician on Free Trade and Protection; in which discourse the young oracle foretells the fate of the nation, and gives gratuitous advice to statesmen.

It is in the peroration the chief similarity lies, for in each is a little moral lesson, and from the sentiments expressed one might imagine the writer to be filled with such ambition and perseverance as would win for him or her the highest success and renown. Unfortunately it is only talk—in most cases mere words put in for the effect, and because it is customary to do so. There is an average of one essay in five hundred that bears the stamp of originality, and it is a pleasure to listen to such.

Taken singly, most Commencement orations are very fair productions; but to listen to fifteen or twenty, is, to say the least, somewhat monotonous.

The graduates have our sincere sympathy. We know they do not from desire, but from compulsion, and after much weariness and vexation of spirit, appear before the public.

If the Faculties of the various schools and colleges would abolish this custom, they would receive the heart-felt thanks of all future graduates.

Lasell is far ahead of most schools, for it only requires that the essays be written and left on the library table, for inspection on Commencement Day.

We do not know why it is necessary that they should be written at all. Let the Faculty only decree that henceforth no special Commencement essays will be required from the graduates, and they will be forever after hailed as reformers by all students of Lasell Seminary.

In an old reader we remember an extract from a speech by Patrick Henry, beginning, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope."

That is what Lasell has been doing during the past year, "indulging in the illusions of hope"—hoping that this summer the long-talked of new Chapel and Gymnasium would be built. Alas! we are doomed to disappointment, for it has been decided to postpone their erection until next year. We are sorry that this putting off was necessary, for it is a much-needed improvement. For another year we must have the old practice-rooms, and, by the present arrangement, we have them above, below, and all around us; and though most of us are fond of music, we sometimes cannot refrain from wishing that pianos were unknown, when twelve or fifteen are in use at once.

Yes, we all desire the new practice-rooms, but there is something else which we long for with a longing beyond expression—and that is that in some remote part of the grounds a place be provided for those who study elocution.

One may become accustomed to the sound of pianos, violins, guitars, and banjos all about her, as workmen become insensible to

the whirr of machinery, but one never knows what to expect from these elocutionists.

When poring over the history of the ancient Greeks, we are suddenly startled by a blood-curdling shriek for help. But no one is hurt; it is only our neighbor practicing her new "piece." In a few moments, away at the other end of the hall, we hear a moan of "Hung! hung! hung!" It is not a wail for the sad fate of a relative who ended his career on the gallows; it is simply an exercise. We were one morning surprised at hearing one of the best-natured girls in school heaping reproaches and hateful names upon some unseen person, in a perfect fury of rage. Our first thought was that she was quarrelling with her roommate; but what that peaceable little soul had done to call forth such a storm was a mystery. Our minds were afterward relieved by the discovery that she was only declaiming. The variety of the exercises is innumerable. The howls of a little dog in the end of the hall were so distressing, that, in pity, we started to go to his relief, but returned in wrath when we found the sounds emanated from the throat of one of the elocution class. Yet, perhaps it was not from her throat; for aught we know it was from her chest, or it may have been a head or nasal tone. If you hear choking sobs it is not always safe to conclude that the unfortunate maiden weeps because she has lost one of her bangle bracelets; or because she has been seen out of her room in study-hours; or been caught going to the gypsies to have her fortune told; or been detected smuggling in forbidden sweets; or any of the other thousand things for which she may have been reprov'd; or, worse than all, it is not that she has no bandoline to curl her bangs. No; she has probably been practicing that sob for two weeks or more. All over the house, at all hours, from eight in the morning to half-past nine at night, it goes on, so that, although we must wait for the new Chapel, we feel like petitioning the Trustees to make no delay in erecting a building for the use of the Elocution pupils.

Do not let it be inferred from what we have said that we have any ill-feeling toward the elocutionists. No one could enjoy good reading more than we. We delight in hearing a well-performed piece of music; but it is not particularly entertaining to listen to the practicing of scales and finger-exercises which help to give the perfection of execution; and it is the same with regard to elocution

COMMENCEMENT.

Anniversary Concert.

THE Commencement festivities this year were opened by the Concert which took place Wednesday evening, June 13th. The pupils in Music were assisted by the Beethoven Club of Boston, Prof. J. A. Hills, and Mrs. L. P. Morrill. The Chapel was well filled, though not crowded, by friends of the school. The programme was as follows:—

FIRST PART.

Chorus.—"Dame Cuckoo," *Hiller.*
CHORUS CLASS.

Song.—"Oh that we Two were Maying!" *Gounod.*
MISS WHIPPLE.

Guitar Solo.—Martha, Op. 16, *Flotow.*
MISS HUGUS.

Quartette for two Piano-fortes.—Polonaise, *Hoffman.*
PIANO I.—MR. HILLS, MISS CHILDS. PIANO II.—
MISS MASON, MISS DURFEE.

Song.—Answers, *Blumenthal.*
MISS PRICKETT.

Piano-forte.—Concerto in D minor, *Mendelssohn.*
(Adagio and Finale.)
MISS NELLIE BROWN.

Mr. Hills and the Beethoven Club accompanying.

Songs.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a. \text{ "The River Sings,"} \\ b. \text{ "When all the World is Young,"} \\ c. \text{ "I Once had a Sweet Little Doll,"} \end{array} \right\}$ *Henschel.*
MISS MORRIS.

SECOND PART.

Barcarole.—Fidelin, *Brahms.*
CHORUS CLASS.

Violin Solo.—Slumber Song, *Ries.*
MISS HOAG.

Piano-Forte.—Concerto in C major, *Mozart.*
(First movement, with cadenza by Hummel.)
MISS ALICE MILLER.

Mr. Hills and the Beethoven Club accompanying.

Song.—"The Young Nun," *Schubert-Gounod.*
MRS. L. P. MORRILL.

Violin, Violoncello, Piano, and Organ accompanying.

Quintette for Piano-forte and Strings, Op. 114, *Schubert.*
(Allegro Vivace—Andante—Allegro giusto.)
MISS MASON.

The Beethoven Club accompanying.

Trio.—"Lift Thine Eyes" (from "Elijah"), *Mendelssohn.*
MISSES BAKER, FLINT, and PRICKETT.

Miss Mason is a graduate in piano playing.

Every part of the programme was finely rendered, and all agreed that the girls never did so well before. The appreciation of friends was shown by numerous handsome bouquets. The accompaniments were all that could be expected from so talented performers. Mrs. Morrill's voice was grand in its richness and power. The only thing which marred the pleasure of the evening was the persistent attention of the June-bugs, which caused the girls much trembling.

Baccalaureate.

On Sunday, June 17th, in the Congregational Church, we listened to the baccalaureate sermon, by Rev. Dr. Buckley. One seldom hears so interesting and instructive a sermon. If there were more such preachers as Dr. Buckley there would be fewer empty pews in our churches.

Class Day.

Monday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, June 18th, Class-day exercises were held in the Chapel. Over the platform hung the class banner, of white silk, with the motto, "Workers are Winners," embroidered in gold. About this and on the walls around the Chapel, were exhibited specimens of the work done by the Studio pupils. The exercises began with an address by Miss Lillie Packard. Prof. B. A. Goodridge then came forward to respond for the Faculty. He said he seldom dropped into poetry, but this seemed a special occasion, requiring his thoughts to be expressed in verse. He then read the following poem:—

AD SENIORES PULCHERRIMAS.

While we are planning for the days to come,—
Forgetful vassals of Time's mighty thumb,—
Round rolls the year and finds our plans unwrought,
Mere shadow-pictures on the screen of thought.
Now graduation, with attendant joys,
When the "old girls" come back and bring new boys,
Is here again, and all the halls resound
With happy voices in continuous round
Of eager welcome for the friends ye greet,
And that which smacks of something far more sweet.
Let common mortals, at a time like this,
Shrink from applause, its dangerous raptures miss;
Let paltry dullards, from some lesser school,
Drop out of sight in dark, oblivious pool.
Not such are ye, not such shall be your fate,
O happy nine! on whom the muses wait;
Not all in vain have we, in conclave dark,
Muttered our spells, and traced the mystic arc,
Seeking, by magic rite and occult charm,
To bring you good, and banish every harm.
If in these meetings we've done aught to grieve,
We own we're mortal, though you'd scarce believe
Such brows serene, unshadowed by a bang,
Could e'er be racked by any human pang.
Modest are we, although our power is *Brag'd-on*:
Self-praise, a theme our tongues have never wagged on,
Fits not this hour; but this, at least, we'll say—
We've tried to lead you by a pleasant way;
Here have you learned to use that subtle skill
Which leads men captive at your queenly will—
I mean, to cook, divinest of all arts!
For well you know the famous Queen of Hearts
Secured the title by her skill at tarts.

To row, and skate, and strike the tennis-ball
Likewise you've learned; and, at the welcome
call
Of one here nameless, you have learned to
breathe,
While the vexed air through lungs percussed
doth seethe.
Of music, science, art, and language-lore,
We've taught you all we know, and something
more,
And boldly challenge the round world to show
Nine such fair maidens, sitting in a row.
And now, farewell, and health to '83,
With voice unanimous responds the Facultee.

Miss Sadie Corey read the class history, after which Miss Sephie Mason delighted the audience with a piano solo.

Miss Annie Wallace then gave the class prophecy, which was very amusing.

Miss Lillie Wadham then prophesied on "the prophet," and Miss Cora Cogswell followed with some sound advice to the undergraduates.

The audience then repaired to the lawn, for the burning of the class-books. Soon the Seniors appeared, each arrayed in a flowing black robe, and bearing a lighted candle, which was applied to the pile of books. Soon there remained only a heap of smoldering ashes. Each Senior secured a tiny bottle of the ashes. Miss Ava Lowe delivered an elegy, and Miss Stella Wadhams played a dirge. On account of a sudden shower, the planting of the tree was deferred; but Miss Packard read an address, which closed the exercises.

Lecture.

Monday evening, Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) spoke upon the subject of "Dress." She spoke of the change in making women's clothing of late years, and hoped the improvement would continue.

She urged the necessity of dresses being comfortable; and in order to be comfortable it was not necessary that a garment be ill-fitting or unbecoming. Ease and beauty should be combined.

A fuller report may be expected next year.

Reception.

Tuesday evening the parlors were filled with guests, the occasion being the Senior reception. Music by the Cadet Band added to the pleasure of the evening. Refreshments were served in the parlors, and at a late hour the guests departed.

Commencement Day

closed the school-year.

The public exercises were held at 10.45 A. M., in the Methodist Church.

The Faculty, Alumnae, and invited guests occupied the platform, which was decorated with cut-flowers and elegant plants, and the students were seated in the body pews of the handsome church.

After music by the Boston Cadet Band, prayer was offered by the Rev. E. S. Best, of Monson, Mass. Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D., of Boston, delivered the address.

His subject was "Education"—truly, a well-worn theme, but so freshly treated as to seem new in the light of a bright, versatile mind; the result of *personal quality* in the pupil of Choice, Persistence, Fidelity, Conscientiousness, in the pursuit of knowledge. For the teacher, loving *Insight* was dwelt upon as the essential condition of the best helpfulness—love for the pupil, discernment of her difficulties from her point of view and capacity, unfailing tenderness and sympathy.

Dr. Duryea was followed by Miss Alice M. House, who gave the parting words for the class. Her address was strong, tender, and exceedingly well delivered.

Then followed the presentation of diplomas to the graduates in cooking: Misses Ava Lowe, Gussie Lowe, and Bettie Morris.

It is well to be accomplished in painting and music, but, to the average girl, skill in the homely art of cooking is usually of more value, even though she is at present removed from the necessity of culinary labor.

Man can exist without painted plaques and panels, but the number of his days will inevitably be shortened if he subsists on putty-like bread, leathery pie-crust, flinty biscuits, muddy coffee, burnt steak, and kindred domestic afflictions.

The first prize for bread-making—a small gold loaf, to be worn as a charm—was awarded to Miss Annie R. Bragdon, of the Class of 1882, and the second, a silver loaf, to Miss Emma Belcher, of Freeport, Me.

All pupils in the cooking-classes, except the graduates, may compete for these prizes.

The graduates in the Classical and Scientific courses then came forward to receive their diplomas. The graduates, and subject of essay written by each, are:—

CLASSICAL.

CORA E. COGSWELL, Killingly, Conn.,
"The Gospel of Rest."

SARAH M. COREY, Brighton, Mass.,
"The American Sabbath."

ALICE M. HOUSE, Cincinnati, Ohio,
"Summer Schools."

LILLIE M. PACKARD, Boston,
"The Woman's Century."

ANNIE WALLACE, Rochester, N. H.,
"Neglected Pleasures."

SCIENTIFIC.

AVA E. LOWE, Norristown, Pa., "Relics."
SERAPHINE G. MASON, Boston,
"The Knocking at the Gate."

STELLA C. WADHAMS, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
"Do We Study Too Many Languages?"
LILLIE F. WADHAMS, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
"The American Love of Money,"

Miss Sephie Mason received, also, a diploma as a graduate in piano-playing.

Prof. Bragdon then made the following address to the graduates:—

Now, girls, what next? "Why, friends, —home—rest, of course; a long vacation." Isn't that the main thought? Isn't there a perhaps undefined notion in your minds that, with those things in your hands, the congratulation of your friends in your ears, and the good-byes on your tongues, you have come to the end of any reasonable ambition, and deserve a rest? Well, a rest is a good thing. Take it. You have worked pretty well. You don't know yet what real *hard* work means, as you'll learn if you ever amount to anything; but according to your years, and the demands made on you, you've done well, and may fairly take a rest. And a long vacation is a good thing. Seems to me I had one once—I can't exactly remember, but I think I did. But how long? is my question to you. *How long* a vacation are you going to take? Have you fixed it a bound? Have you a definite purpose of study beyond it? Learned men tell you of the hindrances in woman's path. I am not a learned man, and I know of no bar to a woman's career but those she herself sets up. The trouble with many girls who have begun an education is, that Commencement is with them an end. They stop work then. Boys begin.

What would you say if your brothers called their intellectual work done at graduation? You would grant them scant respect if they were content never to be more than on Commencement Day. Those parchments are only certificates that you have passed the preliminary examinations, and may now get ready for the next grade. They admit you to the great fellowship of workers in the world of thinkers and students. Will you be content with having passed only these preliminary examinations? The school-roll of next September will drop your names. They have been sent up to the Freshman Class of the College of Life; will you be on hand to answer to them there? You expect to be busy—"to act well your part," as the phrase goes.

But being busy is not working. Plenty of folks are busy all the time who never do a stroke of *work*. I want you to choose some line of study; elect some branch of brain work. I am glad that some of you have chosen thus, not waiting for an outward necessity, some "reverse" (folks call it) of fortune, to drive you to it. I wish I were sure of all our graduates. The thing that encourages me most in our life at Lasell, is the increasing number of those who are to be found in the Library making personal research into the latest results of the best learning. We have tried to teach you how to work; show us that it was worth while to take this trouble with you.

For the best results do not try many things. Do some one thing well. Don't try to begin at the top. Do the *next thing* with all your might. Drive at it as if it were *the* opportunity of your lives. Put your best brain into it. Let every effort, in however trivial (apparently) a matter, be the putting forth of your very utmost power. "The world is full of people who do things fairly well; it is in daily and pressing need of those who do them supremely well." You'll never be anybody "*somehow*." Sacrifice for your purpose, cleave to it, and you shall grow; and some day people will be trusting you, seeking your advice, leaning upon you, following your leadership. If I were a seamstress, I'd make not a good button-hole, but a perfect one. If making shoes, I'd make the best shoe of its kind possible. If writing a composition, I'd write *every time* the very best composition I could. No one gets a prize in the larger contests who has not taken his degree in small duties, and wrested success out of meagre opportunities.

As the year has been waning, and I, saying little but thinking much, have noticed the signs of the coming separation between the school and you, I have wondered how much Lasell was adding to the useful qualities in the world—how much service we were putting into the field. Pondering this, and trying to measure you, and realizing that the largest number does not always make the strongest side, I fell on these words in the *Sunday-School Times*: "Not how many men, but how much man can be counted on for service, is the chief factor in any wise estimate of forces. Even the great captains who have declared that God always favors the heaviest battalions, have recognized the fact that battalions, like men, are to be weighed, not counted." You know a little something—not much, yet more than you did. You have "cropped

some morsels of Attic grass," as some one puts it; but are you more useful, more efficient? Shall I count you nine? or five? or two?

My girls, the real inspiration to work comes from above—from a sympathy with Christ's great longing, and a longing to be co-workers with him. I am very glad that some of you before, some in this last delightful year of your pupilage, have consecrated your fresh young lives to the Master. I want you all to be real *followers*—not friends, merely, but followers of Him who "went about doing good," loving people so that he *had* to help them; of him who tabernacled in the flesh to show his own how divine a thing is an unselfish life. But you must be disciples for love's sake. If you think to become Christians because others are, because your friends say it is delightful, because it is recognized as a proper thing, you won't be worth the water it will take to baptize you. But if, looking within you at the struggle between right and wrong, looking about you at the "world that lieth in the Wicked One," at the conflict between Evil and Good, looking at Jesus and his work for men, your hearts burn within you to be partakers of his sufferings and his victories; burns to help the weak, to lift up the fallen, so that you can count it gain to suffer with your fellows and with Christ—you will have an inspiration that will hold and will make you "friends," indeed, of Him "who came not to be served, but to serve," and to give his life for you and your fellows. God grant you this inspiration! Talents are nothing; knowledge is nothing; a right consecration is everything. May this day be with you, and with us all, a commencement of newly consecrated lives!

My girls, I find it hard to stop. I had brought myself to be modest, and determined not to presume to mar, with my weak and common words, the masterful wisdom of the men and women who, in this eventful week, have given you of their best. But last night, as I was thinking of you while you slept, the days of the years that are closing to-day came back to me,—our talks together, the earnestness you have shown, the womanly willingness to be helped, and my good resolutions broken. You know but little of what we feel for you—of what we hope for you—of what we believe for you. How can we let you go? We *will not* let you go. You are ours forever. You shall never go beyond our sympathy, our prayers, our love. We commit you, as we part, "unto Him who is able to

keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." As we think, years vanish; the little struggles, the tiny victories of this earthly life flee away; heaven opens, and the song of the redeemed falls on our ears—the eternal reunion comes near.

"And oh! what rapture will it be,
With all the host above,
To sing thro' all eternity
The wonders of His love!"

My girls, dear girls, join us in that song! Let not one be silent!

Class of '83, the Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name; you must protect her honor. With this responsibility we give you our full confidence, and pray God's blessing on you each and all!

The exercises being concluded by prayer and benediction, by Dr. McKeown, of Portland, the members of the school and friends crowded about the graduates with flowers and congratulations, and slowly returned to the Seminary, where dinner was served on the beautiful lawn.

At 3 P. M. the public literary exercises of the Alumnae took place in the Chapel, the room being filled, many in attendance representing former classes, and dating their graduation back to the earliest years of the institution. After prayer by Rev. G. W. Shinn, piano selections were given by Ferdinand Dewey and Miss Frye. Miss Delia T. Smith, Principal of the Riverside School, delivered the annual address, her subject being "The Education of Women." Miss Smith warmly commended the practical tendency of the instruction at Lasell; a practical illustration of the estimation in which this feature is held being manifested in the fact that only two prizes were awarded on Wednesday—the first to Miss Annie Bragdon, a tiny gold loaf; and the second to Miss Belcher, a silver loaf—the first and second prizes, respectively, for superior bread-making. A piano solo by Mr. Dewey, poem by Mrs. Rebecca Perley Reed, music by a quartette,—pupils of Mr. W. H. Sherwood,—and the Reunion Hymn, completed the exercises.

At the business meeting of the Alumnae the following officers were elected: Mrs. Charles Edward Parker, President; Miss Lizzie Atkinson, Vice-President; Miss Carrie Kendig, Secretary; Miss Jessie Macmillan, Treasurer. And the final gathering around the hospitable board brought the exercises of Commencement week to a close.

The Lasellia Club Supper.

For several weeks many remarks were occasioned by the placards seen at all times of the day upon several doors, bearing the mystic words, "Committee Meeting." At last the secret was divulged, and it was known that the three grave, important-looking individuals who caused these meetings were preparing for the Lasellia Club supper.

On the morning of the eventful day was heard much running to and fro, in the several halls, in search of articles wherewith to decorate the room about to be used for the feast—not of the gods, but of very hungry mortals. All day long the work went on, and the country was scoured far and near in quest of flowers, to add to the beauty of the ornamentation.

At last all was prepared; and when, that evening, the hungry-looking Lasellians appeared in a body at the door of the club-room, such a sight delighted their eager eyes! It was not, in the words of the poet, "a veritable fairyland," but a place abounding in most substantial things, both for the eyes and the digestive organs.

The room was prettily adorned, and seemed transformed from the old bare and dreary club-room to an attractive supper-room.

At last all were seated, and the feasting commenced. One read from the tiny, hand-painted *menus*:—

Lobster Salad.	Chicken Salad.
Rolls.	
Strawberry Ice-Cream.	Vanilla Ice-Cream.
Cake.	
Lemonade.	

After the appetites of all were satisfied came the longing for some other method of enjoyment. This found vent in proposing toasts, many being given, both impromptu and otherwise. Among the former, the young lady who is about to have the Western cyclones and tornadoes was not forgotten; ditto, the member who has now started on her trip across the roaring billows of the Atlantic. Then came responses from "the young lady with a Charlie," "the friend with only one lung," "the most talkative girl," "the most silent," "the young lady with a fondness for lemonade," "the engaged girl," "the girl who wanted to be engaged," and many others whose bashfulness prevents their being mentioned.

But, alas! in spite of much careful saving, the lemonade quickly disappeared, and perforce the toasts came to an end. So, after many good-nights and lingering looks

at the supper-tables, with their burdens so much demolished, the members quickly hied themselves to their respective rooms, each with a plate or pocket full of some hoarded dainty, for contemplation during her leisure hours.

The "S. D." Society.

A BANQUET-HALL, its walls brilliant with Japanese hangings, its windows draped, its recess set off by curtains, and filled with flowers—such was the appearance of the club-room one beautiful evening. It was the occasion of the annual supper given by the "S. D." Society to the Seniors. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly,—as all such evenings do,—and the efforts of the toast-mistress effected the most enjoyable results. Many prizes were given, by vote of the Society, to those possessing, or supposed to possess, special endowments. The largest, the smallest, the brightest, the laziest, the most absent-minded member, the best debater—all, in turn, received their just reward. Then followed the toasts, which were given and answered in a style full of wit and pleasantry. With the addition of many impromptu toasts, called up by present circumstances, the list was as follows:—

TOASTS.

Toast Mistress, Miss Macmillan.

CLASS OF '83.

"Fire in each eye, and paper in each hand."

LASELLIA CLUB.

"There buds the promise of celestial worth."

THE FACULTY.

"And long experience made them sage."

FORMER S. D.'S.

"Here's a health to them that's awa'."

FUTURE S. D.'S.

"To be, or not to be."

PRESENT S. D.'S.

"One heart, one way."

ENGAGED S. D.'S.

"Let those who always loved, now love the more."

THE GENTLEMEN.

"He war a very parfit gentil knight."

THE SPINSTERS.

"Anything for a quiet life."

THE lecture given on Thursday evening, June 7th, on "Household Sanitation," by Chas. F. Wingate, of New York, proved very interesting and instructive. The speaker opened the subject by saying the word "sanitation" is only another phrase for common sense. Of all the things most to be desired in life is health, and in order to secure this, homes must be in a healthful condition. This can only be obtained by first having the

soil dry. The cellars must be dry, well-ventilated, and light, and the plumbing perfect. He illustrated, by means of blackboard sketches, the various styles of traps, and explained those that were more desirable than others. He gave examples of the stupidity shown on this subject in many of the finest houses in Boston and New York, and impressed his audience with the fact that much is saved, in time and expense, by having good plumbing in the building of a house. He says women are, and must be, the crusaders in this matter, and that he never yet found a woman who could not understand it. Business men are too busy to attend to these matters, and consequently live in heated, stifling offices, and become prematurely old. He closed his talk by giving an opportunity for questions, and the number asked showed how much interest was taken in the subject.

Lecture by Mrs. McLaughlin.

SUNDAY afternoon, May 20th, Mrs. Emily McLaughlin, the State lecturer for Massachusetts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, spoke to us on the subject of "Temperance." She said she would not tell us any stories of the wretchedness and misery caused by drunkenness; we had heard enough of them already; but she wished us all to know the effects produced upon the system by the use of all liquors containing alcohol. She once called upon a lady of the best society in a town in the western part of this State, to try to interest her in the temperance cause. The lady replied that she used wine on her own table, but she was sure it did not contain alcohol, for she had gathered the grapes, made the wine, and bottled it herself, and so she knew there was no alcohol in it. She said many people, otherwise well informed, were ignorant of the fact now becoming so well established by scientists who have studied carefully on the subject, that the least amount of alcohol is an active poison.

She told us a pathetic story of how she became interested in the temperance work. She was put on a church committee for some charitable work, and in one of the wretched houses to which she went she saw a poor woman who looked careworn and anxious, and whom she recognized as one of her own school-mates. When together in school, the prospects for the future of each were equally bright; but the one had married a man whom she knew to be a moderate drinker, believing, as many do, that there is no harm in a glass now and then. She had not real-

ized the danger of such a marriage. Mrs. McLaughlin, beginning to speak some words of comfort and encouragement, was shocked to find that the woman had lost all faith in the words of God, and would listen to nothing of the kind. This sad case so moved her that she resolved from that time to devote herself entirely to the work in which she is now engaged.

She then told us, as follows, how the Temperance Crusades that swept through Ohio ten years ago were started. A woman in the little town of Hillsborough, having lost an only son through strong drink, determined, for the sake of other mothers and sons, to do all in her power to stop the sale of liquor in that place. She first called together a number of women to pray to be shown some way of working in the cause. They next went out and visited the saloons in their town, inducing many of the keepers to give up their business. Their influence kept spreading, and at last resulted in forming the Woman's Christian Temperance Union — an organization which now extends through the greater part of the United States, and has done more good for the cause of Temperance than any other one thing. It has a National President and State Presidents, who superintend the working of the many different departments all over the land.

She then urged us to exert our influence at social gatherings against the use of intoxicating liquors. She said the general opinion of society now is such that it would not be at all impolite to refuse a glass, and to do so would be to use our influence in a manner that would be productive of much good.

A Visit to Mount Auburn and Harvard College.

ON the —— of May, some sixty Lasell girls, packed away in two large barges, made their annual journey to Mount Auburn and Harvard. Our ride was a delightful one. The fresh green of the grass and leaves had not yet lost its novelty to our eyes, and all along the way, apple orchards in blossom and flowering shrubs in gardens kept asking for admiration.

At the gate of Mount Auburn we climbed down from our high seats, and made our pilgrimage to the illustrious graves that we particularly wanted to see. But first, after stopping in the chapel, to see the statues of Judge Story, Governor Winthrop, and others, we climbed to the top of the tower, from which we saw a wide expanse of coun-

try. Having no idea of the points of the compass, we gazed about ignorantly, and came away with no definite picture. Is there really much satisfaction in standing on a high place and seeing what is called a "fine view," when it only suggests a hundred questions to which one can get no answer? Rocks and waterfalls call for no guide-books, but the works of man need man for an interpreter; and for my own humble part, I toil up no more Mount Auburn towers or Bunker Hill Monuments unless I have a field-glass, and the company of some good-humored person who knows by heart all the country round.

But while I am giving expression to this crotchet of mine the party have gone on, and are gathered about the grave of Fanny Fern. It is marked by a plain cross, around which is twined a wreath of fern leaves, carved out of the pure white marble. On one side is the simple inscription, "Erected by Robert Bonner, in memory of a friend," and on the other side, "Fanny Fern," and the dates of her birth and death. Musing on the strange life-story to be gathered from the pages of "Fern Leaves," we passed on to a stone raised in memory of another gifted American woman — one whose name is connected in our minds with those of Horace Greeley, Emerson, and Hawthorne, her friends in life. Margaret Fuller Ossoli and her husband sleep beneath the cruel sea waves, but the body of their little child was washed ashore, and lies under this stone. At Charlotte Cushman's head is a tall granite shaft, and the grave in its shadow was covered with blooming flowers. Agassiz has a peculiar monument, — a great granite boulder, on which his name is carved. We think we have heard that it came from his home — Switzerland. After visiting the grave of Charles Sumner, we came at last to that of Longfellow. It is marked as yet only by a wreath of yellow immortelles. We stood there silently, thinking of the beloved friend who used to think of us at Lasell on the first day of each June, and to us that was more than the fact that here lay the author of "Evangeline." As we walked away, some one began to repeat the old familiar words, which that day came to our ears with a new significance, —

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

It did not seem exactly in keeping to go to Harvard immediately after this; but that

was a part of the plan, and so we soon left the tall iron fence of the cemetery behind. We drove past the houses of Lowell and Longfellow — both large, old-fashioned wooden houses, painted yellow, with plenty of grass and trees around them. In front of Longfellow's house is the well-known hedge of huge old lilacs.

We should have enjoyed our visit to Harvard more completely if we had not had the uncomfortable sense of being very conspicuous. To be sure, a procession of sixty girls marching about among those solemn old buildings, is not an every-day sight; but when heads were thrust out of every window, and there were, unmistakably, audible signs of amusement, we wished that we were not altogether such a big, unwieldy body, that we might get speedily out of sight. Now, each student who watched us, if he had met us personally, would, we are sure, have had the manners of a gentleman; but, taken together, they certainly did not act as hosts are supposed to act toward guests. We wonder if it is too much to ask that girls in a body should be treated with the same courtesy that would be shown to individuals.

The library was interesting, but tantalizing. We should so much like to explore the contents of those many, many shelves, and our time was so short! The ancient things collected in the topmost story interested us very much. One thing we noticed was a Greek text-book used by John Dryden, when a school-boy. He had scribbled his name many times over the pages, school-boy fashion, and interspersed Latin notes in the Greek, to assist his memory. Then there was a copy of "Pindar," which had belonged to Milton, and had his notes on the margin written in Greek, in a small, neat hand.

We saw Memorial Hall, Sanders' Theatre, where the Greek plays were given, and the dining-hall, in which are places for nearly five hundred. In the gymnasium we saw much wonderful apparatus, but we who had never visited Harvard before, could not help wishing that we could see some of it in use.

I am very much afraid that we went home coveting the good things of our neighbors. As we stood in Memorial Hall, and looked up at the lofty walls hung with portraits of illustrious men, and lighted by beautiful stained-glass windows, we grew decidedly envious. Why should not girls have their senses educated by being surrounded with beauty during their years of study? To be sure, Lasell is not bare

and dreary, like the conventional boarding-school, and many "things of beauty" are taking their places in our halls, but we need a great deal more than we have. Beautiful things are educators, as well as books. When millions are spent in educating the rising generation of men, why doesn't somebody give at least a few thousands toward preparing young women for their part in the life of the twentieth century?

Society Notes.

At a recent meeting of the Lasellia Club the following officers were elected:—

May Miller,	<i>President.</i>
Lizzie Whipple,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Virginia Johnson,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Mamie Marshall,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Jessie Hayden,	<i>Critic.</i>
Emma Eaton,	<i>Guard.</i>

The newly elected officers of the Lasell Publishing Association are as follows:—

Lizzie Whipple,	<i>President.</i>
Mabel Cogswell,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Ida Sibley,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Nellie Packard,	<i>Publisher.</i>
Sarah Belcher,	<i>Subscription Agent.</i>
Anna Hoxie,	<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>
Dora Walston,	<i>Local Editor.</i>
Gussie Lowe,	<i>Art Editor.</i>
J. Addie Johnson,	<i>Scientific Editor.</i>
Lydia Starr,	<i>Literary Editor.</i>
Lina Maynard,	<i>Political Editor.</i>
Prof. Bragdon,	} <i>Auditing Committee.</i>
Mary Williams,	
Bertha Harris,	

At a meeting of the A. B. C., the yearly election took place, and resulted in the following:—

Lizzie Whipple,	<i>Captain.</i>
Jennie Baker,	<i>Coxswain.</i>

THE "S. D.'s" elected the following officers for the fall term:—

Mary Davis,	<i>President.</i>
Jennie Baker,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Edith Flint,	<i>Secretary.</i>
Mabel Cogswell,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Agnes Fanning,	<i>Critic.</i>
Mamie Mangels,	<i>Usher.</i>

WE wish to compliment the Juniatas upon their handsome boating suits.

ALL of the Societies have had excellent success this year, and we wish them as good next year.

Science.

THURSDAY, May 3d, the Seniors took their first geological "tramp." The point of interest was the apparent moraine running nearly north and south from the head of Maple Avenue toward Newton Lower Falls.

A NEW species of bug has been seen in Louisiana since the introduction of the electric lights.

LAVA from Mt. Vesuvius has given, while examined by Dr. Palmieri, the spectrum line of helium—an element which, until that discovery, was recognized only in the sun.

DEAR GIRLS: Several of you left books to sell. In many of these are no names, and in most cases no directions as to the money. The books are here, subject to your order. Please send me postal-cards if you wish the new Catalogues sent to any other than your home address as given by you last fall. I shall be here this summer, and glad to hear from you a little word.

C. C. B.

Personals.

ABBY GOODALE's sister paid her a visit of several days.

BERTHA CHILDS and CARRIE WATERS were made happy by visits from their mothers.

BERTHA CONANT's sister spent Sunday with her not long ago.

BETTIE MORRIS' mother and sisters visited her during the last three weeks of the term.

ALICE HAMILTON, one of last year's girls, took tea with us the other evening.

MABEL WETHERELL's mother made her a very happy girl by coming to see her.

EMMA CHOATE's sister was here for two or three days.

WE were most happy to have Sophie White with us Commencement week.

ELLA STEDMAN, class of '82, visited her *Alma Mater* at Commencement.

CARRIE WALLACE, class of '82, and Jo came to attend their sister's graduation.

CARRIE and ANNIE KENDIG are taking an extended tour through Canada.

E. M. JOHNSON, of Lynn, was one of the guests at Commencement.

NELL CHAMBERLAYNE spent the last week at her old school-home.

AMONG the familiar faces seen on the 20th, was that of Cora Flint Anthony.

BERTHA MORRISON will spend the summer in Europe.

ALL but two of the class of '82 were present on Commencement Day.

CLARA PRENTISS, one of the "old girls" from Holyoke, visited us for a couple of days.

MINNIE BIGELOW gave us a call not long since. She was staying with Lena Hill, in Newton.

HATTIE HAMNER and her aunt were here for a little while not long ago. We are always glad to see the "old girls" back.

GRACE FRIBLEY was married on the 19th, and will hereafter live in Portland. We drink her health.

ANNIE WALLACE went home for a few days to attend her brother's wedding. Emma and Sallie Belcher's sister has been here to see them.

WE have had letters lately from Mamie Weyl, Constance Waite, Ellen Patten, and Isabel Stanley. They are all at home, and busy with their various home duties.

WE were very glad to see Mattie and Bertie Burnham, a few days ago. Their visit was short, but we enjoyed what there was of it, and we hope they will come again.

CORA SHACKFORD left her school-home, the first of June, for one of her own. She has our congratulations. Since she will live in Boston, we hope to see her at Lasell quite often.

SARAH B. RANSOM, of Williamsport, Pa., at Lasell from '75 to '79, was married, May 24th, to John R. Hazelet, of the same city. Her sister Minnie, who was married a year ago, has a delightful home of her own not far from the old homestead, and Sadie's new home is near. Pleasant for all.

BELLE JONES, of Portsmouth, N. H., here in '77, has become Mrs. Horace A. Massey, and Jennie Griswold, of East Hartford, Conn., who was of the European party of 1878, now is addressed as Mrs. Percy S. Bryant. She is Hattie Hamner's cousin. Our congratulations to Messrs. Massey and Bryant.

Art Notes.

A STATUE of Paul Revere is to be erected in Boston. Last year three prizes of \$300 each were offered for the three best models, from which it was understood the final selection would be made. The successful

competitors were James E. Kelly, a New York artist, Daniel C. French, of Concord, Mass., and C. E. Dallin, of Boston.

The model of James Kelly, according to the Boston journals, met with the most favor from the committee. The *Transcript* says: "It represents Revere on the Charlestown side of the Charles River at the moment when he first sees the lights on the tower of the Old North Church. He has caught his horse firmly by the bridle with his left hand, while his right grasps the back of the saddle. He is in the act—his head turned over his shoulder for a last look—of springing into his seat, and his whole attitude, as well as that of his horse,—the latter restive under the strong pressure of the bit, and quivering with the excitement which he shares with his master,—admirably portrays the sculptor's conception. The time for flight has come. Horse and rider must be instantly off." Another Boston paper says that the model by Daniel French, the sculptor of "The Minute Man," that stands on Concord bridge, is adjudged, by some, the best; but it is lacking in power and originality. Revere's position is very much like that of Washington's, in the Public Garden statue, and there are other points of resemblance between the two. The horse is very fine, but the rider lacks enthusiasm.

IN a series of animal paintings by Rosa Bonheur, on exhibition in London, is one called "A Stray Shot," which has a curious history. At the time of her one visit to England, many years ago, M^{lle} Bonheur became acquainted with the great English animal painter, Edwin Landseer, and they agreed to paint a picture together. But they never met again on either side of the Channel. After his death, in memory of the unfulfilled engagement, Mademoiselle bought this study, in an unfinished state, and completed it. It is a large subject of a dying roe, in a rocky landscape, and is said to be characteristic of neither artist.

THE Cavalier CantaleMESSA Papotti, whose work is already well known in Cleveland, has modeled a panel commemorative of Gen. Garfield, which is said to rival, for accuracy of likeness and artistic composition, anything yet done in that line. At the top the Angel of Fame is blowing a trumpet while drawing aside a veil from the medallion of the General just beneath. At the base sits "America," with downcast looks, and with the national emblems beside her. The work is very fine, and every part shows a spirit of life and grace.

PERHAPS the greatest picture of the year (in feet of canvas) is Emilie Renouf's "A Ship in Distress." There is a stormy coast and a line of breakers, through which a life-boat is making its perilous way, headed for a wrecked vessel. It was a French government commission, and represents eighteen months' labor. A special apartment had to be assigned it for exhibition at the Salon, on account of its vast size.

RECENTLY Mr. Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, has published a fine portrait of John Howard Payne. It is engraved on steel, from a daguerreotype taken just before his last departure for Paris, and but two years before his death. The work is beautifully done, and the likeness has an impression of strength and vitality.

THE Paris Salon has awarded its medal to Charles Sprague Pearce, of Boston. He is the fourth and youngest American artist to whom it has been awarded during the last fifty years.

By the request of prominent Bostonians, Cyrus Cobb's painting of "Warren in the Old South," has been brought from New York and hung in the very place in the Old South Church where Gen. Warren came through the window and outwitted the British in possession of it.

Miscellany.

Vale! Vale!

ARE you coming next year?

"WHAT is your favorite poem?" "O, Hawthorne's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.'"

WHEN a girl jumps up from the window and runs frantically for the closet, don't be alarmed; 'tis only a June-bug.

A JUNIOR who had invited three friends to attend the Senior reception, was heard wailing for fear they would come.

A NUMBER of the girls have been badly frightened lately on account of "burglars" trying to get in through their windows.

WHY is a cannibal who has just eaten his wife, like a character in Roman history? Because he is gladiator.

ONE girl in speaking of another, said: "She makes more ungrammatical errors than any one I ever saw."

"ALL France honors the cinders of Corneille," was the translation of one of the third French class.

MR. WINGATE gives as a definition of Sanitary Engineer, "A man with an educated nose."

It would be well for Prof. Burke to give a little instruction in Physiology to the one who says she strained her auditory nerve looking for June beetles.

The Madisonensis, published by the Senior class of Madison University, when speaking about its Freshmen, spells the word with a small f, to show contempt for the unfortunate Freshmen.

EUROPEAN TOUR. Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Lynn, Mass., will take a small party with his family abroad in the summer of 1884, from June 1st to September 30th inclusive. Principal Bragdon cordially recommends this opportunity to any present or former pupils of Lasell, as offering unusual assurance of faithful care and service in seeing what is best in Europe.

New Versions of Two Old Songs.

THE following lines, neatly copied on a large sheet of paper, were picked up in the streets of cultivated Boston, in this year of enlightenment and free popular education, 1883. They are very amusing reading, and we thought might interest the readers of the LEAVES. The writer, doubtless a young girl (the name Louise is appended), had evidently often heard the two old songs, which pleased her romantic fancy, and for her own pleasure she copied them exactly as she understood them. A great gap appears in the "Mistletoe Bough," between what she calls the "1 and 2 ver." Probably she had partly forgotten that part, and thought best to omit it entirely. Here are the lines just as they were written:—

1 Ver.

the Mistle tow Bow hung in the Cassel hall
the holy brance shone on the old oak Wall
the Barron returners Wer Blith and gay
i keeping the christmas holiday day
the Baron return with his fathers pride
his beautiful Child young lovers Bride
while she with her Bright eyes seem to be
the star of that goodly company.

CORUS.

O though messel tow Bow
O though messel tow Bow

2 Ver.

And years flew bye and their grief at last
was told as a sorrowful tale long past
and When lovell appeared the children cried
see the old Man. Weep for his fairy bride

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

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Editorials.

As another year of school-work opens before us, the LEAVES offers a hearty welcome to teachers and scholars. Though we sadly miss the old teachers, whom we had learned to love, and who have so faithfully led us in the pleasant paths of learning, still, we heartily welcome the new teachers, and hope that this year will be a pleasant one to them. To the new girls we offer our hands in hearty greeting. We were once "new" ourselves, and can remember how dreary and unpleasant things seemed when father or mother left us, and we were all alone in a large seminary, with so many strange faces around us. But pleasant faces they were, and when we grew to know each other, things seemed brighter and pleasanter.

We are all looking forward to this year. Great hopes gather around it. We wonder what it will bring forth. Shall we be better, nobler women, or shall we have failed—utterly and ignominiously failed? No; our resolutions are good, and let us be firm and strong, and remember a few words of advice that Prof. Bragdon gave to the graduating class last June: "Sacrifice for your purpose, cleave to it, and you shall grow."

LAST year there was an athletic association organized at Lasell. Young men laughed at the idea of a young women's athletic association, and called it all sorts of names, the chief one being the No Pie Club, on account of the members being forbidden to eat pie. But, despite all the fun our college brothers made of it, the "No Pie Club" progressed finely, and at the end of the year the members were very healthy, and possessed a degree of muscular strength little known among the women of to-day.

So few members of the Lasell Athletic Association have returned, that it will, if carried on this year, need to be almost wholly reorganized, and it is hoped that the new girls will take an interest in it.

UPON returning this year, the "old girls" were struck with the greatly improved appearance of the Seminary, and the new girls must have thought that they were, in the true sense of the word, in a home-school. The front hall is carpeted with a soft, rich wilton carpet of somber hue, the paper on the wall beautifully harmonizing. The deep border of the paper represents Grecian figures in procession, and is a pretty study of ancient costumes. The walls are adorned with fine engravings, which Prof. Bragdon brought from abroad a year ago. On the right, as one enters by the street-door, is an immense century plant, and farther on a statuette of Minerva. The front hall is separated from the central hall by heavy Turkish curtains. The lower halls of the Seminary are carpeted in rich crimson wilton carpets, with a bright corn-colored border, giving it a very elegant appearance. The

parlors are very prettily arranged. The students' parlor, teachers' parlor, music-room, and Prof. Bragdon's private library, all open into each other by folding doors. Money has not been spared in making these rooms look inviting and homelike, even to the easy-chairs and beautiful vases in which flowers grow, and from which vines trail to the floor. The halls of the new wing of the Seminary are partly finished in hard wood, and the rooms are prettily furnished, the carpet and paper in every case harmonizing. A great deal of taste has certainly been displayed in arranging "Lasell" in a manner calculated to make the girls happy, and to cultivate their sense of the beautiful.

To Alumnæ of Lasell.

A COPY of this paper is sent to every Alumna, so far as addresses are known, to tell her what her *Alma Mater* is doing, and to show her the paper the girls are publishing, with the hope that she will send in, *at once*, her subscription for the current year. We would be glad to have *each* "old girl" have the "LEAVES," as a bond of interest between her and the school, and would send you a copy free, but we do not think you would care to have us do so, because the profits of the publishing are used to help pay for the schooling of girls who need assistance. So don't "put off," but send at once. Any items about yourselves and your work, or any of the "old girls," would be thankfully received.

C. C. B.

To the Old Girls.

I SEND to each of you a copy of this paper, as a token of our remembrance of you, and beg you to take it as, in a way, a letter of goodwill and good wishes, which I would gladly write to each of you if I had time. In return, I should be very glad to get a letter from each of you with news of yourselves—how you passed the summer, what you are doing, or going to do.

C. C. B.

P. S.—Of course you will want the "LEAVES" for this year.

"Good-Bye" of '83.

ALICE M. HOUSE.

(Printed by special request.)

COMMENCEMENT DAY! What warm, and sleepy, and tiresome memories the words arouse! "Why *was* the stupid occasion ever invented?" you say. And so said Lasell. If no reasons could be given for invention, surely there were none for endurance. You know now the substitute which we have found. Instead of the usual indispensable essays, you have listened with pleasure to the words of a scholar who has learned in a larger school than we.

His thoughts, born of long study and experience of life, are such as can be carried away with you. But may I guess that your pleasure in the address has been marred just the least? You came to an ideal Commencement—one that was to remove all unpleasant associations of the past.

Glancing over your programme, what did your eyes fall upon? Words about which cluster the most unpleasant of unpleasant associations. You came to say, "How do you do?" to Lasell; to congratulate her upon her present prosperity, and upon another successful year; and now, forsooth, somebody (selected, no doubt, with regard to her ability to occasion a demand for handkerchiefs) must rise up and deliver a *valedictory*, a *farewell address*, a *good-bye*, from the class. Too well you know the character of such efforts. Their chief aim is to pass from a mournful beginning to a *more mournful* ending. Their end is so accomplished if the audience is suffused with tears—touched by the pathetic words, and moved by the thought of the class going out to fight its battles with the stern, cold world. A most fitting close to such an address would be an invitation to pass round and view the remains!

Pause! But do not think that the Class of '83 unthinkingly inflict upon you this last relic of barbarism. At first, they did think of slipping away in the midnight hours, leaving Lasell to wake up to a Commencement where no Seniors would appear, to play their little part. But as Senior studies developed brain, and proportionate thought, and reasoning powers, it became clear that their record had not been so perfect that it could supplant the usual advice to undergraduates; not so perfect that it spoke more audibly than any—thanks to their instructors; not so perfect that there were no regrets to be uttered for a "might-have-been."

There is no use trying to escape it! "Good-byes" must be said, because hearts are so over-full of mingled emotion on this glad, sad day.

Home is before us, good times, a summer rest, freedom from rules and restrictions. We are rejoicing, and yet not rejoicing. To-day we are here; to-morrow will begin the process of scattering us, from the mountains of New Hampshire to the shores of the Ohio. We may continue to call ourselves the Class of '83, but we are no longer the class that pass as Seniors in the halls of Lasell; that conceitedly stare on the starry heavens; that scour the "Charles" for turtles; that are equally at home whether representing the immortal Muses, or entertaining their audience with, "Do you know the Muffin Man?" in a musical style *peculiarly* their own. Perhaps you would never have known, if this hour had not given us a chance to tell you, that though our performances as a class were not beyond criticism, yet lofty purposes were behind. If some of our names were wanting in the Self-Governed list, it was not because we did not intend to be upheld as models of conduct; if we were not looked upon as Seniors grave and dignified, it was not because we did not intend to be *dignity* and *gravity personified*.

If we did not appear with bangless foreheads, it was because stray locks would fall down in spite of intentions. We intended much (we tried some), and we are to-day wise, at least, with much experience, some of which we must impart to the Juniors. But as we turn to you, we are perplexed with what to say, what to leave unsaid. We are not looking down upon you; you are almost as wise as we; but you may profit by a bit of our experience. We were told by the *preceding class*, that our dignity and superior air would arouse respect and inquiry in the breasts of the undergraduates; that, consequently, we would be besieged by questions that could only be met with "Go and look it up." But the prophecy was not fulfilled. We *failed* in *dignity*; we did not command the high respect; so the questions did not trouble us.

Learn by our experience, and avoid embarrassment by avoiding the assumption of dignity. Two months ago you presented to us the coming woman, and you have since known that you are trying to reach the ideal she sets forth. By your membership in the Athletic Club, your devotion to walks and to Indian Clubs, your heroic self-denial of the delicacies you specially

dote upon, you have shown her appreciation of physical culture.

But you have also prophesied that the woman of the future will be able to converse well upon political subjects. Your interest in "Political Economy," your animated debates on "Free Trade" and "Protection," show that the girl of the present may relinquish her reputation for perpetual giggling, and in another respect foreshadow the coming woman. But if you cannot hasten the centuries, and in all respects realize *her*, add yourselves to the best type of *your* American woman, and you will satisfy *us*.

For you who have reached neither Junior aspirations nor Senior fulfillment, we would leave many good wishes. We hear rumors of what is in store for you, and look upon you with half-envious eyes. We see you the future "young woman" of Lasell, and hope many of you will be among those who pass from probation as undergraduates, to full fellowship with the daughters of our *Alma Mater*. As we turn from chatting with our mates, first of all we must say a word of thanks to you who watch over the interests of Lasell. Though your connection with us has been, at least, close and personal, yet we feel we owe you a debt of gratitude—*real*, though undefined it may be. We have taken your benefits, as the sun and air, as a matter of course; but the faithfulness of your guardianship has been proved by this very thing. When all goes happily and prosperously, we do not need to think of those who ward off the first approach of danger from afar. Unaccountable as it may seem, we feel inclined to pause before addressing ourselves to you, our teachers. Any one of you we take by the hand, conscious of the most friendly relations; but, as the Faculty of Lasell Seminary,—the august body that sits with closed doors, deciding matters of (to us) the weightiest issue,—we must admit that you always inspire us with something akin to awe.

But to-day we will remember the times when you revealed your true selves to us, and talk to you as separate friends, not as a body. This hour would be but poorly spent, if we did not try to leave a small part of our gratitude with you in words.

Whatever the coming years may bring to Lasell, we have no fears that better teachers or better teaching will be brought with them. You may not have always found your tasks a delightful one; nevertheless, we are taking away minds better disciplined

than those we brought. We have walked through realms of study with you, and we are stronger than before we entered. If to some you have given us but a peep from the door, that peep made us resolve to explore what time prevented our doing with you as guides.

From each class-room we carry away some pleasant and peculiar memories. One saw us studying, now the mysteries of the stars, and, again, the mysterious tadpoles and frogs inhabiting the aquarium; others gave us recitations of language and literature; another recalls the gymnastics our minds performed within its walls, and our heroic efforts to comprehend "the Law of Love, and Love as a Law."

We thank you not only for opening our mental eyes; we thank you for the kindness you have shown, for your words of personal friendliness, for your revealing to us that being is essential to all clear seeing. We can give you only the flower of thanks to-day; but we hope that our future lives will show you the ripened fruit, and so prove that your labor was not in vain.

But our very last words, as the Senior class, shall be to you, Prof. Bragdon. Our hearts are too full to frame fine sentences. We know how little you care for words, how little you esteem mere thanks; but, just for one minute, you will listen to a "Thank-you," said in this good-bye hour. Year after year you are giving your best thought—your life, indeed—that "your girls" may grow into womanly womanhood. Do not think that the things dearest to you have been all unheeded by us. Willful as we may sometimes have appeared to you, we have been taking some upward steps. This we know, for we begin to see visions from your standpoint. We cannot bear to think that we are to be separated from the genial inspiration of your presence, and your hearty words, reminding us continually that life should mean growth toward all that is high and noble.

But we know you would say to us that good-byes are not the important things we have to do with; that large and long as life seems to us now, it is a very little life in sight of the invisible you would have us always see before and about us. We know how you point to the mother who was so much to the boy, and to whose life that of the man is so closely bound. In the future years, we, with a reverence and love akin to that, will speak of what you were to us. Do not forget us, for we cannot forget you.

Thanks!

IN the right-hand corner of our richly furnished vestibule stands, by no means its least ornament, a large century plant. The conservatory boasts three; but they are but small—two years old. This is eight or nine years old, and is of the broad-leaved variety. For this handsome addition to our home we are indebted to E. F. Porter, of Watertown, one of our Trustees, who has for ten years had a very active interest in the growth and welfare of the school, and to whose progressive spirit and wise counsel Lasell largely owes her rapid improvement and present prosperity.

A Lasell Excursion.

It is hardly necessary to remark, by way of introduction, that Bunker Hill Monument is an entirely new object of interest in the vicinity of Boston. Nothing of any amount has ever been said of it, and there is but little of interest connected with it to the people of the United States. Why people should have suddenly adopted the fashion of visiting that tall tower surmounting a hill in the eastern portion of the city, we utterly fail to see. Notwithstanding all this, a party of fifty-nine boarded the train about noon at Auburndale, for Boston, with this object in view; viz., to visit Bunker Hill Monument and the Navy Yard.

Our journey was accomplished by means of steam and street-cars; which latter were in readiness for us, thanks to the kind forethought of Prof. Bragdon. There were so many in a body, that the peaceful citizens of Boston looked in wonder to see if it were an orphan asylum out for an airing, or a party of Gov. Butler's protégés, the inmates of Tewksbury, on a visit to the State House. Several of the objects of interest were pointed out on the way, among which were the "gilded dome" and Copeland's tempting confectionery, at the same time. It would be readily believed, by school-girls at least, that the latter received the most attention.

Once arrived at Bunker Hill,—or, more properly, Breed's Hill,—we all, with the exception of three, began the ascent. Up, up, up, till it seemed we could go no farther—such sighs of exhaustion, such gasping, and struggling for breath; but the view from the top well repaid us. From the four openings in the massive walls we looked out upon a cloudless sky and bright sunshine, with sea to the east of us, the city, with its suburbs on the west and north and south. Memorial

Hall rose proudly, as a landmark of Cambridge, and "the hill with the church on it" was pointed out as Bunker Hill proper. It seemed difficult to realize, on that bright October morning, that once a battle was fought on the very spot on which we trod—nay, in one part, we were assured, on the selfsame soil, as a part of the embankment on the eastern side is supposed to be the original earthwork thrown up by the gallant men of 1775. This we do not vouch for, however.

Our next visit was toward the Navy Yard, where the museum, to which we were admitted by the kindness of the owner, is a great attraction. There we were taken about, and the curiosities explained to us by the aforesaid. We saw many curious things in the way of crocodiles, turtles, models of ships, shells, mosaics, and those things which sailors and wanderers pick up in their travels—in all, a fine collection. We carried away many pleasant recollections of the museum and its proprietor, as well as some wonderful accounts of the things therein, which it would be high treason to the kind gentleman to doubt. We saw the immense dry-dock in the Navy Yard, several vessels fitting for foreign seas, and at last went aboard the recruiting-ship Wabash, lying not far from shore. To those of us from inland cities and towns, where most of the shipping seen is in the shape of canal-boats, it was a thing to be remembered. We were taken, by the obliging officers, to the two lower decks, and went peering about, catching a glimpse of sailor domestic life in the small sleeping-rooms,—if such they might be called,—the cooking-arrangements, the mess-tables, the ship's tailor, and the use of the leathern thimble. We saw, also, one of the celebrated Gatling guns, which fires four hundred shots per minute. We could but remark the extreme neatness and order everywhere, and which speaks so well for naval discipline. With a glance at the docks, or sheds, under which the building of these monster vessels goes on, winter and summer, we set out for home feeling that it had paid well, and recommend every one to go and do likewise.

At a meeting of the Juniata Boat Club, the fall election took place. The officers are as follows:—

Edith Flint,	<i>President.</i>
Ida Sibley,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
Gussie Lowe,	<i>Captain.</i>
Lydia Starr,	<i>Strokes-oarsman.</i>
Etta Jackson,	<i>Coxswain.</i>

Recollections of Yosemite.

It was the second week in May, 1882, and we left Los Angeles, the paradise that was never lost, in order to see the greatest wonder of the State of wonders,—the Yosemite Valley.

After a hearty breakfast at Madera, we took our places in the coaches drawn by six stout horses, which were to take us around such curves as we never imagined were in existence.

The ride of one hundred miles was full of interest, the sights were grand, and every experience new and exciting. At noon we felt the heat of a summer's day; a few hours later we were in the regions of ice and snow. We forded the rivers, and rode with the coach resting on two wheels. The roads were narrow and the precipices steep; and there was no barrier to prevent one from measuring the height of the latter, by an experience he would not live to relate.

Then there were the trees—not the big trees, but the common pines; saplings, so to speak, from six to eight feet in diameter. We measured one nearly twenty-nine feet in circumference, and found in its trunk a cavity where five or six people might find standing-room.

At last, after riding in these lumbering coaches for three days, we looked upon a sight such as can never be forgotten by one who has seen it, and never imagined by one who has not. This was the Valley as viewed from Inspiration Point, some six miles away.

On the left stands one rock over one-half a mile high, whose name should be familiar to all—El Capitan, or The Captain; so called because on one of its enormous faces is seen the figure of a horseman in a three-cornered hat and flowing cape. To those who have climbed Bunker Hill, I would say that this single rock is fifteen times as high as that historic monument.

Opposite El Capitan are the Cathedral Rocks, whose lofty spires seem to hold the clouds in their embrace. Near these is one of the most beautiful waterfalls in existence, the Bridal Veil, which sways this way and that—a plaything in the hands of the wind. Every pleasant night, at sunset, the foam falling nearly one thousand feet, it is lighted up by a most brilliant rainbow; and often there are two or three reflections, one above the other, giving an idea of Fairyland within the bounds of our dear old Union.

The highest and most majestic fall in the Valley is the Yosemite, where the water descends like rockets from a rock one-half a mile high. Though it falls as pure and as

light as the down of a thistle, still, when it reaches its rocky basin, it gives a report like distant thunder.

There are many side excursions to different points in the Valley which one cannot afford to lose. It was my ambition to ride a mile up to Glacier Point, and after much teasing I gained my request.

We soon began to climb; and climb we did for nearly two mortal hours. Every little while a rapturous “Oh!” was heard from some delighted rider, and her feeling of surprise was shared by all.

One of our company remarked that a man to go to Glacier Point must be prepared to enter eternity horseback; and, indeed, we were at the mercy of the animal we rode.

The trail was not more than three feet wide, and in several places it lay on the edge of a frightful chasm. At one point the path wound back and forth seven times, and down the lowest grade was a gorge from one thousand to two thousand feet deep.

At last, after passing through banks of snow ten feet deep, we reached the summit, and gazed upon the country, extending for miles and miles, with mountains rising billow upon billow till they mingled with the sky. Then we walked to the verge of the precipice, where an iron railing prevents one from falling 3,200 feet down, down to the green carpet of the Valley, where men and animals looked like mere specks in the distance.

Here, shaded among the trees, lies Mirror Lake,—a little sheet of water, clear and sparkling, reflecting the mountains so perfectly that one could hardly distinguish the false from the real.

Over opposite, the Goddess of the Valley rears her head nearly a mile in the air. A few years ago it was supposed no human foot would ever climb its steep sides and tread its lofty summit; but men, and women, too, have now succeeded in accomplishing this feat by drawing themselves up a rope placed at an angle of forty-five degrees.

After a view of these most wonderful pictures in Nature's panorama, we started down, passing again the frightful chasms that would make one's blood run cold, were it not for the feeling of awe that bade defiance to every fear.

But such pleasure cannot last forever, and two days later we looked upon the valley with feelings of sadness, thinking we might never behold it again; but the six horses danced on, bearing us away to new scenes of beauty and delight.

Sociable.

On the first Saturday evening of the school year, the students gathered in the parlors for the purpose of “getting acquainted,” Misses Clark and Le Huray acting as hostesses. The parlors have been much improved during the summer; the walls and ceilings are very artistically papered, and new furniture has been added.

In these bright, cheerful rooms the old and new girls passed the first part of the evening very pleasantly. The old girls had so much to tell each other of the summer, to talk of those who had not returned, and to try to make the strange ones feel at home, that the strange ones began to feel at home, and to enjoy themselves. After awhile all adjourned to the Chapel, where they were entertained by a recitation by Miss Baker, vocal solos by Misses Whipple and Miles, and a piano solo by Miss Durfee. This part of the evening was especially enjoyable. After chapel, ice-cream and cake were served, and fully appreciated. Our evening's pleasure and the first sociable ended with numerous games and a jolly little dance in the Club-room.

Science.

A TERRIBLE earthquake shock destroyed three towns on the little island of Ischia, near Naples, July 2d. On a Saturday night, while most of the people of that fashionable summer resort, Casamicciola, were watching a burlesque on “The Earthquake,” at the theater, the genuine thing came along and shook the building down, and left only five houses standing in the whole town. About four thousand lives were lost. A still greater catastrophe occurred, about the middle of August, at the western end of the island of Java, in the East Indies, where an earthquake caused a number of square miles of land, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, to drop down into the sea and disappear, thus altering the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. Geologists tell us that these effects are really caused by the earth's slow cooling off, and consequent contraction of the surface.

It has been stated that on the southeast coast of Spain, groves of date-palm flourish in soil saturated with sea-water.

SUCH large quantities of sulphur have been determined in the bitumen of the Dead Sea, that a distinctively mineral origin has been claimed for it.

THE much agitated question among men of science ever since lighting by electricity was introduced, is, whether a sufficient supply of it can be retained to draw on when desired. The most encouraging results have appeared in the Brush Storage Battery. Although scientists say that it will rapidly wear out with use, yet the inventor claims that it is really indestructible. This battery is now being practically tested by the Willimantic Linen Company, of Willimantic, Conn.

THE "A. A. A. S.," or, American Association for the Advancement of Science, held its annual meeting August 15-22, at Minneapolis, Minn. This is the largest scientific society in America, comprising, as it does, two thousand of the most active workers in all branches of natural science. For various reasons there was a small attendance this year — only about three hundred and fifty. Mrs. Kirkwood, of Minneapolis, who came with her daughter at the beginning of the term, said that the occasion was one of considerable interest. From the weekly reports in enterprising *Science*, we also judge that the meetings were highly interesting and profitable. Considerable discussion on the Glacial theory, *pro* and *con*, took place. The two hundred or more papers read annually before the different sections, are the records and discussions of observations and experiments. This fact, and the name itself of the society, well show its object. A good idea of the work done can be easily gained by glancing at the two volumes of "Proceedings" in the library among the science reference-books.

Who Next?

THE additions made by donation and purchase during the past summer to the cabinet of geology and natural history are very gratifying, but we cannot conceal the fact that we still need, and need very urgently, important and increased contributions. The gift of Mrs. Ebersole, of Cincinnati, to which reference is made in another column, has opened the way for many other such very helpful donations.

To one who knows the real value of a true education, either from having or lacking it, and to one who understands the kind of work we are trying to do (and *are doing*) at Lasell, the act of giving either money or specimens, is but the necessary expression of one's conviction. We are not begging either money or specimens. Here is simply a chance, an opportunity, for you

to carry out your notions of what *ought* to be, and to put a few dollars or a few specimens of any kind in a place where they will do an untold amount of good.

A fund of money placed at interest — the interest to be used from year to year, and the principal never touched — would be a most excellent way of helping on the cause of scientific education at Lasell. But there is now waiting a splendid collection of about 1,000 specimens containing most beautifully polished agates, superb quartz crystals, rare crystals from Colorado and California, and other choice specimens. The owner agrees to dispose of the entire collection, at a considerable sacrifice, for \$200! If the Alumni would consider this for a moment, I am sure they would see how they could help, at least each one a little (and some a good deal), in not allowing this collection to be placed elsewhere, on account of a lack of \$200. We already have \$25 toward this. Then, there are mothers and fathers who have an eye on Lasell. Can *you* not also help in the project? Are there not others who will take hold and do *something*? Who is the next to send in \$25, or \$10, or \$5, or even \$1? In all cases a proper acknowledgment of any favor will be duly and gratefully made.

Prof. Wm. North Rice, Ph.D., who fills the George I. Seney professorship of Natural History and Geology in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., says of this collection: "Many of the specimens are extraordinarily fine. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment two hundred dollars is an exceedingly low figure. I hope you will get it. It will be a very valuable collection for your Institution. If you do not succeed in getting it, I shall be tempted to buy it for the College." No higher recommendation is necessary. Professor Bragdon says, "Go ahead; the 'old girls' and others will send you the money, quick, for Lasell." As he wishes me to take charge of the money, will you please send by draft, postal money-order, or registered letter, direct to the writer, who will send receipt at once. I shall be glad to hear from you *right away*.

JOSEPH C. BURKE,
Teacher of Natural Science.

Wanted.

Comes of any catalogues of Lasell before that for 1864-'65; also a copy for the year '65-'66. The Librarian of the Seminary would be glad to get these for binding, and permanent places in the Library.

MRS. KIMBALL, Melrose Street, has presented to the Seminary, in exchange for geodes, a piece of gold ore valued at \$200, from a Nova Scotia mine. This valuable and interesting gift is the first one of its kind in our cabinet, and will form a nucleus for many such specimens. Mrs. Kimball has also donated a smaller specimen of silver ore from Leadville, Colo. Who follows next in this generous way of making our cabinet what it should be?

THE "Observation Class" is a new thing. It takes the place of sub-freshman physical geography, and seems, so far, to be a success. Trips by walking and otherwise are taken, from time to time, to interesting localities, and in this way, along with class-room illustration, a general knowledge of science is to be gained. Better still than this, the power to see and think is developed and trained.

To Mrs. J. Ebersole, of Cincinnati, who brought her daughter Carrie to Lasell this fall, we return our hearty thanks for her generous gift to the school of a set of 200 minerals, labeled and trimmed. This is an important and exceedingly useful addition to the cabinet, and will be especially appreciated by those who are to use them as hand specimens in the observation, mineralogy, and geology classes.

ANOTHER gift at which all friends of Lasell will be gratified, is a collection of granites, presented to the Seminary by the New England Granite Works, of Westerly, R. I., through its president, J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Batterson is a true friend to educational interests, and we tender him (and also to those who kindly brought the subject to his attention) our prettiest "Thank you!" The collection embraces polished specimens from Westerly, R. I. Quincy, Mass., Jonesboro and Fox Island, Me., Stony Creek, Conn., and Scotland. We understand that there is also coming from the same donor a collection of quartz veins. When these arrive, the whole group will be appropriately labeled and placed in the cabinet.

MR. BURKE spent part of the summer in making collections for the cabinets. About 20 specimens of fossil fishes, 50 of butterflies and other insects, besides various mineralogical specimens of mica, quartz, silver ore, etc., adorned the science-room lecture-table at the first of the term, as a partial result of the summer's work.

Chronicles.

It came to pass in the days gone by, when the would-be King Benjamin was meditating within himself how he might best become in time the ruler of the great Commonwealth which the Pilgrim Fathers had founded, some two hundred and threescore years earlier, that a small number of maidens entered a schoolhouse, which was about ten milestones from the great and mighty kingdom of Boston, for the purpose of learning something more than "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." And as time went on, their number did wax stronger and stronger, until it reached a half-score; and in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-three, when the would-be King Benjamin had accomplished his heart's desire, the leader, Charles, did stand up in a multitude, and as he spoke wise words, he did give unto these aforesaid young lasses rolls of parchment. After they did hold these in their hands they did desire to depart into different parts of the great country, and thus it seemed best. So, with weeping and gnashing of teeth, they were sundered. Some did go to the tops of mountains, some into the depths of the valleys, and others into the throngs of the big towns. And they did expect that the weather would grow hot, and hence they did travel a day's journey or more to the side of the great ocean, or to the countries where milk and honey did abound; and they did enjoy themselves exceedingly, only that they did grieve a portion of the time, because they had to wrap themselves in shawls.

But the ninth month did come, and they again returned to their native land, and, in accordance with their vow, they did each write a class epistle to the Scribe, Anne; and she did gather the nine together and did tie them about with a cord, and did send them on their journey around the great country; and these letters were hidden from all other eyes, for in them it did tell many things which are not to be revealed.

But it came to pass in the month of October, when it seemed that the reign of King Benjamin was about finished, that Queen Augustine did depart into her editorial realm, and did write to one of the aforesaid young maidens for the doings of her number; so this maiden did consider exceedingly the matter of revealing a little knowledge of her tribe, and then did say, "Draw near and hearken."

Cora C. does impart daily to her younger sister, Queeny, a part of her great knowledge. Ava does occupy herself with gather-

ing together all manner of living things, also in the taking of pictures, a portion of which she does send about to her beloved sisters, that they may behold them and be glad. Sarah and Lillie are still listening to teachers who do expound much wisdom. The other maidens are busy in good works, but it seemeth good to relate their several occupations in the days to come. As only about one hundred and twenty days have gone by, the time has not yet come when their prophecy must be fulfilled; but it will come. And now it is not right that this maiden should tell more, but it behooves her to say: "O schoolmates! thou knowest that we love thee; that our love is as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians! Nevertheless, it seemeth expedient to talk no longer with thee." '83.

A Man In Stays.

MR. RICHARD A. PROCTER, a well-known lecturer on astronomy, once tried the experiment of wearing a corset, and thus describes the results: "When the subject of corset-wearing was under discussion in the pages of *The English Mechanic*, I was struck," he says, "with the apparent weight of evidence in favor of tight lacing. I was in particular struck by the evidence of some as to its use in reducing corpulence. I was corpulent. I also was disposed, as I am still, to take an interest in scientific experiment. I thought I would give it a fair trial. I read all the instructions, carefully followed them, and varied the time of applying pressure with that 'perfectly stiff busk' about which correspondents were so enthusiastic. I was foolish enough to try the thing for a matter of four weeks. Then I laughed at myself as a hopeless idiot, and determined to give up the attempt to reduce by artificial means that superabundance of fat on which only starvation and much exercise, or the air of America, has ever had any real reducing influence. But I was reckoning without my host. As the Chinese lady suffers, I am told, when her feet-bindings are taken off, and as the flat-headed baby howls when his head-boards are removed, so for a little while was it with me. I found myself manifestly better in stays. I laughed at myself no longer. I was too angry with myself to laugh. I would as soon have condemned myself to using crutches all the time, as to wearing always a busk. But for my one month of folly I had to endure three months of discontent. At the end of about that time I was my own man again."

Art Notes.

THE studio has also had a share in the improvements of the summer. The walls and ceiling have been papered, and the woodwork painted. The windows have been set lower, and a balcony made on the outside, so that one may easily step from the studio into it, and "view the landscape o'er" for miles around. The studio has been supplied with some new casts and studies, and the walls are hung with works in crayon, water-colors, and oils from the pencil and brush of Miss Isabel Webster. Miss Webster is the new teacher of drawing and painting; and the samples of her work which are found in the studio, and the interest she takes in her pupils, give ample proof of her capacity for the position she has here.

The Seniors have begun lessons in the history of art, this term, under the instruction of Miss Clark. The first few lessons were devoted to antique sculpture. The lessons were illustrated by casts and photographs. A visit to the Boston Art Museum was also interesting, and of much profit. The class continue this term, the work being chiefly among the old masters of painting and their principal works. The class will find the collection of photographs and engravings which belong to the school especially beneficial.

The Cat Show.

(For the benefit of the "Muses.")

THE great American Cat Show opened at Horticultural Hall October —, with about 300 cats of every kind and description on exhibition. There were cats that were curiosities, cross-eyed cats, large and small cats, and historical cats.

The felines are arranged in cages, in sections, as follows: 1st section, odd colors and colors; 2d and 3d sections, curiosities; 4th section, Maltese and Angora; 5th section, coon and tiger; 6th section, handsome cats; 7th section, cats with kittens—twins, triplets, and quartettes.

The cages were not all filled with cats which were entered this forenoon, but they were coming in all the forenoon, and by evening it is expected the cages will all be occupied. Among some of the curiosities in the way of cats is a tailless tiger-cat, exhibited with a rat, and a mixed tiger and Maltese cat with double paws and toes. There are two cats with three legs, and a male tiger-cat with five legs. A fine, full-blooded Angora cat is valued at \$100. Two cats are aged respectively 13 and 18 years. Some of the felines are very handsome, and attract considerable attention.

A large number of valuable prizes are offered, among which is a \$100 cash prize to the oddest-colored cat of any breed or size; one three-quarters of an inch 22-carat gold medal, engraved, to be awarded to the heaviest cat, irrespective of breed; one special grand prize, richly chased, solid silver bowl, to the owner of cat with greatest number of kittens. Some 35 prizes in all will be awarded during the exhibition. There was quite a good attendance during the forenoon, which increased during the afternoon. Every attention will be given to the cats during the exhibition as to sanitary measures, and a celebrated cat doctor is in constant attendance. The exhibition of cats is a fine one, and is well worthy of a visit. The exhibition will be open every day during the week from one o'clock in the forenoon until late in the evening.—*Boston Traveller.*

Current News.

THE last few days of September very few letters were mailed, but October 1st the mail was larger throughout the country. This was owing to the new postage rates. The two-cent stamp is in color mineral-red, and has a medalion of Washington on it. The color of the four-cent stamp is bright green, with a head of Jackson.

MR. JOSEPH TEMPLE has presented the Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, a chime of bells—said to be the largest in the country. It consists of twenty-eight bells, the weight of the heaviest being twenty-eight hundred pounds.

THROUGH the influence of the late Queen of Madagascar, education on the island has advanced to quite a degree. Teachers and printers are exempted from government service, in order that education may increase.

THE largest diamond in the United States, weighing 125 carats, is to be brought to Boston to be cut. This city is becoming as celebrated as Amsterdam for its diamond-cutting.

Personals.

DURING the summer, one of our teachers "went the way of all the world." Miss West became Mrs. Atwood.

OUR friend Lillie Packard is taking a course in mathematics at the Boston University, and will some day make herself famous in teaching the young ideas how to shoot. The "old girls" were pleased to see her face among us once more.

FOUR of our musicians are on the high road to fame, in the study of harmony.

WE congratulate Miss Nellie Brown upon the future that awaits her. We hear that she will open the glad New Year with another name.

MISS WASSEMER, who received her early education from Professor B——, has just returned from Europe, and, Wednesday evening, favored us with a few piano selections, which were appreciated by all.

NANNIE FISHER has been East, this summer. She spent a few weeks with her old room-mate, Mattie Sargent.

THE 20th of September found Annie Wallace, class of '83, on the top of Mt. Washington.

IRENE SANFORD has gone to California. On her way back she will spend a few days at Lasell.

AN announcement of the engagement of Miss Edith Pew and Mr. Harry Garland, took Lasell girls by surprise.

WE expected to see the familiar faces of Miss Lizzie Canterbury and Miss Mollie Davis—but not so. Miss C. made an extended Western trip, and is now taking lessons of Prof. Hills, in Boston. Miss D. will be seriously missed by the S. D.'s.

MISS LEORA HALEY was seen on the streets of Boston. She looked as "frank" as ever.

MISS BETTIE MORRIS, Lasell's little songstress, has gone to her Southern home, to blossom anew.

MISS ABBIE HILL is in Switzerland, pursuing a course of study.

MISS JESSIE LEE was married during the summer. She has the congratulations of Lasell.

MISS TIB HOSFORD is attending school near Philadelphia. She made Miss Lizzie Hoag, of Lockport, a visit this summer.

MARION COLLIS, of Newburgh, N. Y., who left here suddenly in April, made us a brief visit October 11th. Her father died in May, and the care of his business has fallen largely upon Marion's shoulders. She is bearing it bravely and well, so the neighbors say. Be ready, girls; no one knows how soon real work will come to us.

WE note the following wedding invitations received during the summer by Prof. Bragdon: Ida M. Foote to Mr. T. G. Willis; Ella Josephine Stocking to Mr. L. B. Porter;

Anna M. Marbold to G. S. H. Wernsing; Alice Dunsmore to Mr. J. M. Van Harlingen; Kate R. B. McCallom to Dr. L. T. Potter; Fannie L. Baker to Wm. T. Bonner.

MRS. TITUS B. MEIGS, of New York City, class of '59, called in August, and looked over the building, old and new parts, as eagerly as a girl. Her room for three years was No. 3. She says their highest number was about fifty. Remarked upon the numerous improvements, and said the reading-room was formerly the library, where the girls were called to be "talked" to. We are glad to see any of the alumnae at any time.

BERTHA MORRISON landed in New York August 28th, after a pleasant trip abroad. She says she wishes September would bring her back to Lasell, and remarked that the weather wasn't very pleasant on her trip home. Guess Bertha had a touch of *mal de mer*.

SADIE COREY, '83, will take a post-graduate course in Latin and German.

SEPHIE MASON, '83, will go on with her piano work, and also take voice culture under Mrs. Morrill.

MISS JESSIE MACMILLAN, of '82, is the assistant in the Studio, and will take special lessons in the Museum of Art.

THE wedding invitations of Miss Bertha M. Russell and Mr. Israel Chesley are out.

Miscellany.

ALMOST every State in the Union is represented at Lasell.

ONE new girl observed the words of the catalogue so closely, that she put all jewelry, including her watch, in her pocket before entering the door.

WE sympathize with Mr. B. in having the care of such a large Astronomy class. One member has discovered a new star—Lucifer, by name.

PROF. BRAGDON gave us two splendid lectures—one on osculation, the other on extravagant dress.

A SENIOR was heard to call a carpet-sweeper a "jigger."—"Senior license."

GIRLS: shed your diamonds, put back your bangs, and show Prof. B. "how divine a thing a woman may be made."

ELI PERKINS is said to be the "greatest economizer of the truth" in the United States, except our present Governor.

A MEMBER of the English Literature class, in giving the life of Wordsworth, said that the atmosphere of school-life was too confining for him. Miss C. asked if that meant that the room was too close.

THE first "spread" of the year was given to the "L. M. A.'s" by their President, Miss Ida Sibley. We hope that it will not be the last.

Prof.—"Tropic is from the Greek. By the way, the same root is found in heliotrope. What does that mean?"

The Infant.—"Love."

THE partial eclipse of the moon on the 16th, was sleepily appreciated by the astronomy class and some of the wakeful under-classes.

SOLILOQUY AFTER 9.30.—"I hear the boots, the boots, coming down the hall!"

Room 62.—"Den of Errors."

BRIGHT Senior, with great enthusiasm, as if she had a sudden inspiration: "Isn't a law of thought the same as the law of gravitation?"

Prof. B.—"All pupils who are not in this vocal class can have recreation."

Fresh.—"What do we have to do, then?"

ROLL of the A. B. C.'s:—

W stands for Whipple,
Of singers the best;
And having mentioned her,
We'll proceed to the rest.

B stands for Baker,
A dashing brunette;
She still wears her hair
In baby bangs yet.

H stands for Hill;
She's young and *petite*,
From the crown of her head
To the soles of her feet.

M stands for Marshall,
Who plays for us all,
When marching we go
Through Gymnasium Hall.

W stands for Walston,
Both Lulu and D;
May they ever, as now,
Like sisters agree.

THE Seminary is filled to overflowing. More applicants were refused admission this year than ever before. The prospective new Chapel and Gymnasium will be heartily welcomed. They are, indeed, an immediate necessity.

Exchanges.

It is early for many exchanges, but in looking over the few that have come, we recognize our old friends, and hope to become acquainted with many new ones.

We welcome the *Comet* and *Hamptonia* among the new exchanges for this year.

The *Doane Owl* has lighted on our bough: the bird of wisdom in an institution of learning.

So the *Amherst Athlete* has come to be measured for his Gym. suit. We sympathize, and hope the color and fit will be becoming to the general style of beauty.

We should like to know why the *Radiator* is so named—whether because of its circulation, or its glowing literary merits.

The Prep.'s letter in the *Exonian*, reminds us of the man who several months after death sent up for his linen duster and a pitcher of ice-water.

We recommend our students to look at the *College Rambler* editorial on "societies." "Them's our sentiments."

We have not failed to notice the new cover of the *Colby Echo*, and extend congratulations.

AMONG our exchanges we welcome the *Water-Gas Journal*. In the towns and cities where Lowe's Water-Gas Process is being introduced, it is amusing to read accounts of the contests between it and the old gas companies. The water-gas men always come out ahead.

Publisher's Notes.

For common-sense shoes, go to Tuttle's. Discount to Lasell girls.

For Christmas gifts, crockery and glassware of all kinds, visit Abram French & Co's. Their store might be justly called a perpetual "foreign exhibition."

For artists' materials, see the advertisements of Frost & Adams and Wadsworth Bros. & Howland.

If you want to buy nice furs of any description, or have any repairing to be done, go to J. H. Jackson's, Tremont Street, Boston.

FALL and Winter Millinery at Mrs. Kimball's, Auburndale.

THE students of Lasell, and the readers of the LASELL LEAVES, are cordially invited to patronize the firms who advertise in this paper, before going elsewhere, and we feel sure you will be suited.

Clippings.

AN English doctor avers that he has found fasting from four to eight days to be a specific cure for rheumatism. No medicines are given under this treatment, but the patient is allowed water and lemonade in moderation. Most of his patients prefer the rheumatism.

"WHEN does a man become a seamstress?" "When he hems and haws." "No." "When he threads his way." "No." "When he rips and tears." "No." "Give it up." "Never, if he can help it." —*Oil City Derrick*.

IMPORTANT.—An old lady who has several unmarried daughters, feeds them on a fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus—and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.—*American Med. Weekly*.

ROSA BONHEUR, of all women, has come to the conclusion that "it does not pay to be eccentric;" and she still paints, walks, rides, shoots, and goes fishing in Dr. Mary Walker costume!

PORTUGUESE emigrants are now going in limited numbers to the Sandwich Islands. They are praised as "thrifty." They save their meal-sacks, and make Sunday suits out of 'em—the sackreligious fellows!

The Dangers of Celluloid.

THE explosion of a celluloid comb, by which a baby was severely burned in Abington, Mass., is only an example of the dangerous nature of this substance, which, after the usual fashion, we are learning by experience. It is composed of such material as to readily ignite and explode by contact with fire; and a series of accidents has commenced from ignorance of this fact, rather than from carelessness, that may equal those of the toy pistol in number, if not in fatality, before the fashion of ornament is worn out. Its cheapness gives it special vogue for ornament for children, and they are the ones most likely to bring it into danger, from careless contact with fire. There should be a warning of the dangerous properties of the substance, without requiring that the knowledge should be obtained by the accidents of the blowing off of bracelets, beads, and such like personal ornaments, at the touch of a match or gas-jet. Celluloid should be marked as dangerous, until some method is found to relieve it of its imprisoned and explosive gases.—*Providence Journal*.

Girls, beware of using your celluloid combs near the gas, or you may be minus brains before you know it.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Editorial.

GLANCING through different college papers, the chief topic of discussion seems to be that of the literary societies. Certainly, one of the most valuable things in a college, if they are properly carried on, are the literary societies. At the beginning of the year, when there are a great many new students, the object of the rival societies seems to be to procure the greatest number of members, regardless of age or ability. What a literary society wants is quality, and not quantity; for since most literary societies are, in a degree, debating societies, it is neces-

sary that the member use his brain; and if he is not willing to do this, in order to interest other members or promote the welfare of his society, he should never join.

On the subject of composition and debate, Dr. J. M. Buckley, D.D., in the first of his letters to young men, says:—

"Let me advise you to do your utmost to perfect yourself as a writer. There is no good writing without clear thinking. The work of composition is the work of the whole intellect. Be not content with writing what is required, but practice writing your thoughts (valuable or otherwise as they may seem to you) upon every subject that interests you, and participate in debate whenever you have the opportunity. Do not argue in season and out of season; do not become that greatest of bores in society—the argumentative bore. But in the literary society to which you belong, in conversation with your intimate friends, practice debate. You may take a side you do not believe without injury, if you do not advance any argument that you do not believe. If you advance arguments that you do not believe to be sound, you injure your own mind, and impair your perceptions of truth. But in your debates for practice, if assigned to a side which, upon the whole, you do not believe, it is necessary only that you do not advance any arguments that you do not believe to be sound. . . . No American citizen is sure that he will not be placed many times where it will be a calamity to him not to be able to express himself with force and precision."

It is for the above reasons, so admirably expressed by Dr. Buckley, that we advise all members of any kind of institution of learning whatever, to join a literary society, for the purpose of his or her improvement in one of the most important of all things—expression.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE has adopted, in a modified form, what has come to be known as the Amherst plan; viz., that of intrusting a good measure of college administration to the students themselves. In Am-

herst, this plan has taken the form of doing away with all excuses, and measuring the scholarship of the students wholly by the results attained as shown in their recitations and examinations. The further proposition of the Faculty to the students to organize a senate, to share with the Faculty in the college administration, has, as yet, we believe, produced no practical results; the powers of the senate being left to be determined, in English fashion, by such precedents as shall be made in the cases that arise. Bowdoin College appears, from a report which we find in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, to have taken a stride in advance of Amherst in the direction of self-government. It has organized a court for the trial of all offenses against college order. "A jury, composed of one representative from each class, one from each inter-collegiate society, and one from non-society students, is to be the tribunal which offenders will face. The President of the college is to bear to the jury the relation substantially of a judge in court, ruling upon questions of jurisdiction and the validity of decisions. Penalties are to be awarded by the President. A verdict of fact and a verdict of opinion are to be rendered. The former verdict must be unanimous; while the latter is to be determined by a majority vote. Four grades of offenses are to be regarded in affixing penalties, deliberate falsehood being properly set down as an offense of the first magnitude. The jury is to give its judgment based upon the verdict of fact, as to the grade of law-breaking, if such an act has been committed. The President can in no case impose a heavier penalty than that assigned to the grade fixed by the jury. The two parties to the compact are the Faculty and the undergraduates; and a three-fourths' vote is required for withdrawing consent to the agreement." We shall watch with great interest the practical results of this experiment; for they will do much to show what progress American college students have made in real manliness, and how far they can safely be intrusted with the privileges and responsibilities of self-government, for which their age and their exceptional advantages of culture ought to equip them.—*Ex.*

IN MEMORY OF LUTHER.

The people keep a festival,
And rich and poor have met,
And strangers from all countries
Breathe a name that none forget.
And wealth and beauty gather there
To think upon the brave;
And a prince has brought a laurel wreath
And placed it on a grave.

And once again the story
Is told to children's ears,
Of a boy's voice ringing through the street
(We hear it down the years)
In the little town of Eisenach,
And a face with hunger white,
And a soul that looked away to God,
In a wistful prayer for light.

To-day they tell in Erfurt
Of a young monk, in his cell,
With a care "too heavy to be borne,"
And the Word he loved so well;
Of studious thoughts and praying lips,
And eyes that flashed to see
"Jesus has power to pardon sins;
Will he not pardon me?"

Oh, weary conflict of the soul,
That had at last an end!
He knew the strange, glad peace that seemed
From heaven to descend.
The man with reverent, grateful heart
Took what his Saviour gave;
And now he sang a triumph-psalm,—
"Jesus alone can save!"

They talk of him in Wittenberg;
Oh, to have heard him preach!
His tongue could not be silent;
God taught him—he must teach.
Had he not halted in the dark,
Where the people wandered yet?
Out of his heart he spoke the words
The world can ne'er forget.

That which he knew, he uttered;
Conviction made him strong;
And with undaunted courage
He faced and fought the wrong.
No power on earth could silence him
Whom love and faith made brave;
And though four hundred years have gone,
Men strew with flowers his grave.

A frail child, born to poverty;
A German miner's son;
A poor monk, searching in his cell,—
What honors has he won!
The nations crown him Faithful,
A man whom Truth made free:
God give us for these easier times
More men as real as he!

Marianne Farningham.

The Use of Going to College.

THE views propounded by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, in July, on college education, having been published in a pamphlet form, have been receiving renewed discussion from the press. His complaint is now pretty well known. It is, that he spent a great deal of time at college learning Greek, without succeeding; that the notion that there is mental discipline in it is a delusion; and that modern languages ought to be substituted for the dead lan-

guages in the college course, for all who prefer them, as furnishing a better equipment for the work of life, and just as good means of intellectual training. He does not, at the same time, underrate the advantages of a "classical education" for those who get it. The trouble is, he says, that the colleges profess to give it, and do not give it—at all events have not given it to him, or any of his family, or friends. He would, therefore, allow students, on coming up for entrance, to offer German, Spanish, French, or Italian, as the equivalent of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin. His grievance, in the last analysis, is really an old one in a new form: it is, that a college education does not prepare a young man more directly and appropriately for any of the callings in which college-bred men, except, perhaps, clergymen, are likely to engage. In other words, when they leave college, their knowledge is either insufficient, or is the wrong kind of knowledge.

He has, unfortunately, in his address, however, overlooked, or treated but very slightly, what is, in our eyes, the main point in the discussion—namely, how far any curriculum which is not strictly professional or technical, can be made a direct preparation for the work of life. An assumption runs through his argument which also runs through nine-tenths of the talk and writing of educational reformers; and that is, that if you get hold of the right kind of curriculum, and of the right method of presenting it, you can teach young people anything you please. The fact is, however, that the great difficulty of colleges is not the difficulty of selecting the right kind of knowledge to offer, but the difficulty of getting the young men to acquire it. It cannot be driven into them by main force. Their minds have to be reached through their own industry, teachableness, and eagerness to learn. In the large colleges here in the East, as well as in the European colleges, the undergraduates may be divided into three classes. First, there are those who, either from natural love of learning or a desire to make a career which will better their condition, are determined to make any sacrifice to acquire all the knowledge the college offers. This is a small body of men, generally poor, who probably get out of the study of the classics all that it would be possible for them to get out of any study. The second is composed of those who simply want to get a degree, with a respectable standing in the class, without annoyance or disappointment to their parents, but are not specially zealous

or industrious, and cannot by any art known to educators be pushed beyond a certain jog-trot. Last of all, there are the regular idlers, and dunces, and scapegraces, who are the affliction of families, and the despair of professors and deans. We do not believe we exaggerate when we say that these last two classes make up seventy per cent of the undergraduates of Yale and Harvard, and of every other large college, and that it makes very little difference with what species of knowledge you ply them, so far as preparation for the work of life is concerned; they will only take a certain amount of any kind of knowledge. Mr. Adams's notion that they would leave college proficient in French and German, if they got a chance at those languages, instead of Greek and Latin, and would keep up their acquaintance with them in after life, we hold to be a chimera. When busy with callings in which French or German were not called for every day, they would forget them, as they do Greek or Latin—not so completely, perhaps, but so far as to make knowledge of them a mere pretense.

The great mass of young men who go to college, do not see in college a preparation for active life, and therefore do not take hold of its studies with real apprehensive power. Partly owing to their age, partly to the uncertainty as to what calling they will take up, in which most of them pass the years between sixteen and twenty-one, it is not possible to give college that sort of reality in their eyes which is necessary to make them really assimilate the knowledge it offers. Everything about it has to them an air of remoteness from the world—the subjects, the professors, the discipline, the rules and regulations. This is curiously illustrated by the change which comes over a great many of them when they enter the law, or medical, or other professional schools, after taking the academic degree, and realize that they are actually engaged in direct preparation for practice. Everything which these schools teach, whether it be languages or anything else, has the highest interest for them, and is not only rapidly appropriated, so far as each man's powers will permit, but is sedulously retained.

If it be asked what good a college education does under these circumstances, the answer which Mr. Adams in one place almost gives, is, that it does nearly all the good an ordinary young man at that time of life is capable of receiving. It is difficult to do more for the typical young man

than to expose him to right influences, or, in other words, keep him, while he is getting into shape both physically and intellectually, in a society which is occupied with intellectual things; which is not trying to make money or get the better of anybody; which encourages reflection, respects acquisition, and occupies itself more or less with high ideals. To do much more than this, we should have, not simply to improve or change the college curriculum, but take complete possession of a boy, in military fashion, as West Point or Annapolis does, and train him, both physically and mentally, in all his working-hours; teach him to walk and run, and ride and row, to dress and to behave, while actually getting him ready for a profession. No college can, however, undertake anything of the kind; nor is it desirable that it should. Military schools do wonders with raw youths, but they are hardly better fitted to prepare them for the ordinary race of civil life than Harvard or Yale.

Nor is a counting-house or store a much better preparation than a university. There is more waste of time in a boy's first years in business, than in any period in a well-behaved man's life. A large part of them are passed in mere mechanical drudgery, over things which are readily learned in three months, and in company which does nothing to stimulate or elevate, either intellectually or morally. The apprenticeship, in fact, is simply dreary waiting for the time when the lad can be trusted to do, or has the means to do, what he has been supposed to be getting ready for; namely, the purchase and sale of commodities. For this, or anything else, copying letters and running errands — which is what most mercantile training in the early stage now consists in — is but a poor preparation.

Mr. Adams, moreover, has taken no notice of the experience of the Berlin University, in the ten years since the admission of the pupils of the *Real-schulen*, or technical schools, as well as the pupils of the gymnasia, or classical and mathematical academics, to the University. From their published report on the subject, which we examined in these columns some two years ago, it appears that in all kind of university work, including the higher mathematics, the pupils from the classical schools surpass the non-classical students. The professor of astronomy, in particular, says: "The students prepared at the real-schools show, at first, more knowledge and more skill than those prepared at the gymnasia; but their further development is slower,

more superficial, and less independent, while they show still greater inferiority, in point of ability, to carry on the more difficult processes of independent research." The professors of chemistry tell the same story as the professors of mathematics and astronomy. The whole report is most interesting, and in spite of the sad experience of the Adams family, on which Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., relies so much, goes far to show that, as a mental process, even the unsuccessful study of Greek and Latin has a great deal more value than he is willing to admit.

Science.

PHOTOGRAPHS have recently been made of the vocal organs in action, by means of an electric light laryngascope.

THE asteroid discovered by Prof. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, August 13th, is the two hundred and thirty-fourth of these small bodies known.

THE prospect of a zoölogical station on the Frith of Forth is good. The land has been secured, and enough money has been subscribed to construct a floating laboratory, with every facility for investigation.

PARTS of the skeleton of another mastodon have been dug up near Syracuse, New York. Calculations from the tusk, indicate that the remains are of the largest mammoth ever exhumed in this country.

SPONGES which have been used for some time, frequently turn brown or black, in patches. The cause of this has been recently studied, and it has been found to be produced by a fungus — a species of *torula*. It seems to feed on a portion of the sponge sarcode which have not been removed in preparing the sponges for market.

THE small comet discovered by Brooks, on Sept. 1st, is at present approaching the earth, and soon will be easily observed with moderate telescopes, though it will never become brilliant or conspicuous. So far it is a very faint object, even in a powerful telescope, without any tail, or any structural features except a brightening in the center.

THE question of how insects are able to walk on glass surfaces, has been studied by Dr. Dewitz. He examined with a microscope the feet of flies while walking on

glass, and found that the hairs of the feet emit a fluid, by means of which they adhere to the glass; where there were none, he saw that the fluid came from the pores in the foot.

LAST June, Prof. Wingate, Sanitary Engineer of New York City, gave a very interesting lecture at Lasell on "Household Sanitation." Among other things, he spoke of the great importance of preventing the escape of sewer-gas, and called attention to some of the most recent methods and apparatus. One of the best appliances has been recently put in at the Seminary, in place of two of the older forms, and promises to be highly satisfactory. Special care is taken to keep our school-home free from any trouble from sewer-gas.

CHARLES MUSSET, knowing that several plants turn their branches toward the sun, has tried an interesting experiment. He planted the seeds of several vetches, and after they were a few inches high he removed them to the dark, until the branches were long and white, and the leaves had turned to a slight yellow. On a clear night he exposed the plant to the direct light of the moon. He found that the branches almost immediately became curved toward the moon, following it in its motion until it disappeared.

Sociable.

ON Saturday evening of the 27th, occurred the second of our sociables. It was a beautiful night — just such as the Fates always seem disposed to grant to Lasell. The girls all wore a little air of expectancy when it was whispered around that there was to be "company." Professor had kindly extended his hospitality to some of the residents of Auburndale; so we had the opportunity of meeting the several ministers and their wives, with members of their churches, and some young gentlemen sprinkled in. The young ladies who were fortunate enough to possess them, brought in their callers; and any young man who had never thought himself popular, had only to be at Lasell that evening to have it proved to the contrary. It was a very pleasant time for all. We were regaled with ice-cream and cake; after which we enjoyed refreshments of a more intellectual character, in the way of some choice music. We are indebted for the latter to Miss Lizzie Whipple and Miss Jennie Baker. I am sure, in saying good-night, we all felt like thanking Professor and Mrs. Bragdon for the enjoyable evening afforded us.

Art Study at Home and Abroad.

RECENT discussion has grown out of the relative merits of various kinds of instruction for students of art, as to what is best to develop the faculties that constitute an artist, or what is needful in order to give these faculties a mastery over the elements of art.

There are two periods of disciplinary study requisite for the art student. The first is concerned with preparatory studies of an elementary kind, in what may be termed the grammar of art. The second period lies between this preparatory period and the professional life. The first period is passed in the school, while the second is a kind of graduate course, where larger views prevail, and liberty is allowed; in short, it is a season passed in studying the works of the masters.

While the student is engaged in mastering the elements of art, he should be absorbed in this aim—he should not be diverted by the attractions of that which can divert him from the pursuit, or make him tire of the thoroughness, and thus lead him to be satisfied with his work when it is superficial.

Painting is an imitative art; that is, its elements rest in imitation. Its creative character is an after development; and it is this creative power that constitutes the artist.

At the outset, two distinct periods were alluded to in the course of an art student: that which concerns preparatory studies, and a second period, between the preparatory discipline and professional life.

The first may be employed at home; but the second needs a wider and a richer field than can be found this side of the Atlantic. The student there, finds a responsive echo from that quarter, and he begins to understand that art means more than method, means, or technique.

Again, the student fresh from college-life will apparently know more, in his own conceit, and be more positive in expressing this knowledge, than at any other time in his career. Goethe has said, "No youth can be an artist, for youth cannot have repose, calmness, and depth."

No man can know his own soul or thought in society. He must seek that interior life, which is the truer life, in solitude. The sensible student now avoids the very things he once deemed important to progress—those comments of his associates upon his work. He withdraws from all this dissipation, in order that he may bend his energies to the expression of himself. He has "put

to sea; method and skill are rudder and compass," said Leonardo. "And will his freight prove rich, or worthless?"

"Whatever may be the condition of art in America, it is a fact that every year, there are more books relating to art issued in the English language than in any other. In Europe, out of the 886 publications and books on art which appeared last year, 311 were in English, 269 in German, 237 in French; the remaining 49 publications were the efforts of the Italians, Swedes, Danes, and Spaniards."

WE are glad that Massachusetts has redeemed herself again, and shows her colors on the Republican side. In the vote of 313,000,—the largest ever cast in the State,—Robinson had a plurality of 9,000.

THE Democrats are happy over the results of the election in Virginia.

PENNSYLVANIA has fallen back to the Republican ranks again.

IN Mississippi both branches of the legislature are Democratic. In Connecticut the legislature is Republican.

LEON ABBETT, the Democratic candidate for Governor in New Jersey, was elected by 5,000 majority.

MARYLAND elected a Democratic Governor in preference to a Republican.

MINNESOTA returns show that the Republican Governor was re-elected.

THE campaign of '84 is not very decided on either side, but promises to be the most exciting one held for the Presidential election.

A HEARTY welcome will be extended to Henry Irving and Matthew Arnold wherever they go. Henry Irving's first appearance was in New York, in the play, "The Bells." Most of the accounts praise him very highly. Matthew Arnold is at present in Boston, and we hope to hear him soon, when each can judge of his merits for herself.

THE S. D. Society is prospering, and has begun its society work with eighteen new members. Our meetings have been both pleasing and instructive, and we hope there will be no break in the interest mani-

festated in our previous Monday evenings. We have new paper upon our walls; and with our new curtains, purchased with some of the proceeds of the "Mock Trial," last spring, makes the Forum much more attractive than before.

Election of officers, November 5th, took place as follows:—

Miss Edith Flint,	<i>President.</i>
" Addie Johnson,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
" Annie Hoxie,	<i>Secretary.</i>
" Bertha Oswald,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" Dora Walston,	<i>Critic.</i>
" Maggie Corcoran,	<i>Usher.</i>

Last Monday evening, as it was irregular meeting, those who were to take part thought best to show us Mrs. Jarley's Wax Figures, which was done admirably; but special praise ought to be given to Miss Meriam, who took the part of Mrs. Jarley.

AS AN offset to the prediction that the lady candidates for the London University matriculation examination would gradually fall off with respect to numbers and the quality of their work, the report of the June examinations is interesting. Out of a total of 970 candidates who entered, 126 were ladies; of these no fewer than 91, or seventy-two per cent, were successful; while of the male candidates, 449, or fifty-three per cent, were successful. From the classified list, it appears that 21 of the ladies passed in the honors division, 67 in the first division, and only 3 fell to the second. There is evidently no reason to apprehend that the women will outnumber the men in these trials; and it were certainly ungenerous to hamper those women who must live by their wits, with the vexatious restrictions of a bygone age. Even Spain sets an example which America ought to follow; for, by a recent law (of July 6th), the Spanish Government decrees that women teachers shall hereafter receive the same salary as men. And India, too; for a Madras paper announces that a native lady, Mrs. Ethirajulu, has been granted permission by Mr. Nayadu, B.A., a sub-magistrate, to practice in his court as a private pleader. The lady is described as the wife of the Rev. S. Ethirajulu, as European-like in her habits, excepting her dress, and as talking English very fluently and charmingly. A native lady has also been enrolled as a pupil in the primary class of the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta.—*Christian Union.*

Personals:

WE were very sorry to miss Miss Call, for a few days, on account of sickness.

MISS RANSOM is developing her "Sullivan muscle" in the Cambridge Gymnasium.

MISS TIB HOSFORD is enjoying the blessings of life at Ogontz, Philadelphia.

MISS DORA WALSTON is anticipating a visit from Miss Lizzie Canterbury, soon.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD had an attack of "nostalgia," but was relieved by a call from "Papa and Mamma."

MISS TESSIE SHIFF is pursuing a special course in elocution, under the direction of Miss Call. "Tessie will be a star, yet."

AT our last reception we were glad to see the familiar face of Capt. Tower, our old-time friend.

MRS. KAULL came on to see her own and only daughter Lena, who was made happy once more.

PROF. K. has established his reputation for sobriety. "He would not smile though Nestor swore the joke be laughable."

MRS. E. G. CREWE, 3 Burlington Villas, Rutland Park, Bristol, England, is Ada Hibbard's address.

WE enjoyed a call from Mabel Wetheral and Sadie Almy. Both look as natural as ever, although Mabel has increased in avoirdupois.

MARRIED, Oct. 11, '83, Walter E. Parker and Miss Gertrude Benyon; also, Nov. 1, '83, Adelaide Marion Roberts and Mr. James E. Hewey.

MISS MAME MARSHALL, while dancing the racquet, the other night, sprained her ankle, but we hope not seriously. Too much racket isn't always for the best.

"'Tis not often that we hear letters read in chapel," but we were pleased to listen to one from Prof. Dole, sending his love to all "old girls" and teachers.

THE Juniata initiation and spread took place in No. 62. Judging from the hilarions sounds, we suppose some one was riding the goat.

ANOTHER of the old girls has "gone over to the majority:" November 13th, at Gloucester, Sarah E. (we used to call her Lizzie) Emerson to David P. Gale. We hope Mr. Gale is worthy of Lizzie. We know she'll make a good wife.

MISS BLANCHE SHAVER called at Lasell last week. When asked if she wished she was back, she replied, "No." Blanche is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

A GREAT many of the "old girls" seem to be "launching their barques on life's ocean." We understand that Miss Cora Mills, who was with us last year, intends to change her name soon. "What's in a name?" A good deal.

THE old girls will sympathize with us in a change of Bible class from morning to afternoon, and room-hours from seven to nine (9), instead of eight to nine, as of former years. Thus we will dispense with our light reading, and only dream of Three Feathers, Phillas, and Portia.

PROF. BURKE enjoyed a brief visit over Sunday from his father, Dr. G. W. Burke, of Middletown, Conn., and his brother, A. L. Burke, head clerk for James L. Howard & Co., railway supplies, Hartford, Conn. We understand they were much pleased with the appearance and character of the school.

WHEN in quest of material, we still have some matrimonial matter to fall back on.

The marriage of Miss Ida M. Foote, '81, and Mr. Thom. G. Willis, was celebrated Oct. 10, 1883. A brilliant reception was held at the residence of her uncle, A. W. Mills, Esq., Utica, after which the wedded pair left for a bridal tour to New York and various places in Connecticut, followed by hearty wishes for "a happy voyage across the matrimonial sea, to the evergreen shore."

Miscellany.

TENNIS season is passed.

GET your skates sharpened.

PASS "a" sardine.

APPROPRIATE names: No. 62, Den of Errors; No. 60, Cave of Morpheus; No. 63, Sardine-box.

PROF. BRAGDON did not appreciate his serenade (combs) Halloween. "Come again."

MISS W. has Ed. on the brain. Yes, Education, at present.

SOME cash contributions have been received toward purchasing the fine geological cabinet spoken of in our last issue. Prof. Burke would be glad to receive a few more just such replies to his invitations for help in securing this prize of a collection.

WE appreciate the Robinson rally.

MISS C. translates "Le Samedi se donne au jeu:" "Saturday is given to the Jews."

A PREP. says that "Halloween is the time when 'the Evil One' sees what he can do."

A GIRL who lets her mother wash all the dishes, will weep the most at the funeral, because she will miss her the most.

MISS W.'s version of "Wie haben ein kock und zwei kochin," is: "We have a cake and two cookies."

A FINE constitution may be ruined by simple neglect. So, girls, take the "air exercises."

AMONG the various comfortable and pretty attractions of the Hall, have been added two beautiful deep-red cherry benches.

MISS L.—"Who is the heroine of 'Hypatia?'" MISS R.—"I have not read far enough to learn the name of that beautiful woman?"

MICHIGAN was lately visited by a hail-storm so severe that it took the horns off a cow. That is mild, however, in comparison with one in New York State, which actually broke a cake a Vassar girl had made.

Oft in a stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
I heard a whizzing sound, like
The buzzing of a bee.
But 'twas only the snore
Of a friend next door;
'Twas only that, and nothing more.

It is probable that the authorities at Washington, D. C., will send Lasell a collection of zoölogical specimens. Senator G. F. Hoar has kindly indorsed an application, and has highly recommended Lasell to Prof. S. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

MISS STARR, a beaming Junior, recently met a young gentleman whom she had met before. He not exactly remembering her name, called her Miss Constellation. A friend near by corrected him, when he replied, "Oh, well! I knew it was something heavenly."

It has been requested that we remove our bangs sufficiently enough to show one inch and a half of our foreheads. This is *too* much. It is every woman's duty to make herself look as charming as possible, and many of us have not one inch and a half to show; again, with the most of us, the more we cover our faces the better. Hence I fear that the request, in all cases, cannot be granted.

“A PARD-LIKE SPIRIT.” — SHELLEY.

Maid of Boston, old and staid,
Come where Pegasus once neighed.
Maid of Cambridge, sweet annex,
Many a student's head doth vex.
Maid of Lasell, with banged hair,
Where's thy equal? — where, oh, where?

EVERY subscriber to a school-paper can do much by becoming a reporter for it, and in that way help the editors to get out a readable sheet.

Those Western belles! those Western belles!
How strange a tale their beauty tells,
Of powder, shot, and equine game,
When *last I took mistaken aim.* — *Ex.*

Oh my! oh my! that Eastern girl,
Who doth her manuscript unfurl,
Of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin lore,
With which her brain is brimming o'er.

Our Exchanges.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maiden stood in a gros-grain silk,
Viewing her jersey o'er,
Sad, sad, sad;
Then wickedly winking her eye,
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad,
“I'll put you on, or die!”

Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue almost bitten in two;
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through.
With moans, and sighs, and tears,
With tears, and sighs, and moans,
She pawed the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed;
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head;
While in a eloset dark
The naughty jersey laid:
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain,
And sorry was the maid.

— *Ex.*

Revised Version of a Familiar Poem.

Not a drum was heard, nor victorious shout,
As our hero to Lowell we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged even one farewell shot
O'er the grave where our fond hopes were buried.

We carried him darkly, at dead of night,
As the vote from the last town returning,
Told us only too plainly the Ben Butler light
Was but dimly and wearily burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in shroud of past speeches we wound him;
For Butler, defeated, is but taking a rest
With his often-changed coat wrapped around him.

Oh, decidedly few were the prayers we said,
Not feeling remarkably pious;
But we steadfastly gazed on the unfruitful past,
And said, “Wish he'd never come nigh us.”

We thought, as we took our old candidate up
From the gubernatorial chair,
“How contented to-night the Republicans sup,
And gloat o'er the lion's old lair.

How lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And laugh at his depth of dejection!
But little he'll reek, for he'll try to catch on
To the next Presidential election.

He'll gather together his Tewksbury files,
To be published for fresh distribution;
And enter the contest with dollars in piles,
While his ‘cheek’ suffers no diminution.”

So, slowly and sadly we left him up there,
Where ambition his sense overreaches:
Our one consolation, while Robinson rules,
Must be reading Ben's lively old speeches.

For while we our candidate laid up to dry
On the highest political shelf,
We're sure that next year he'll serenely bob down,
His own individual self.

Carpets.

CARPETS were brought into England in the time of the Crusades. From time immemorial rugs have been employed in the East, as they are now, to eat and sleep upon. Egypt first used them as floor-coverings in the days of her ancient splendor, and Rome brought them in profusion from her Eastern provinces; but they were used only by the wealthy. The best houses in Europe, up to the time of Henry IV. of France, were laid with oaken boards in *marqueterie*, and polished with wax. In Hampton Court Palace the beautiful floors have no covering, though the walls are covered with tapestry. Queen Elizabeth lived upon floors that were strewn daily with rushes; and even this was considered effeminate. Henry IV. introduced the manufacture of carpets into France from Persia about 1606, but not until 1750 was this industry carried into England by workmen from France. Now, over two hundred millions of yards of carpeting are in constant wear in that country. In the United States, in proportion to population, more carpeting is used than anywhere else in the world.

Before the invention of the Jacquard loom, about 1804, carpets were either of very simple pattern, or when elaborate in their designs were very expensive. Now, by means of this loom, carpeting at once beautiful and durable can be produced at such price as can be afforded by people of moderate means. It is thought by some hygienists that our people would be as well off if less carpeting were used, and floors were left in such condition as to be readily cleaned. Hence, of late, in many fine houses the floors are made of fine hard wood, and partially covered with handsome rugs, which can easily be taken up and shaken while the floor is thoroughly cleaned.

Carpets are of two kinds — that of double or treble fabrics, known as ingrain and three-ply, and that having a raised pile on one side with a cotton or linen back

on the other. Of the second kind there are several varieties, known as tapestry, Brussels, Wilton, moquette, Axminster, and Aubusson. The last three are very similar in appearance and construction, with a “high, tufted pile, thick, durable, and expensive.” The Brussels and Wilton are made alike, excepting that in the latter the loops are cut open and sheared smooth, while in the Brussels they are not cut. Velvets and tapestry are made similarly to Brussels and Wilton, but in a less expensive manner, and so can be bought at a less price. Venetian carpets have a striped woolen warp, which entirely covers the woof of hemp, cotton, or woolen. Gobelin, Turkish, and Persian carpets are of rug-like make, and are always in one piece. In artistic perfection Gobelin tapestry has always ranked highest, and these carpets are all works of art, and not of artisanship. The designs are chiefly pictured scenes in colors. Some handsome specimens of this work were exhibited at the Centennial, in 1876, and there have been imitations of them in the Loan Collection at the Metropolitan Museum in this city. The colored silks and wools of which they are made are passed into the work by means of wooden needles. Each artist averages less than one and one-quarter square yards a year. From \$30,000 to \$40,000 is required to pay for some of these carpets, which take from five to ten years in their manufacture. None have been sold from the factory since 1791. The French Government has presented them to foreign courts.

Turkish carpets are the work of families and households. They are woven in one piece, and no two are ever exactly alike. The pattern represents inlaid jewel work. The origin of these patterns is unknown even to Mussulmans. Persian rugs have a limited sale, owing to their small size. They are long and narrow, and seldom larger than hearth-rugs. Entire tribes and families have no occupation but carpet-weaving, yet, as in Turkey, there is no large manufactory. Velvet carpets with gold embroidery are produced in British India. Some are composed entirely of silk, and are very beautiful and very expensive. The designs of Indian carpets are more regular than those of Turkey, and “the colors are mostly warm negatives, enlivened with brilliant hues interspersed.”

Since 1862 the production of carpets of various kinds in the United States has greatly increased, and is now a very important industry. — *Tribune.*

Clippings.

THE FLOWN SOUL.

FRANCIS HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

February 6, 1881.

Come not again! I dwell with you
Above the realm of frost and dew,
Of pain and fire, and growth to death.
I dwell with you where never breath
Is drawn, but fragrance vital flows
From life to life, even as a rose
Unseen pours sweetness through each vein,
And from the air distills again.
You are my rose unseen; we live
Where each to other joy may give
In ways untold, by means unknown,
And secret as the magnet-stone.

For which of us, indeed, is dead?
No more I lean to kiss your head—
The gold-red hair so thick upon it;
Joy feels no more the touch that won it
When o'er my brow your pearl-cool palm
In tenderness so childish, calm,
Crept softly, once. Yet, see, my arm
Is strong, and still my blood runs warm;
I still can work, and think, and weep.

But all this show of life I keep
Is but the shadow of your shine,
Flicker of your fire, husk of your vine;
Therefore you are not dead, nor I,
Who hear your laughter's minstrelsy.
Among the stars your feet are set;
Your little feet are dancing yet
Their rhythmic beat, as when on earth—
So swift, so slight are death and birth!

Come not again, dear child. If thou
By any chance couldst break that vow
Of silence at thy last hour made;
If to this grim life, unafraid,
Thou couldst return, and melt the frost
Wherein thy bright limb's power was lost,
Still would I whisper—since so fair
This silent comradeship we share—
Yes, whisper 'mid the unbidden rain
Of tears, "Come not, come not again!"

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

November "Manhattan."

Shakspeare's Remains Not to be Disturbed.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, October 3d. The Mayor having refused his assent to the proposed exhumation of Shakspeare's remains, the matter was finally settled by a vote of the Council, yesterday, condemning any disturbance of Shakspeare's grave.

The plan was to transfer his remains to Westminster Abbey.

It is the successful physician who does not let well enough alone.

The Widow Butler will remain single, so far as gubernatorial terms go.

The Democrats are to be congratulated upon the success of their Grinnell search expedition.

The editor in Paris, like the physician in the world generally, has no standing in society until he has killed his man.

THEY used to say, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Nowadays it is a well-recognized fact that even forty rods make one rood.

"No," said Bass; "I can't afford to pay you anything to tell my fortune. When I find the fortune, I guess I shall be able to tell it without your help, thank you." He probably will.

A MACHINE has been invented in London for making short persons long. Fogg is anxious for a machine which shall prevent persons of about his stature from ever becoming short.

ONE of the newspapers got its political news under the head of "Fine Arts." The singular thing about the blunder was, that none of the readers noticed anything inappropriate in the caption.

"WHAT this country needs," says one of our town ladies, "is a religion which will make a man feel that it is just as cold for his wife to get up and build a fire as it is for himself."

THE fashions for gentlemen are, it is said, to be very quiet this winter; and this will be bad news to those who have been enjoying themselves in seeing how very grotesque a really sensible costume could be made when a man gave his mind—or what served him for a mind—to the task. There will be less fun than there has been if the little coats and tight trousers must go.—*Boston Budget*.

THERE unquestionably is such a thing as overwork of the brain; but it is by no means so common a thing as is claimed or supposed—especially in a grown person; with children the danger is more imminent. A little worry in connection with a small amount of work, by one in mature years, is far more likely to overtax the brain, or to break down the worker, than a great deal of work without worry. And if a man taxes his brain with alcohol or tobacco, it is of no use for him to lay his brain troubles to any legitimate work of the brain; nor is it right for the friends of such a man, when he has broken down, to talk of his failure as occasioned by overwork of his brain. Moreover, there is a great deal less danger from hard and steady brain-work, than from brain-indolence, or from irregular work of the brain. The *Medical Record* quotes, in this line, from a recent issue of *The British Medical Journal*, saying, "Overwork" properly so called, is not so likely to occur, or, if it occurs, to do mischief, as irregular or disorderly activity;"

and, again: "Desultory and insufficient work is more to be feared, by far, than 'overwork;' because the brain, like every other part of the organism, grows as it feeds, and it can only feed as it works." All statistics go to show, that the larger percentage of insane patients are from classes in the community doing least brain-work; and that those whose brains are worked most steadily and severely, live longest, as a class, in comparison with other classes. Men who are afraid of dying from overwork of their brains, would commonly improve their prospects of a long life if they would work their brains more, and worry less about their brains.

What Are You Reading?

STEP into this public library, and watch the many comers and goers. Is it not a little awesome to think that here, preserved in a life beyond life, wait the spirits of thousands of the mighty dead—wait to be invited to hold communion with these living minds, to touch and stir these eager, throbbing human hearts? Do we carefully select from among them "the best society?" Let us watch this pretty young girl passing near us. Her eye glances along the full shelves. Here Sir Walter Scott throws open to her ancient castles and baronial halls; but she does not pause to enter. Then Tennyson pushes gently toward her the light shallop of the Lady of Shalott; but she lets it drift idly past. Milton opens before her heedless vision heights crowned by angels, and depths blackened by demons; but still that unsatisfied look of search is upon her face. Shakspeare clears a little glade in the greenwood, and makes room for her among Titania and her circling fays; but she only looks bewildered and amazed. Then Science comes forward, with adjusted telescope and microscope; with bird, and beast, and butterfly; with stones, and shells, and crimson corals. History and Travel unroll brilliant panoramas of all lands and all ages. Art sets up before her fine buildings, grand statues, and beautiful paintings; while Religion proffers knowledge, and consolation, and growth in grace, from many an open page of truth. But see! the girl we are watching pushes past them all, and says to the librarian, "Haven't you any of Ouida's novels in this library? I've been looking all through these shelves, and I can't find one." Yet that girl will not bate jot or tittle, mind you, of her rightful claim to a place in "the best society."

—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Exchanges.

Some were born for great things,
Some were born for small;
Some—'tis not recorded
Why they were born at all.— *Ex.*

THE *Polytechnic* shines in a new suit. We slightly hesitate to say, but think, "into the mazes" would appropriately describe it.

To the *Latin School Register*—"We'll be there anon, friends." Thanks for your kind interest.

WE would refer the *Amherst Student* to *Student Life*, for the original of "Good-night."

WE would modestly call the attention of the *Northwestern* to our presence on their exchange list.

WE enjoy the *St. Mary's Sentinel*, it has such a martial air, etc., etc. Brings back tender recollections of the summer, etc., etc.

THE editor of the *Oberlin Review* must have been in the same box with the editor who, being pressed for time, wrote his editorials during an after-dinner nap.

THE scintillations in the *Comet* are not so brilliant as might be supposed. "All that glitters is not gold," is not correct Shakspeare, even if good English.

Extract from the *Hamilton College Monthly Editorial*: "A beautiful cypress vine has twined itself in folds." That must have been a "double-back-action" cypress vine.

THE *College Transcript* has got the handle to the society question. Every student ought to join a society, and the sooner he does it the better—especially for the societies—in some cases.

THE *Tuftsian* is all tangled up in the subject of co-education. We are glad you advocate equal rights, and hope you will see them carried out; but now for a wee bit of advice: after adopting your colors, never question whether or not they are true.

WE have not failed to notice the union of the *Harvard Herald* and *Crimson*. It must not forget, that now double literary merit will be expected, instead of an excess of advertisements, or two reports of the same base-ball game.

WE advise the *University Cynic* not to take a stand on the foot question (see reversible joke), as it might call attention to their own pedal extremities. We faintly question if there has ever been an original joke perpetrated at the University of Vermont.

New Books for the Library.

The following books have lately been added to the Library:—

Parliamentary Practice.
A Complete Concordance to Shakespeare.
A Shakespearian Grammar.
A Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems.
Elements of Geology.
A Text-Book of Physiology.
Victorian Poets.
Education. Herbert Spencer.
Lessons in Electricity.
Studies in Spectrum Analysis.
On Sound.
Animals and Plants under Domestication.
Foreign Classics.
Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence.
Insectivorous Plants.
Light and Electricity.
The Forms of Water.
A History of Classical Greek Literature.
Rambles and Studies in Greece.
The Chemistry of Common Life.
The Sun.
Volcanoes.
The New Chemistry.
Elizabethan Literature and Characters of Shakespeare.
Schlegel's Dramatic Literature.
Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.
Aspects of Poetry.
Science Primers.
Life of Walter Scott.
Lectures on the English Language.
Walden.
Characteristics of Women.
The Descent of Man.
Popular Astronomy.
Lessons in Elementary Chemistry.
Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography.
The Chemical History of a Candle.
New Greece.
Philosophy of Style.
Foreign Classics.

Publisher's Notes.

VISIT the warerooms of Chickering & Sons, Tremont St., Boston.

WAREROOMS of McKnabe & Co., Pianos, 506 Washington St., Boston.

READ this month's advertisements carefully.

IF you have any dentistry to be done, go to Dr. G. M. Kingman, Winter St., and you will be satisfied with the result.

SEE advertisement of Emerson Piano Co., and cut of their new building, where they have a large assortment of fine pianos.

GET your Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers at T. E. Mosely's, 469 Washington St., Boston.

IMPROVE the opportunity given by the Thanksgiving recess, to enjoy yourselves at the Boston Roller Skating Rink, open morning, afternoon, and evening. See advertisements.

FINE assortment of Wall Paper is at C. H. Robinson's, 406 Washington St., Boston. Every one who has seen the improvements of Lasell this year, will testify to the excellency of the work done by this firm.

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Oct. 9, 1883, adopted for *exclusive use* in all the Grammar Schools of the City of Boston: "STONE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND," by A. P. STONE, LL.D., Superintendent of Schools, City of Springfield, Mass.

The question of the adoption of a text-book on English History, to supersede the one in use, has been prominent in the Boston School Board for the past three years, and during this time a most careful and critical comparison has been made of the most popular text-books on the subject. The fact that after so thorough an examination and comparison, Stone's History was unanimously adopted by the School Board, is a most gratifying and conclusive evidence of its merit.

The author of Stone's History is widely known as one of the most successful of New England educators. His text-book in history is prepared with great care, in the light of a long experience as a teacher of the subject, and will be found a well-prepared and impartial History of the country, written in a style to interest the pupil in the main historical events without wearying him with a mass of unimportant facts and figures. A special feature of the book is the prominence given to features of social life and progress, giving the pupils an idea of the manners and habits of the people, and the state of society at different periods. It is fully illustrated with maps, etc. Educators will do well to examine this book. Specimen copy for examination on receipt of 50 cts. Favorable terms for first introduction. THOMPSON, BROWN & CO., Publishers, 23 Hawley Street, Boston

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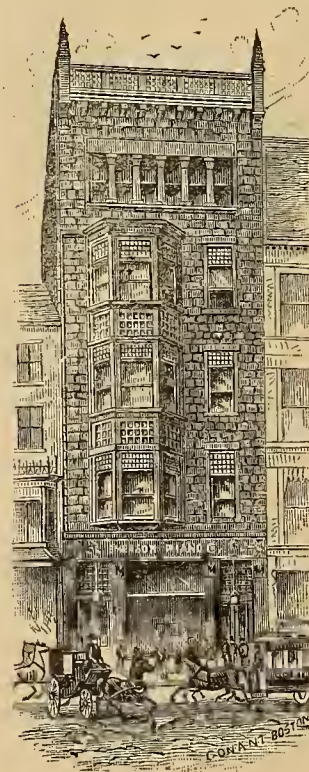
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

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NUMBER 3.

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Editorial.

THE LEAVES greets the college world with "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!" Again the rolling seasons have brought that time in the year to which we all look forward—Christmas, the merry, joyful season of the year.

No one, perhaps, greets Christmas with more delight than the college student. As the term draws to a close, we count the weeks, days, and even hours. While we are studying, we seem to hear the jingle of

sleigh-bells; we fancy we are carried swiftly down a broad sheet of ice on a mere piece of steel—a skate. Then the parties, etc! The odor of the Christmas turkey and plum-pudding seems wafted to us, and then the recitation-bell rings, and the only comfort we have for dreaming away the hour that should have been devoted to study, is, that Christmas will soon be here.

After the gayeties of Christmas, come New Year's Eve, with its sober retrospect, its hopeful forward glance, its fresh resolutions. It has been well said, that if one keeps half the resolutions one makes on New Year's Day, one does well. There is another thought connected with this. Why wait for New Year's Day to make resolutions? To-day is the accepted time. Make your resolutions now, this last week in December, and when New Year comes they will not be so hard to keep. Better never make a resolution than break it.

Would not Christmas and New Year be more to us if we thought more about them through the rest of the year?

THERE seems to be a great deal of trouble at Yale on account of the Senior Societies. In *The Nation*, November 29th, is quite a long letter from a Senior, in which he exposes, as much as possible, the evils caused by these secret societies. If a man's rank as a student and social standing at Yale, depend upon his being elected a member of one of these societies, and if the means to this end are such as to cause immorality in the College (and consequently affect the character of the members of these Societies), it is a shame to Yale. Of course such a state of affairs should demand immediate attention, and the only way to eradicate these evils, is to have a thorough examination of the matter, and to take such action as would be necessary to abolish them.

IN the November LEAVES, the article on "The Use of Going to College" should have been credited to *The Nation*, and that on "Overwork of the Brain" to *The Christian Union*. These acknowledgments were inadvertently omitted.

"Little Wanderers" and the Old North Church.

DURING the Thanksgiving vacation, some of the young ladies accepted Professor Bragdon's invitation to visit with him the home of the "Little Wanderers," in Boston. It is in a part of the city which few of us had ever seen before—one of those places where brokers' shops are gathered in marvelous numbers; little tumble-down booths, painted in trying contrasts, huddled into small spaces between minute dry goods establishments, containing specimens of wearing apparel suggesting an existence coeval with the ark.

Moving quickly through this dingy end of Salem Street, we turned into a court where stands an old, gray brick building, bearing the name of "Little Wanderer's Home," and which is, in truth, a quiet haven for the little stragglers from the great populace. In the hallway, as we entered, were piled barrels and boxes, which bespoke the benevolence of some kindly hearts who had furnished the dainties that were spread on long tables in the room above, where a goodly audience had gathered to hear the children sing, and listen to addresses of the patrons of this noble work. One is forever seeing people who are vivid reminders of old acquaintances in the wide world of Dickens' lore; and here was a scene right out of Dickens—the sad, sad side of life, touched into pathetic sweetness, with even a humorous vein, as the wee, well-trained toddlers gave evidence of the human nature strong within, by their various quaint manners of consuming the delicacies before them.

The sight was a pleasant one, good for all of us, and we would have been glad to look further into the working of these young lives; but another plan hurried us on to the old North Church, where we were received with great cordiality by the rector, who is himself historic along with the many interesting objects in his dear old church, he, his mother, and grandmother having been baptized from the same quaint old bowl from which he now takes water for the christening of the children of his parish.

"My Friend Brown."

It was the week before Christmas. The girls at school talked of little else than the approaching Holidays, and were in all stages of delightful anticipation. Belle (my chum) and I were as excited as any of the girls; for Belle was to spend the vacation with me, and we had made plans enough for four weeks, which we intended to carry out in a week and a half. The only drawback to my happiness was, that my brother Tom was away from home. I had told Belle, again and again, all about my "big brother," how handsome, and talented, and good he was, and that I had set my heart on having him fall in love with her, — "it would be so nice to have her for my sister!" Belle always agreed, and laughingly promised to try her best to carry his heart by storm. And so we talked nonsense, as school-girls will, and lamented that Tom was not at home.

The closing days of the term went by all too slowly, but finally the last recitation was ended, and, after a four hours' uneventful journey, we were at my home.

The first three days of our vacation were stormy, and we had to stay indoors. We bore our imprisonment with the best grace we could, but on the afternoon of the third day we declared that the monotony was becoming almost unbearable; and when Tom unexpectedly arrived, in the evening, we hailed his appearance with great delight. But, when we were all settled to a quiet chat, I was surprised to find Belle grown suddenly shy and quiet. I was disappointed, for I was anxious that Belle should make a favorable impression on Tom, and she did not seem to be doing it. To make her quietness as little noticeable as possible, I rattled on at an unusual rate, with real school-girl "gush," and told how tiresome the last few days had been, and how we were "just dying for something new, and wished something unusual and romantic would happen." Tom laughed at my nonsense, told me that I had been reading some sensational novel (I hadn't!), and then began talking with mother about his journey.

When Belle and I went upstairs, Belle turned to me, and said, "I know just what you think, Aggie, though you are too polite to say it. I know I have made a perfect goose of myself this evening, but I couldn't help it. Your brother isn't a bit as I imagined him. You have talked so much nonsense about him that I thought he was a gay, dashing fellow, like some of the

Harvard boys we know; but he is so different from what I expected, so much older looking, and has such a common-sense air about him, that I couldn't talk with him the way we talk with most young gentlemen. I believe I was half afraid of him, but I'll try to do better to-morrow."

It cleared away "snapping cold" that night, and the next evening some of my friends called for us, and we went skating with a merry party of young ladies and gentlemen. Tom was not with us; to my disappointment he had gone away somewhere for the evening.

We had been skating about ten minutes, when Ned Weston exclaimed, as a tall figure shot past us, "Why, there's Brown! I must bring him back!"

The stranger was soon "brought back," and Ned introduced him as "my friend Brown."

"My friend Brown" skated with Belle all the evening, and the rest of us girls hadn't so much as a word from him. From a distance we admired his fine skating, and envied Belle; and wondered where he came from, and if we should ever see him again. Ned was the only one who could give us any information on the subject — and Ned was very unsatisfactory; he said, "Brown is a first-rate fellow, smart, rich, and handsome," and then he teased us so mercilessly because of our evident interest in the stranger, that we were ashamed to ask any more questions.

When Belle and I were at last in the privacy of our room, Belle gave me a fuller description of Mr. Brown. "It was so dark on the pond," she said, "that I couldn't see just how he looked, but I think he is handsome. If he should shave off those heavy side-whiskers, I think he would look just a little like your brother. He has rather a peculiar voice, and is not very talkative, but what he does say is worth hearing, and I am sure you would like him."

We spent the next day in shopping and sight-seeing, and in the evening we went skating with the same party as before. Mr. Brown was already on the pond, and again he skated with Belle.

The next morning I rehearsed the affair to Tom, embellishing the facts with a schoolgirl's love of mystery. Tom laughed, called us "romantic schoolgirls," and then went down town.

I was beginning to feel provoked with Tom for not paying more attention to us girls; and I was quite sure that Belle was piqued by his indifference, for whenever he was present she talked of Mr. Brown in

a very enthusiastic and complimentary way — in fact, "quite raved over him."

A most fascinating mystery was beginning to envelope Mr. Brown. Evening after evening he appeared on the pond, and always skated with Belle. We never met him at any other time or place, and could learn nothing about him. Ned said, "Brown is a grand fellow, whom any young lady might be proud to know;" and that was all he would say of his friend.

On the last evening of our vacation we started for the pond, as usual. Just after we had turned the corner of the street, I found that I had left my skate-wrench at home, and Ned and I went back for it. I remembered leaving the wrench on the library table; and telling Ned to wait in the parlor, I rushed for the library. I threw open the door — but stopped on the threshold in amazement; for, at the sound of the opening door, Tom turned suddenly toward me from before the mirror. In his hand he held a false beard, and on the chair by his side lay the fur coat and cap that we girls had so often admired on "Mr. Brown." I saw through the whole mystery at once, of course, and my wrath burst forth.

"Tom Osgood, I'm ashamed of you!" I cried. "How could you be mean enough to play such a trick on us, and especially on Belle? I'll never forgive you in this wide world — no, never!" and the angry tears rose to my eyes. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"And so I am, to tell the truth," he said soberly. "But don't be too hard on me, Aggie. Sit down, and let me tell you about it."

My curiosity got the better of my anger, and I dropped into a chair.

"I don't see what ever made me do such a ridiculous thing," he said, rather sheepishly; "but the evening I came home, when you wished so ardently for something unusual and romantic to happen, I thought it would be fun to masquerade a little for your entertainment. I borrowed the coat and cap; the false beard had already assisted in many a college masquerade; I depended on my knowledge of elocution for a different voice; and as to my name, I didn't see why it was any worse for Thomas Brown Osgood to be called simply 'Brown' for awhile, than it is for Maud Agatha Osgood to be called 'Aggie.' I didn't mean to keep up the joke so long, but it has amused me to see how pleased Miss Woodworth has been with me in my character of 'Brown,' while it is very plain that she hasn't liked Tom Osgood at all. Do you

think Miss Woodworth suspects anything?"

"I'm sure she doesn't," I answered.

"I was afraid she discovered my true character last evening. We were skating along, when suddenly the ice cracked ominously under our feet. I was startled, and exclaimed in my natural voice, 'Skate this way, quick! we are in danger!' I thought surely I was detected, for Miss Woodworth was very quiet for awhile; but perhaps it was only the effect of her fright, for she soon began to talk and laugh as usual. Now, Aggie dear, I beg of you not to betray me. Miss Woodworth will hate me if she knows about it. If you will promise not to tell her, I promise that 'Mr. Brown' shall not be seen after to-night; and if you will bring your chum home with you next summer, I will be a perfect angel, and do anything and everything for your enjoyment. Will you promise?"

"I don't know about it," I said. "Of course Belle will hate you, but I think you deserve it."

"I suppose I do," he admitted, penitently; "but I have been punished, somewhat already. I have felt obliged to keep away from you girls most of the time, for fear Miss Woodworth would see the resemblance between 'Mr. Brown' and me. Please promise, Aggie?"

And I promised, for I loved my brother Tom too well to refuse.

But then a new thought struck me, "And Ned Weston helped you! Oh, won't I pay him for it!"

Tom laughed, "Poor Ned! But I think you will not be too severe on him."

I took my skate-wrench from the table, and went back to Ned, and then to the pond.

The next day, Belle and I returned to school. As the days and weeks passed, how I longed to know whether Belle knew about "Mr. Brown," but no word of hers told me anything. I felt sure that she didn't like Tom — as Tom; and I was afraid she wouldn't accept my invitation to go home with me in June. But, to my pleased surprise, she accepted at once.

I said to her, "I was afraid you wouldn't care to visit me again, for I know you don't like Tom."

Belle's face flushed as she said, "Your brother doesn't like me, and I cannot blame him. I acted my very worst last Christmas; I am provoked with myself when I think of the nonsense I talked about that mysterious Mr. Brown."

I wrote in my letter to Tom, that after-

noon, "Belle is coming home with me, and I'm sure she doesn't know a thing about that 'Brown' affair."

Tom came on when we graduated, and took us home. The summer flew by pleasantly. Tom redeemed his promise of "doing anything and everything for our enjoyment." In September, it was decided that Belle should board with us for a year, and take music lessons in the city. My delight at this plan was unbounded.

Christmas soon came again. On Christmas evening there was a sleighing party. Tom said the sleighing was not very good in some places, and he thought double sleighs would not run as easily as single; so he took Belle in one sleigh, and left me for Ned. After we came home that night, Belle put her arm around me, and said, "Aggie, you said once that it would be very nice if I were your sister; Tom says he thinks so too, and I —"

"And you have said yes, you old darling! Oh, I am so glad!"

Then I was suddenly silent.

Belle laughed, "I know just what you are thinking, and I will answer your question without your asking it. Yes, Tom has told me all about 'Mr. Brown,' but it was no news to me, for I had known it ever since last Christmas time. That night when the ice cracked, his voice betrayed him. At first I was astonished, and very angry, and my impulse was to demand an explanation; but on second thought I decided to let him go on, and see if I could discover what motive he could have for treating me so. I didn't know till to-night that you knew anything about it, so I never mentioned it to you. No one can say after this, that girls can't keep a secret!"

Belle says I must be her bridesmaid; but Ned says we had better have a double wedding — and perhaps we shall.

THE Lasell Publishing Association held their monthly meeting, Dec. 8th. The election of officers for the ensuing term was as follows: —

President,	Miss M. Williams.
Vice-President,	" Ebersole.
Secretary,	" Mayo.
Editor-in-Chief,	" Merriam.
Political Editor,	" Ford.
Art Editor,	" Harmon.
Science Editor,	" Fuller.
Local Editor,	" Penfield.

Exchange Editor, Miss Haller.
Subscription Agent, " Hoke.

AUDITING COMMITTEE.

Miss Hasbrouck. Miss Larrison.
Miss Willard.

Art Notes.

ADDED to the Italian exhibition at the Foreign Exposition, is a medallion portrait, in relief (cast in bronze), of Mr. W. D. Howells, from the sculptor, Larkin W. Mead, who is a brother of Mrs. Howells.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD, a modest and promising young artist, has just finished a lifelike crayon of the late Mrs. Drake, who was the widow of Deacon Drake. She has also made a faithful reproduction of her father, Dr. L. D. Packard, and is at present at work on a child's picture.—*Daily Evening Traveller.*

A FEW days ago, the committee on Bartholdi's statue of Liberty viewed a model for the pedestal from a design of Richard M. Hunt. The design has been accepted, subject to any change the Committee may see fit to make; but probably the model is a perfect representation of the pedestal, as it will appear when the statue is raised on Bedloe's Island, next summer. Many names of individuals have been given who will pay for the pedestal; but it is thought to be better for the expense to be paid by the American people, as the statue is presented to the country by the people of France.

THE unveiling of the statue of Washington took place on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, New York, Monday, November 28, 1883. Although the rain fell heavily all the time, there were many spectators.

After a number of speeches, a cord was pulled on either side of the statue, and in a moment the drapery fell off, and the statue of Washington was revealed in all its noble simplicity and beauty. There was a pause for a few seconds, and then a hearty cheer arose from the crowd of delighted spectators. It was a popular acknowledgment that the artist had spoken as eloquently with his chisel as had any of the orators of the day with their tongues.

George William Curtis delivered the oration of the day, standing on the same stone on which Washington had taken his first oath of office.

A Merry Christmas at Grandpa's.

It was Christmas Eve, and everything out of doors looked white and cold, and everything indoors warm and cheerful. Clare and Harry were standing in the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, with their faces pressed against the window-pane, looking out on the white snow-drifts that were piled up everywhere. The big fire of pine logs blazed merrily, now and then lighting up the darkest corners of the half-dark room, and making the old family portraits, festooned in laurel and evergreen, look like real living beings. The boys were waiting for the sleigh which was to bring their city cousins to spend the Holidays with them. Clare and Harry were now sixteen and fourteen years old, and they had lived at Grandpa's since they were little children. And a nice place it was to live in! The long halls were splendid to play in, and the deep window-seats and little out-of-the-way nooks were just the places to read or study in.

Sounds came from the next room. It was the servant, laying the cloth for supper. They would be hungry after their long ride in the cold wind.

"There they are!" cried Harry, suddenly, and they ran to the door and out on the long piazza. The sleigh drove into the yard and up to the steps, — a sleigh full of jolly young folks, father and mother trying their best to keep them in till John, the faithful old coachman, could stop the horses. He helped them out one by one, and they ran with shouts of laughter into the house to see Grandpa and Grandma. Then John brought in a great many mysterious-looking bundles and put them into the library, which had been for several days carefully guarded by Aunt Annie. Harry whispered to his cousins, "There must be lots of nice things in there, for Aunt Annie has been carrying in bundles, and John working about there for the last three days."

Soon after supper the children went to bed, with promises that the first one who woke up in the morning should wake up all the rest, and then they would all go together and shout "Merry Christmas," at all the doors. The next morning, long before the sun had any thoughts of rising, they were up, scampering around the house, and waking up all the grown people with their noise. But everybody was very good-natured. Aunt Annie promised them that they should have breakfast as soon as Grandpa came down, and

then they might go into the library and have their presents.

When at last the time came, what do you suppose they found? A handsome Christmas-tree, hung with shining balls, red-cheeked apples, and bright-colored wax-tapers, and festooned with strings of popcorn and cranberries. Ranged around the tree were chairs for each one, on which were placed his or her presents. There was a great deal of screaming and jumping around, as just the things were found which had been most wished for. Then, as a matter of course, everything had to be compared, each one thinking, if he did not say it, that his presents were the very nicest of all.

But now it was time to go to church, and the big, old sleigh was at the door. As there was not room for all, Grandpa and Grandma came behind in the single sleigh with Dobbin, the old white horse. The church was trimmed with evergreen, and the choir sang a beautiful Christmas anthem. When they came out they all realized more what Christmas meant, but they were all the more happy. As soon as they had warmed their hands at the big, open fire-place in the hall, they were summoned to dinner. And such a dinner as it was! The table fairly groaned under its load of good things. There was the big turkey in front of Grandpa, roast goose for Uncle Harry to carve, chicken-pie, and any number of dishes of vegetables, preserves, and pickles. There were great mounds of cake and flowers in the center of the table. By and by came the Christmas pudding, with innumerable pies and cakes; and then there were fruit, and candy, and nuts.

But almost the best time of all was in the evening, when Aunt Annie took them all up stairs to the great store-room, filled with old-fashioned chests and trunks, and they arrayed themselves in their choice of full skirts, high-heeled slippers, high combs, velvet knee-pants, silver knee-buckles, and three-cornered hats. In the library the Christmas-tree was lighted, and around this they danced, and played, and sang. And there we must leave them, with Grandpa and Grandma sitting in their high-backed chairs, smiling at all the gayety, and thinking of the days when they danced in those same costumes, on the same old "Merry Christmas Day."

MEMBER OF FRESHMAN ENGLISH CLASS.

NATURE has given all men some conceptions of immortality.

THE Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has decided that a woman is a "person." May we prove worthy of the condescension, and the Court only be sorry that it did not settle the question before!

FIFTY THOUSAND ounces of silver bullion have been purchased by the Treasury Department to be used in coining dimes enough to supply the unusual demand for these coins.

EVACUATION DAY was pleasantly celebrated in New York, in spite of the rainy weather. The long procession, participated in by the President and several Governors of the States, together with firemen, soldiers, etc., was very imposing. The novel idea of a procession of steam-vessels was watched by many. In the afternoon, the unveiling of the statue of Washington on Wall Street, and a banquet in the evening, completed the exercises.

Science.

ACCORDING to the new theory, we shall sometime be "vaccinated" against consumption and yellow fever, as we now are against smallpox.

ELECTRICAL omnibuses, the invention of M. Phillippart, recently traveled from the Place de Nations, Paris, to Versailles, a distance of more than twenty kilometers. Only one time there was a stoppage, owing to the heating of a coil by excess of current; but the delay did not take up much time.

A METHOD of signaling by means of an electrical balloon has been recently tried in Paris. The balloon was made of paper rendered translucent, and was about eight inches in diameter, and was filled with pure hydrogen. A Swan lamp was fitted inside, and a rope carrying two copper wires was attached to it. When the circuit was completed, the balloon gave the appearance of a globe of fire.

It has lately been proposed to use the enormous water-power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland. Operations are now in progress to connect the towns St. Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway nearly five miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams. Should the experiment prove successful, it will be extended to the north

for a distance of forty-seven miles, and south about thirty miles, thus effecting a second between the Swiss and Italian railways.

A STATEMENT comes from Berlin, that Dr. Koch, of the German Commission, which went to Egypt to investigate the cholera epidemic, reports that he has discovered that the cause of it is due to a living, threadlike, microscopic organism, resembling that seen in cases of phthisis. The theory of contagious diseases, first formulated by Pasteur, thus receives valuable evidence in its favor, and opens the possibility of bringing the dread Eastern plague under control.

Personals.

MISS LIZZIE WHIPPLE was made happy by a call from her "papa."

MISS FRANCES WILLARD was received with joy and gladness by the pupils of Lasell.

It gives us great pleasure to state, that Miss Marshall has so far recovered from her sprained ankle, as to be among us once more.

WE are sorry to say, that demoralizing game of "Authors" has crept into our midst, and that "Pussy Wants a Corner" is the popular game at Harvard.

When on Cupid's field of battle,
"In the love affairs of life,"
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

So we received the wedding notice of Miss Belle McKenzie, who has made herself a heroine.

A FEW weeks ago, an entertainment was given by the pupils in elocution. The readings, which were happily chosen, were proof of the excellent work that is being done in this department. The new and recent students acquitted themselves with self-possession and ease; while those who have had the advantage of Miss Call's instruction for a longer time, showed marked ability in every case. Miss Baker's impersonation of "Tom Sawyer," brought forth hearty applause. The extract from "Much Ado About Nothing," was remarkably well rendered by Miss Dora Walston. A pleasant feature of the programme was a charming little ballad, sung by Miss Miles.

MISS AVA LOWE, '83, brightened our halls once more by her cheerful countenance. We would like to see her again soon.

Thanksgiving.

THOSE who *had* to remain at Lasell on Thanksgiving, enjoyed the most delicious dinner we have had for some time; in fact, it nearly finished our earthly career. The only advantage our mates at home had, was the privilege of going to the cupboard that night and picking over the remains of the fowl. Below we give the *ménu*:—

Oysters on half shell.

SOUP.

Consommé à la Royale.

FISH.

Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce. Saratoga Potatoes.
Parker House Rolls.

ROAST.

Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing and Sauce.
Stuffed Goose, Cranberry Sauce. Lemon Jelly.

ENTREES.

Stewed Partridge, Celery Sauce.
Loin of Venison, Game Sauce. Apple Jelly.

COLD MEATS.

Smoked Tongue. Ham. Chicken Salad.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Sweet Potatoes. Mashed White Potatoes.
Onions. Squash. Peas. Tomatoes.
Succotash.

TOAST.

Crackers.

Cheese (Neufchatel, Edam, Pincapple, Stilton).
Olives.

PUDDINGS.

English Plum. Snow.

PIES.

Mince. Apple. Squash. Coconut.

DESSERT.

Vanilla Ice-Cream. Fruit Cake. Sponge Cake.
Chocolate Cake. Candy. Raisins.
Assorted Nuts. Apples. Oranges.
Tokay Grapes. Bananas.
Coffee.

By a strange coincidence the same day, December 12th bore witness to the self-denying efforts of Lasell girls to make others happy; viz., Belle McKenzie, at Mt. Lookout, Cincinnati, Ohio (5.30 o'clock); Jennie Smith, at Flint, Michigan (7 o'clock);

Agnes Adams, at Newton, Mass. (7.30 o'clock). So widely scattered are the effects of Lasell's good teaching! The Principal regrets that his immediate duties to their successors in the classic halls, prevented his joining personally in the congratulations given to his former and well-beloved pupils. But he thought of each one.

Within the Walls.

SOME one wants a patent elevator for her mind.

PROF. L.—Quel est le féminin d'Indien?
Miss M.—Squaw.

"NELLIE and her cronies." Who are they?

If you were in demand of a teacher, some one would sadly whisper, "Oh! it is a Faculty meeting."

SUDDEN thought: In all the numerous lives of George Washington, it is not mentioned whether or not he had a dog.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor. "Right over there," said the boy. "'Taint nowhere else."

Miss F. (on seeing Dr. Porter inflate a pair of lungs).—Oh! the idea of breathing into those livers.

ALL persons wishing their tight boots stretched please call at No. 60, where they will receive general satisfaction.

"Though I were dead, my heart would still beat for thee." If it were not slang, we would call that heart a "dead-beat."

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
That Wellesley maidens will not flirt,
For within my heart there slumbers,
Painful knowledge of their hurt.—*Ex.*

WHERE am I going? Why, I am going around to the Williamsport room, to get something to eat; some things are better than they look.

SPEAKING of flirts, how is this? A senior is questioned: "What is the name of that gentleman to whom you are engaged?" Senior blandly responds, "Which one?"

THROUGH the kindness of Senator Hoar, of Washington, D. C., Lasell has received quite a large collection of geological specimens from Prof. S. F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute.

PERHAPS at no time during the year have the lovers of star-gazing been so excited as on Friday evening, when the Astronomy class was invited over to take tea with Prof. Burke. After tea the remainder of the evening was spent in star-gazing.

As the end of the term draws near,
A quietness reigns through the school;
And each happy maiden grows thin from mere fear
That she may be breaking some rule.
The morn the S. G. list is read in school,
Is the time to see joy and vexation;
For each "coming woman" expected to hear
Her name read without hesitation.
But few of the many expectants, you see,
Have reached this high standard of trust;
For the list is made out by the teachers, and they
Truly do what their consciences think just.
A word to the good girl who is not S. G.:
Now don't get disheartened, and sigh,
For the one thing for you, in this good school
of ours,
Is to go straight to work and "try."

The Chinese Question.

A NEW VERSION.

His most royal highness, the great Ching Chu,
A curious thing decided to do,
As perhaps is not known to some of you;
But to others, surely, it's nothing new.
He had a daughter, the little Ping Wee,
And also two sons, as is known to me,
Called the King Lung Ace and the small Chang Lee,
Comprising the whole of his familiee.

He happened to dream, on a wintry night,
His nation was in an ignorant plight,
As was sad indeed to a monarch's sight;
And he wondered how in the world he might
To his ignorant subjects bring some light.
He thought of the proverb that charitee
Should always begin in the familiee;
So called to himself the little Ping Wee
And all the rest of his children three,
And thus his speech was reported to me:—

"For all of you, of whatever age,
An American tutor I'll engage,
For the English language is quite the rage;
And the Chinese people I now intend
The most learned of nations shall befriend.
And I have the best hopes that in the end,
The English nation will certainly send
Some of their arts and knowledge of things,
And some of those customs that learning brings,
And the wisdom I know from knowledge springs.

"Now to your nursery hasten to go:
When the tutor has come, I'll let you know;
He'll be along in a month or so.
And, by the way, I want to tell you
Of another thing I intend to do:
Of American children, quite a few
I've ordered to come with the tutor, too,

That American ways may come to be
The usual thing in my familiee;
And certain I feel that you'll all agree
That that was exceedingly wise in me."

In a couple of months the tutor came,
And Jonathan Jones, I think, was his name;
At any rate he was about the same,
As many another I've heard declaim
Concerning the goodness that learning brings,
And that all virtue from knowledge springs;
And wailing about the heathen Chinee
Because he was not as learned as we.

When about a year had the children spent
Under the tutor, and on learning bent,
The royal Ching Chu, on one morning, went
To learn from the way that the children spoke,
The customs used by American folk;
So in the nursery he thought he'd poke,
After laying aside his royal cloak.

As soon as his highness opened the door,
He spied of the children about a score,
Perhaps a few less, perhaps a few more,
Including the English mentioned before,
Scattered about on the nursery floor.
He soon by little Ping Wee was espied,
And when she saw him she loudly cried,
"Why, here is the Guv';" and the rest replied,
While to catch their meaning he vainly tried,
"It is the old snoozer, as sure as sin;"
"Who opened the door and let him blow in?"
"Come, come, old man, fork over some tin."
"Cheese it, cully," and "Wipe off your chin."
And thus the most royal Ching Chu began
His knowledge of custom American.
The King Lung Ace and the little Chang Lee,
As soon as their father they did see,
With his royal pockets made quite free,
And took his money, both silver and gold;
And when he objected, they made so bold
As to kick him from out their little fold.

These American customs King Ching Chu
Came to the conclusion would never do;
And he was correct in his surmise, too.
American manners are much too free
To ever be used by the heathen Chinee;
So, although the children would not agree,
He returned the tutor across the sea,
And the American children had to flee,
And leave in distress the little Ping Wee,
And the King Lung Ace, and the small Chang Lee,
That peace might again in his kingdom be.
And I have no doubt that you all can see
That that is the reason now that we
Can never agree with the heathen Chinee.

ROBERT AINSLEY.

Rev. Thomas Craven at Lasell.

ON Wednesday evening, November 21st, the young ladies of the Seminary had the pleasure of listening to a short address by one of our most earnest missionaries, Mr. Thomas Craven, the Superintendent of the Methodist Publishing Association, in India. The speaker held the close attention of his audience as he pictured the home life of the Hindoos, particularly the women in the zenanas; and gave a brief sketch of a Hin-

doo maid who had received Christianity, and risen, from her low position in the Hindoo home, to become one of the most successful and helpful Bible-readers,—Mrs. Chuckerbutty, the lady whose picture some of us have seen.

Mr. Craven has been at home for a few months' recreation, and, during his stay in America, has been endeavoring to raise money for the endowment of a Publishing House, at Lucknow, to be worked in the interest of all India. The members of the South and North Conferences are located all over India, and there are efficient agents to convey the printed message to the people without extra cost. Mr. Craven is also working to secure new types in place of some of the native types, which have been in use for twenty years, and to put in a steam-press, for the several hand-presses now in use.

Mr. Craven was a college-mate of our Principal, Professor Bragdon; and though he had only a couple of hours' stay at the Seminary with his old friend, he kindly took half an hour of his limited time to tell us something of the great work in India, and to sing for us some of the native hymns. Mr. Craven returns to his field of labor improved by the rest of a few months, successful in having obtained his steam-press, and with his heart devoted to the work. He sailed on Saturday, November 24th, in the "City of Berlin," bearing with him hearty good wishes and Godspeed from the girls at Lasell.

Harry's Christmas Surprise.*

HARRY was a little fellow, only six years old, and he was making a long visit to his grandma, who loved him very dearly. His mamma had forgotten to send him his customary allowance, and the week before Christmas found him with but five cents in his purse. Santa Claus had been for some time the chief actor in his waking and sleeping dreams, when one day he begged permission to go down town "all alone without nobody with him 'cept Lion." It was evident that there was some plan on foot, so no one objected. He was gone but a few moments. Coming back with his face all aglow, he slid into his room, and deposited a package in his valise, in so mysterious a manner that I believe if Rip Van Winkle had slept till that time and then suddenly awakened, he would have

* This was written from the remembrance of a story heard long before.

known that it was "'most Christmas." Coming out, he crept softly to his auntie, and whispered, "O, but don't you b'lieve grandma'll be glad when she looks in her stocking?" His little head and heart were so full, that he had to let us know he had a secret, only he would never tell it.

The days which creep so slowly for the little ones, and so rapidly for the older people, were passed, and Christmas Eve had come. It was Harry's bedtime; but before he went, five stockings must be brought out and fastened to door-keys, chair-backs, and picture-frames. We were all banished from the sitting-room, and Harry went from one to another, dropping into each a little bit of something done up in brown paper. Then he cried "Coop!" and we were allowed to come back. After laying a strict injunction on each one not to look in the stockings, Harry suffered himself to be marshalled off to bed. His auntie soon followed him, but not until she had added another stocking to the collection, and filled it so full of odd-shaped parcels, that you would never imagine it could have been brought again to fit a human foot. It was a funny looking room as she left it, and I can almost believe that Lion, lying before the fire, waked several times to look around at the row of stockings, and laugh. The last thing auntie heard that night—and she was awakened by it in the morning, too—was a chuckle from Harry, with, "Won't they be s'prised when they look in their stockings!"

It was hardly light, but we were all in the sitting-room—probably roused by a strong blast from Harry's trumpet. I wish his picture could have been taken then, for I am sure I cannot give you any idea of how his eyes danced and sparkled as we each took down our stockings, and found—what do you think? A little steel shawl-pin, with a round, black head. All the pleasure which he derived from drum and trumpet, nuts, candy, etc., did not equal the satisfaction with which he surveyed our faces, and watched to see 'how glad we were.' People do not always feel bad when they cry, for I know his auntie was proud of her thoughtful little boy; and yet, there were tears in her eyes. Can you guess why?

MEMBER OF FRESHMAN ENGLISH CLASS.

ON Monday, Nov. 26th, about twenty of us attended the lecture given by Matthew Arnold, in Channing Church Chapel, Newton. Although the night was very unfavorable,—it being dark and very stormy,—the

hall was filled with a most refined and cultured audience waiting to receive the speaker. Upon Mr. Arnold being introduced, we were immediately attracted by his intensely English bearing and appearance; and from his scrutinizing glance with his tiny eye-glass, to his final bow, we recognized in him the marks of the typical Englishman of the present day. The subject announced for the lecture was "Emerson;" but as Mr. Arnold has changed his views concerning him since his arrival in America, and has not yet had time to revise his lecture, the subject was changed to "Science and Literature," which is too well known to need any comment. Although it was a little difficult at first to follow, it being rather deep for our feeble comprehension, we soon grew to it, so to speak, and were sorry when he finished. After the lecture, a reception was given to Mr. Arnold in the parlors of the church, to which we were unable to remain; but we all came away feeling very glad that we had heard Matthew Arnold.

New Books for the Library.

THE list of books as given in our last issue being incomplete, we insert the following as the entire number of new volumes:—

Concordance to Shakspeare. Mrs. Cowden Clarke.
Shaksperian Grammar. E. A. Abbott.
Works of Shakspeare. Globe Edition.
Concordance to Shakspeare's Poems. Mrs. Horace H. Furness.
Parliamentary Practice. T. B. Neely.
Chambers' Encyclopædia. Ten vols.
Elements of Geology. Le Conte.
Text-book of Physiology. M. Foster.
Lessons in Electricity. Tyndall.
Studies in Spectrum Analysis. Lockyer.
On Sound. Tyndall.
Animals and Plants under Domestication. Darwin. 2 vols.
Insectivorous Plants. Darwin.
Light and Electricity. Tyndall.
The Forms of Water. Tyndall.
Chemistry of Common Life. James F. W. Johnston.
The Sun. Young.
Volcanoes. John W. Judd.
The New Chemistry. J. P. Cooke, Jr.
The Descent of Man. Darwin.
Astronomy. Lockyer. Science Primer.
Physiology. M. Foster. Science Primer.
Introductory. Huxley. Science Primer.
Botany. J. D. Hooker. Science Primer.
Physical Geography. Science Primer.
Chemistry. H. E. Roscoe. Science Primer.
Physics. Balfour Stewart. Science Primer.
Geology. A. Geikie. Science Primer.
Popular Astronomy. Newcomb.
Chemical History of a Candle. Faraday.
Victorian Poets. E. C. Stedman.
Philosophy of Style. Spencer.
Education. Spencer.

Pepys' Diary and Correspondence. R. L. Braybrooke. 2 vols.
Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. W. Bray. 4 vols.
A History of Greek Literature. J. P. Mahaffy. 2 vols.
Rambles and Studies in Greece. J. P. Mahaffy.
Elizabethan Literature and Characters of Shakspeare. Hazlitt.
Schlegel's Dramatic Literature.
Walden. Thoreau.
Lectures on the English Language. G. P. Marsh.
Mrs. Oliphant's Foreign Classics.
La Fontaine and other French Fabulists. W. Collins.
Corneille and Racine. Henry W. Trollope.
Madame de Sevigné. Miss Thackeray.
Goethe. A. Hayward.
Molière. Mrs. Oliphant (Ed.) and F. Taver.
Montaigne. W. Collins.
Saint Simon. C. Collins.
Voltaire. E. B. Hamley.
Pascal. P. Tullock.
Rabelais. Besant.
Schiller. James Sime.
Dante. Mrs. Oliphant.
Calderon. E. J. Hasell.
Petrarch. Henry Reeve.
Tasso. E. J. Hasell.
Cervantes. Mrs. Oliphant.
Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. J. C. Shairp.
Aspects of Poetry. J. C. Shairp.
Life of Walter Scott. Lockhart. 3 vols.
Characteristics of Women. Mrs. Jameson.
Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches. Mrs. Opie.
New Greece. L. Sergeant.
Seeing and Thinking. W. R. Clifford.
The Circuit Rider. Edward Eggleston.
The Hoosier Schoolmaster. Edward Eggleston.
The Hoosier Schoolboy. Edward Eggleston.
Martineau's. History of the Peace. 4 vols.
The Ring and the Book. Robert Browning.
Agamemnon. Robert Browning.
Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville.
Ancient Classics. Edited by Lucas Collins:—
Juvenal. Plautus and Terence.
Hesiod. Theognis. Greek Anthology.
Catullus. Tibullus. Propertius. Demosthenes.
Herodotus. Xenophon.
Luereteus. Pindar.
Euripides. Aristophanes.
Cæsar. Tacitus.
Lucian. Plato.
Iliad. Odyssey.
Æschylus. Sophocles.
Livy. Ovid.
Aristotle. Thucydides.
Virgil. Horace.
Cicero. Pliny.

History of Architecture in all Countries. James Fergusson.
Modern Painters. Ruskin. 5 vols.
Painters, Sculptors, etc. Mrs. Clement.
Artists of the Nineteenth Century. 2 vols. Clement and Hutton.

Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. Mrs. Jameson.
 Sketches of Art. Mrs. Jameson.
 The Makers of Florence. Mrs. Oliphant.
 English Lessons for English People. E. A. Abbott and J. R. Seeley.
 The Study of Words. R. C. Trench.
 The Intellectual Life. Hamerton.
 The Senses of Man. Bernstein.

Exchanges.

The sun shines across our table,
 And wishes a glad New Year:
 May it bring as bright a greeting
 To all who are mentioned here:

Academy Trio.	The Argosy.
Acta Victoriana.	The Bates Student.
Beacon.	The Comet.
Bowdoin Orient.	The College Journal.
Brunonian.	The Crescent.
Colby Echo.	The Dartmouth.
College Argus.	The Exonian.
College Transcript.	The Florida Despatch.
College Cabinet.	The Huguenot.
College Courier.	The News-Letter.
College Mercury.	The Philippian.
College Rambler.	The Polytechnic.
Dickinson Liberal.	The Princetonian.
Doane Owl.	The Premier.
Emory Mirror.	The Radiator.
Herald Crimson.	The Register.
High School News.	The Rockford Seminary
High School Review.	Magazine.
Hobart Herald.	The Student (Keene).
Hamilton College	The Student (Amherst)
Monthly.	The Speculum.
Kents Hill Breeze.	The Sunbeam.
King's College Record.	The Southern Collegian.
Latin School Register.	The Tech.
Northwestern.	The Water-Gas Journal.
Oberlin Review.	The Wheel.
Philomathean Review.	The Xavier.
Res Academicæ.	The Youth's Companion
St. Mary's Sentinel.	Tuftonian.
School Mignia.	University Cynic.
Student's Journal.	'Varsity.
Student's Life.	Vassar Miscellany.
Swathmore Phoenix.	Willistonian.
The Academician.	Williams Athenæum.
The Aurora.	

Publisher's Notes.

NOTICE the offer of the *Zion's Herald*,
 A. S. Weed, Publisher, 36 Bromfield Street.

HAVE you seen the window of J. H. Pray
 & Sons. This firm advertises in the LEAVES,
 and has all sorts of carpets, wholesale and
 retail.

MANY of the girls received very pretty
 cards from Ives, Bellamy & Co., 26 and 28
 Franklin Street, Boston. Thanks. This
 firm has an excellent assortment of goods
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FOR Christmas gifts, you will find that
 those who advertise in this paper have as
 good an assortment as can be found in Bos-
 ton. Stationery, Jewelry, Silver, Plate,
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 Fancy Goods, Art Needle-work, Furniture,
 Musical Instruments, and Small Wares.

LYMAN ABBOTT, of the *Christian Union*,
 has consented to give the Commencement
 Address, and Rev. Calvin Cutler the Bacca-
 laurate Sermon, at Lasell Seminary next
 June. Alfred Hemenway, A.M., will give
 six lectures on "Principles of the Common
 Law," instead of four, as last year. Pro-
 fessor R. R. Raymond, of the Boston School
 of Oratory, without doubt the best living
 reader of Shakspeare, will give a course of
 readings.

Two New York ladies were standing
 on a North River pier on Evacuation Day,
 watching the steamboat procession.

"Isn't it lovely?" said one.

"Charming," said the other.

"Can you see any boats?" asked the
 first?"

"Oh my, no! that would spoil it all."

And then, as the dense fog rolled up
 from the river and choked them, they both
 gasped with one accord,—

"Isn't it delightfully English?"—*Phila-
 delphia Call*.

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 of Schools, City of Springfield, Mass.

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 History, to supersede the one in use, has been prominent
 in the Boston School Board for the past three years, and
 during this time a most careful and critical comparison
 has been made of the most popular text-books on the sub-
 ject. The fact that after so thorough an examination and
 comparison, Stone's History was unanimously adopted by
 the School Board, is a most gratifying and conclusive
 evidence of its merit.

The author of Stone's History is widely known as one of
 the most successful of New England educators. His text-
 book in history is prepared with great care, in the light
 of a long experience as a teacher of the subject, and will
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 main historical events without wearying him with a mass
 of unimportant facts and figures. A special feature of the
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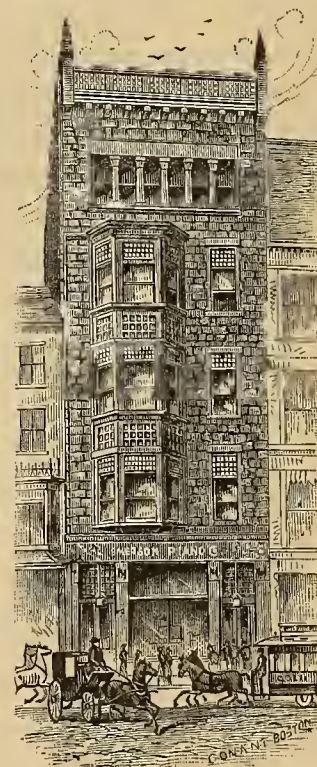
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

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Editorial.

It was my lot on Christmas Day to enjoy a few hours in the Woman's Prison in Sherborn, and I propose to take what I saw there of prison life for the subject of this editorial. If any one thinks this subject out of place, I can show volumes of matter, in the papers of only last year, written on the internal arrangements of such institutions.

We gladly accepted the kind invitation to go to the prison with some friends, who were to give a little musical entertainment to those who have known so little happiness.

The officials are all women, and at their head is Miss Clara Barton, who has done, and is still doing, a great work for humanity; and right here a few words about her life may not be out of place. When our soldiers were lying wounded in the Southern hospitals, she was among the first to relieve their sufferings by her kind attention and heartfelt sympathy. After the close of our war she went to Europe, to continue her efforts in the Franco-Prussian War. Now that the clang of arms has ceased, she realizes that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and she is now giving her attention to reform at home. Her last work has been to induce the United States to sign the Treaty of Geneva, which says that after the battle the wounded shall be cared for alike, whether friend or foe.

After a pleasant reception by Dr. Hall and Miss Barton we went to the chapel, where the prisoners were gathered for their Christmas entertainment.

The number of the convicts was about three hundred, as nearly as I could judge, and it was hard to imagine from the good young faces of many of them what crime had sent them there. But there were others on whose countenances vice was so plainly stamped that nothing but a long life of wickedness could have left such marks of debauchery and disgrace.

The women were dressed in four different suits, denoting the divisions made with reference to their behavior while in prison. Division No. 1 was the probation list, and includes all new-comers. Those in this division wore plain blue dresses, while the others were dressed in plaid gingham, the smallest plaid denoting the best division. They listened to the music with evident satisfaction. It was easy to see that they had little control over their emotions, for they would laugh at one moment and cry the next. The song, "The Bridge," was very sweetly sung, and many sobbed as if their hearts would break. If we only knew their past history we might see how such a song would bring back the thought of other years, perhaps as happy as our own, and perhaps without a single ray of sunshine to pierce the gloom that has surrounded them from the cradle. After the programme

was finished, Miss Barton arose and said that many of these poor women could tell of happy homes and family ties as dear as those which bind us to our homes and those who live in them.

With our sympathies aroused for these poor women we left the chapel, and were politely invited to see the different parts of the prison; an invitation which we gladly accepted.

We went first to the kitchen, where the tables, scoured as white as snow, showed the care that is given to every detail. In the next room was a great quantity of rolls and cake, which we sampled, to our general satisfaction.

After looking into the dining-rooms we visited the rooms of the prisoners, which were not dismal at all, but quite cheerful, and probably much more comfortable than most of them had ever known when at liberty.

Each division had its recreation-room, where they are at certain times allowed to talk to each other. The green plants in the windows showed that everything possible was done to bring the light and sunshine of the outer world into these stern walls, which shut in so many to whom the burdens of life are indeed heavy.

Then the doctor took us to a small portion of the hospital, the nursery; and it was a very pretty sight that we saw as she opened the door—eleven little children, many of them born within the prison-walls. In their pretty, smiling faces and innocent ways they did not seem to know that fortune was frowning upon them; but they will realize it soon enough, and it is a blessing that their first years can be happy ones in spite of their surroundings. But their mothers were just as proud of them as they could be; and well they might be, for eleven prettier, brighter-looking children I have never seen in homes where crime is unknown.

After this tour of the building, and a pleasant chat in Miss Barton's dining-room, where the table was spread with everything that her thoughtfulness could provide for us, we said "Good-bye" to the kind friends who had made the afternoon one of rare interest and instruction.

God Knoweth Best.

(Quoted.)

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof, was love most true.

And we shall see how, when we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How when we called he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see;

And, even as prudent parents disallow

Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now

Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine

Pours out the portion for our lips to drink;

And if some friend we love is lying low,

Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,

But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend:

And that sometimes the sable pall of death

Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.

If we could push afar the gates of life,

And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,

And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!

God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.

We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart —

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if through patient toil we reach the land

Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,

When we shall clearly know and understand,

I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

Vacation at Lasell.

SAID the writer of an article on "Vacation," in the December number of an exchange: "The homesick youth has doubtless been hugging himself for joy these many days, in the assurance that he can soon escape from bondage, and enjoy freedom again with friends at home, and renew his acquaintance with that noble and satisfying bird, the turkey."

That was all very true of you fortunate ones who were not too far away from home. Yet one should not labor under the delusion

that we who remained at Lasell during the Holidays were altogether sad and disconsolate.

Thursday, the 20th, a party of us heard Irving in "Hamlet." To those who heard him, we of course can say nothing; and to those who have not, we say, Go, see, hear, and judge for yourselves.

The day before Christmas, six of us went for a pung-ride. That vehicle, by the way, is something unknown to us in the West. We have cutters and bob-sleds, but happily no pungs. We were drawn by an aged steed, whose breath gave out so soon, we think he ought to have a course of breathing exercises. If any of Mr. Bergh's followers had met us, we would doubtless have been arrested for cruelty to animals.

When about three miles from home it began to rain heavily. In attempting to go home by a shorter route, we found ourselves in a narrow way shut off by a fence; the road being so narrow, we were obliged to alight in a snowdrift while our equipage was safely turned around. Early Christmas morning we rose to see what St. Nick's ambassador had brought us. "Blessed are they who do not expect," for all we found was a hickory stick. The giver was doubtless reminded of his youthful days by them.

Before dawn, strains of sweet music from below reached us. The serenaders made their way through the dark halls, by the light of a prosaic lantern. Nevertheless we enjoyed the music as much as if they had been accompanied by torch-bearers. At breakfast there was a handsome Christmas card at each plate.

Soon after breakfast the household assembled in the parlors, where stood a gaily trimmed and lighted tree. From the number of mouth-organs on it we may expect to have plenty of music on that much-abused instrument.

We don't know what to think of those little owls. Were they given in recognition of the wisdom of the recipients, or to gently hint their lack of it?

Ah, those Chinese dolls! How they carry us back to our childhood days! For the sake of those happy times we will cherish them, and hang them up carefully, by their necks, on the gas-jet.

Several of the girls went to Boston, on Christmas morning, to attend service at one of the most noted churches. As they were about to enter, a man sweeping near the door demanded of them, "Got seats in there?" Before they could answer, another person burst from the interior of the church, and brandishing his arms wildly,

called out fiercely: "What are you letting those people in here for? They can't come in. I don't want any one in till half-past ten!"

This excited man was evidently a decorator, and was probably at work on a motto of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." After this scene it is needless to add that our friends departed.

Christmas night we heard the "Messiah," by the Handel and Haydn Society, in Boston Music Hall. Miss Hamlin, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Chas. R. Adams, and Mr. John F. Winch were the soloists.

We who are Western girls are especially pleased at the success of Miss Glenn, who is from Iowa. Quite a number of the girls improved the vacation by visiting places of interest in and about Boston. One party returning from Cambridge overheard, in a car, the conversation of two Harvard graduates. One remarked that he sometimes wondered whether it had paid him to go through college. "Certainly it paid," said the other. "It's always an advantage to a man to be able to say he graduated from Harvard. You can't imagine how that helps along those who go out West."

Poor deluded man! Does he imagine the great West to be a vast asylum for the feeble-minded?

An exchange tells us that "vacation affords an opportunity for reading, which should not be entirely overlooked, and, besides, one has then something to show for time spent." Alas! we did not see that article till vacation was over, or we might have profited by it. If the writer of that article could have looked in upon us, instead of reading, we would oftener have been found enjoying a spread from home-boxes: here a girl with a piece of fruit-cake in one hand, the other balancing a sardine on a cracker; there a maiden with a sweet tooth reveling in jelly and preserves; while beside her another partakes of pickles and orange sherbet, alternately; and others, squirrel-like, cracking nuts with their teeth, regardless of future torment in the dentist's chair.

Like all good things, vacations have an end; and now our days of idleness are over, and "sounds of revelry by night" are heard no more.

PROFESSOR Bragdon, remarking on David in Bible class: "David was so hunted by Saul he could not lie down to rest for half an hour without expecting to get up *dead*!"

History in Italian Painting.

THE early Christian Church found the arts of sculpture and painting bound to the service of a corrupt paganism glorifying the worship of false gods. It was natural that they should be hostile to the fine arts, and use them sparingly for religious purposes. But the impulse which forces man to embody his religious ideas and feelings in beautiful forms, could not long be resisted, especially among a people so art-loving as the Italians. The first works of Christian art in Italy are the wall-paintings of the Catacombs.

At the end of the thirteenth century came the resurrection. A spiritual quickening, a new life, ran through Italy. Religious life was revived. The great orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, working within the Church, renewed the faith of the people. And this influence went into sacred painting.

Giotto was the first man who dared depict the life of our Lord: not because the Church told him to, but because he was filled with a sense of its worth; because he felt that to make those scenes visible would help them to live nobler lives. Giotto went to Padua in 1305, where he frescoed the walls of S. Marie della Arena.

But it was in Florence, in 1401, that the man was born who was to carry this new spirit into painting, and so give Italy a free art. This man was Yommazo di Ser Giovanni, called Masaccio, or "Clumsy Tom;" a brown, slender youth, careless in dress, improvident in money matters, but gifted with divine fire, and absorbed in his work. He lived but twenty-seven years, in poverty and neglect; but he made an epoch in Italian art, for in his hands the Gospel history became, for the first time, natural.

The greatest, if not the only, works of Masaccio are preserved in a chapel in S. Maria del Carmine. In this chapel the greatest masters of painting have studied with reverence—Fra Angelico, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Perugino; and it is said that Raphael copied the frescoes seven times.

An Incident.

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world."

SILENCE reigned throughout the long corridors of the Seminary as the brazen bell pealed forth the fatal hour of half-past nine. One by one the lights were extin-

guished in the little chambers, and the fair maidens, with compressed lips and stern determination depicted upon their countenances, sought their respective couches.

All was still. No sound marred the deathlike stillness of the hour, until far in the dim distance was heard the patter of "the boots, the boots, the bub-bub-bub-boots, a-coming down the hall."

The eager listener, with bated breath, halted before the divers doors, listening for the dulcet tones of the maidens; but all in vain—the silence was supreme. At last, having satisfied herself that things were as they should be, she gave a last, lingering look, and was about to depart; when suddenly there came within her line of vision a light, gleaming from one of the transoms! She stood in dumb astonishment, her eyes glaring in their sockets, her blood curdling in her veins.

One rapid stride brought her before the culprit's door, and a thundering knock resounded throughout the halls; then the same deathlike stillness as before. Once more was heard the determined fist upon the well-worn panels; again utter silence. The door was then tried, but found, alas! fast locked.

Trembling in every limb with excitement, she glided down the stairs to her allies, in search of her aides-de-camp. After conversing in stage-whispers, they then appeared upon the scene armed with the facilities for a siege. One carried the step-ladder, another ammunition in shape of paper-wads, and the third stood by ready to do and dare. At the signal, up mounted one upon the extended ladder, and there, between earth and heaven, she gazed upon the unconscious object of their wrath. The picture was a fair one: reclining among the pillows was an innocent maiden, sleeping the sleep of the righteous, all unconscious of the doom about to fall upon her.

But the enemy from without were steadfast. "One, two, three," was numbered from below, and grasping in her hand the paper-wad, and flinging wide the transom—whiz went the paper-wad into the room, but landed, without harm, upon the floor. Now and then a school-girl giggle could be heard as the now aroused maidens viewed the scene from the key-holes. Once more the paper missile was sent upon its deadly errand, and this time with success. It landed in the wide-opened mouth of the victim, causing her to start up and utter one piercing yell; for there before her she beheld, as if in some horrible dream, the glaring eyes of the besieger. What after-

ward transpired in that little room, will never be known. Suffice it to say, it was then the witching hour of midnight; but the gray dawn had even made its appearance manifest ere the long-interrupted silence was resumed.

Moral.—When your room-mate is home spending Sunday, don't forget to put out your gas, and fall asleep before half-past nine with your door locked.

Within the Walls.

Too much "sparking" around the halls, lately.

QUERY: "Miss Kate Sandhill or Sandbar?"

LEAP-YEAR, girls; use well your last opportunity!

LITERATURE class.—Chaucer on the death of Arcite: "His spirit changed hous,"—that is, he couldn't pay rent.

COOKING lecture, December 10th.—Novice, in viewing the operation of sewing up a turkey: "Is that called *basting*?"

"DON'T."

DON'T say pants; say trousers. "Then when I mean dog pants, must I say 'dog trousers?'"

At the end of last term, Professor weighed the girls. Of course they all tried to weigh as little as possible. Such times are very trying.

WHY is Professor Bragdon like Abraham Lincoln? Because the last thing President Lincoln did was to go to the theater; and that is the last thing Professor Bragdon will ever do.

A MISSIONARY Society has been organized at Lasell. It has decided to lend its aid, however small it be, to India, and wishes to take some little girl to educate. The officers are as follows:—

President, Miss Richardson.

Vice-President, Miss Gertrude Penfield.

Secretary, Miss Mattice Prentice.

Treasurer, Carrie Ebersole.

In behalf of the patrons of our library, we would heartily thank Miss Frances E. Willard, and Rev. James Mudge, B. D., late of India, and editor of the *Lucknow Witness*, for the gift of their two interesting and valuable books, "Woman and Temperance," and the "Handbook of Methodism."

A. E. CLARK, Librarian.

Songs of Lasell.

Tune: There were three crows sat on a tree.

'Twas Halloween night at old Lasell;
The hour was ten, and the night was "swell."
There were six girls sat in a row —
Six handsomer girls I ne'er did know.
Each drew her lips in a rosy pout,
And such strange sounds as did come out!
For there each held an instrument,
And all were on evil thoughts intent.
And they were without. Professor within (?);
Alas! had the fire-escape tempted to sin?
The girls they blew, and blew, and blew;
The combs they whined, and whined, and whew.
The girls they shivered, and schivered, and schivered.
The combs they quivered, and quavered, and quivered.
At last, at twelve, they crept inside;
They were so cold they like to died.

MORAL.

We would advise the players fair,
Be sure next time your victim's there.

Lasell.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a Pullman car there passed
Four girls, of forty years — or less,
Whose baggage bore this queer address,
"Lasell!"

Carrie's brow was sad; her eyes beneath
Gushed o'er with tears, caused from her grief;
And like an old cracked firebell rang
Her gloomy words, as out she sang,
"Lasell!"

In happy homes they heard the sounds
Of laughter and gayety go the rounds;
Above, the lights of the sleeper shone,
And from their lips escaped the groan,
"Lasell!"

"Come in, come in!" the brakeman said;
"The snow is falling on your head!"
Then Hattie cried, "But one word more,
And then I'll leave for Pluto's shore,—
Lasell!"

"Oh, stay!" the young man said, "and rest
Thy waterfall upon this breast!"
"O would I could!" fair Emma said,
"But we wear no false hair on our head!"
Lasell!"

"Beware Professor's withered rod!
Beware tomato soup and cod!"
This was the parents' last "tar-tar";
A voice replied within the car,
"Lasell!"

They eat, and eat, and still they long
For Albany, and the breakfast-gong;
But as they step on the platform there,
The waiters cry, in blank despair,
"Lasell!"

The conductor, on his usual round,
The four girls smelling camphor found:
Camphored and perfumed, bandaged with ice,
They still eat candy, and cry with a vice,
"Lasell!"

There, on a downy couch of hay,
Tired out, but beautiful, they lay.
A teacher, passing Gertrude's door,
Heard the prolonged, contented (?) snore,
"Lasell!"

A Month's Vacation in Switzerland.

THE school that I attended while abroad allowed its students, every summer, one month of vacation. During the one in 1879, a small company, mostly schoolgirls, was made up for the purpose of visiting Switzerland. We left Stuttgart, in Germany, our temporary home, on the 17th of July, taking the cars for Lake Constance, where a small steamer was waiting to transfer us from Friederichshafen, across Lake Constance, to the small town of Romanshorn. Here we were obliged to remain a few hours, on account of the delay of the train which was to carry us to Zurich. This, the first place of importance that we visited in Switzerland, is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, containing beautiful residences, broad, clean streets, and some fine public buildings: prominent among which was the depot—a large three-story stone building, with one end closed, the trains entering and departing through the other. The Opera House and the Polytechnic School are also fine buildings. The latter is situated in quite an elevated part of the city, surrounded by a park with beautiful drives.

We left this little city for Lucerne, passing on our way the small lake Zug, a most picturesque sheet of water, of a beautiful greenish hue, and with small villages scattered along its shores. From the shore of this little lake can be seen the Rigi, which so many people ascend for the purpose of seeing the sun rise and set—a most magnificent sight in clear weather. We arrived at Lucerne on a lovely afternoon, and in order to lose no time, immediately took a small steamer, and made the tour of the lake on which it is situated. We had a delightful ride to Kusnacht, where we landed. Just on the shore of the lake is a small platform, very prettily decorated with frescoed walls. This is where Tell landed after having been captured by his cruel enemies. The chapel of William Tell did not reach our expectations. It is a small building, not a very great distance from the lake. Not far from here we visited two churches, one of which was built in 1342. Its old, tottering walls were hung in ivy of the richest green. By this time our little steamer was ready to carry us back to Lucerne. We visited many other places during our stay here. One of the most interesting objects was a lion carved out of the solid rock.

We left Lucerne after quite a pleasant little visit, and made our way toward Geneva. While here, we saw one of the residences, or, rather, villas of the Empress Josephine, the home of Mme. De Staël,—

the celebrated Necker's daughter,—and the Castle of Chillon, where Bonivard was held prisoner for six long years. This old castle is situated in the lake, about twenty-two yards from the shore, being connected with the land by means of a drawbridge. The place in which the noted prisoner and his two brothers were kept is a large, almost square cell, the greater part being below the level of the lake. This was lighted and ventilated by only one small window, placed almost to the ceiling, in order to prevent the water entering. Among the thousands of names inscribed (on the pillars to which the prisoners were chained) there, are those of Byron, Eugène Sue, and Victor Hugo. The rooms of the castle, with their old wooden ceilings, the dungeons with their pillars and arches, are all very interesting. At one extremity of the castle is a most dreadful dungeon of execution. It is a small, dark room without windows, and with only a very low doorway, through which the prisoners were led, and then required to descend a few steps, where they were pushed upon a turning-wheel of knives, set in motion by the action of the water underneath. Their bodies were lost in the lake. This is a dreadful spot even to think of!

From Geneva our intention was to visit Berne, passing through Chamouni. Our route lay through a most picturesque part of the country. We were obliged to take stagecoach to Chamouni. On one side of us a mad river dashed, and on the other side high cliffs rose above us, down whose sides trickled the most charming little waterfalls and cascades. Long before we arrived at our destination we saw the snow-covered peaks of the Alps. The white crest of Mount Blanc towered above the rest in all its beauty and grandeur, and was lit up by the setting sun with a radiance of a great red flame. At Berne we made but a few hours' stay, which was used for visiting the four bears, which are the heraldic emblem of Berne. They are placed in two very deep pits, walled in on all sides, and open above. Not far from here is what is called the clock tower, where at three minutes before the hour a wooden cock gives the signal by clapping his wings and crowing. A whole troupe of bears, which are situated on each side, march around a seated figure. A harlequin indicates the hour by striking a bell. The cock then repeats his signal; and when the hour strikes, a seated figure of an old man turns an hour-glass, and counts the hour by raising a scepter, which he holds in his hand, and opening his mouth—a bear placed at his right doing

likewise. The cock concludes the performance by crowing for the third time. This attracts a great deal of attention at almost all times. The tower is situated nearly in the center of the city, and was once used as a watch-tower. The next time we entered the cars we turned our faces homeward, stopping only at Interlacken, where we saw the Jungfrau in all its beauty, covered with snow, and towering above us like some great giant. We visited the Giessbach Falls, ascending to its source, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. We did not get back to our hotel before dark; and after having enjoyed a delicious supper we made our way to a park, where the band played every evening, and there were seats all through the garden for visitors. About half-past nine the music ceased, and the evening's pleasures were concluded by the playing of a fountain, the jet of which was said to reach the height of 120 feet; and as it was a clear, moonlight night, the water assumed all the colors of the rainbow. The only accident which befel us on this journey, was while crossing Lake Constance. It was somewhat rough, and when we were quite a distance out from shore we heard a dreadful crash, which shook the boat not a little. Of course we all thought we were doomed to watery graves; but it was only the rudder which had broken. This was soon repaired, and ere long we were safe at our temporary home.

Literary Notes.

CARL SCHURZ is preparing a "Life of Henry Clay."

"A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY" is the title of a very thorough and exquisite sample of itinerary literature, by Charles Warre, but lately published.

THOUGH the illustrated books for the season can be counted by the hundred, there are only three or four that can be said to contain really spirited and characteristic engravings. First of them is Baron Tennyson's "Princess," supervised by Mr. Anthony; next, is Jean Ingelow's ballad of the "High Tide," in which are some of the strongest and best illustrations of the year; and next to this are Harry Fenn's illustrations to "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" the last book to be commended is Longfellow's "Michael Angelo," where the characters and scenes of the sixteenth century appear in great vigor and beauty.

Personals.

MRS. A. W. MARSH visited her daughter, for a short time, last week.

THE father of Mrs. Bragdon and Miss Ransom has been at the Seminary for a few days.

MR. ROBERT J. OGLESBY, Hiram G. Keayes, and Will Barnes, of Harvard, made Miss Oglesby a call on Christmas Eve.

REV. and MRS. E. STUART BEST, of the New England Conference, were present at the musicale and Miss Sanborn's lecture, last term.

MISS BESSIE BUXTON, of Bradford Academy, and Mr. Fred Eastman, of Minneapolis, called on the Misses Oswald during the Holidays.

MISS AVA LOWE, '83, is again "one of the girls," having returned to study painting and bookkeeping. The LEAVES' desire of last month has been speedily gratified.

THE invitation for the marriage of Miss Minnie E. Strickland to Albert J. Whitney, on January 16th, has lately been received. We know she will be greatly missed by her friends in Warren, but hope she will find many pleasant ones in her new home in Brooklyn, New York.

How many were made happy in the matrimonial way on New Year's! Miss Emma C. Howard, of North Sandwich, has joined the "innumerable throng," and is "Miss Emma" no more, but Mrs. Nathan Bourne, Hartford. May the name ring as sweetly in her ears always as it does now.

MR. GEORGE P. COOK, of Milford, the plague and solace of those whose dental apparatus was out of gear, has the advantage of the girls no more. We now have an intercessor, for on December 27th he was married to Miss Marianna Jenckes. May she have as little mercy for him as he has had for his patrons from Lasell.

THE wedding ceremony of Miss Nellie J. Brown to Mr. Charles L. Shattuck, on December 26th, was attended by Miss Jennie Baker. The marriage took place in the Congregational Church in Warsaw, and was considered the great social event of the place. The bride (as the girls will be interested to know) was attired in white satin—court train, real lace, orange-blossoms, and diamonds. The ceremony was as beautiful as it was impressive, and congratulations were many and heartfelt. Among her numerous and costly presents was one from Miss Tibbie Hosford, an old Lasell girl.

MISS LILLIAN POTTER, '80, of Chicago, Ill., made us a short visit last term; but unfortunately she came just as we were leaving for the Holidays. She has lately returned from Europe, where, in company with another young lady, she spent some time in visiting Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Palestine, besides all other places which are commonly "done" by every traveler.

MISS IDA PHILIPPS, '77, daughter of John M. Philipps, of New York City, spent the last few days of December at Lasell. She is much pleased with the numerous changes that have been made, and thinks the girls have things in "great shape" now. She is sure the girls do not have as good a time now as they had when she was here. She was on her way to the wedding of a classmate, Miss Grace Perkins, which took place on the evening of January 1st, at her home in Gloucester, Mass. We congratulate the happy groom, and wish Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Pattillo a long life of wedded bliss and and prosperity.

Political Notes.

EL MAHDI reported marching on Dongola and Sennaar.

THE situation in Egypt reported to be growing more critical.

FRANCE allows no interference in Tonquin affairs by other powers.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON entered upon his new official duties January 3d.

SECRETARY CHANDLER ordered work in the Boston Navy Yard to cease, Jan. 15, 1884.

THE New York and New England Railroad is placed in the hands of a receiver.

GEN. A. A. HUMPHREYS died at Washington, December 28th, aged seventy-three years.

SUNDAY, January 6th, was observed in Paris as the first anniversary of Gambetta's funeral.

A BILL is to be introduced in Congress designed to exclude from the mail all papers which advertise lotteries.

EL MAHDI's forces have suffered a defeat at Gezrieh, a town eight miles from Berber, after an engagement of eight hours.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT has met with a painful accident. He slipped and fell as he was alighting from his carriage, in New York.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard College, was present in the executive chamber at the inauguration of Governor Robinson, and tendered him his congratulations.

Words of Wisdom.

Four-score, like twenty, has its tasks and toys;
In earth's wide schoolhouse all are girls and
boys. — O. W. Holmes.

Patient the wounded earth receives the plough's
sharp share,
And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to
bear;
So patient under scorn and injury abide,—
Who conquers all within may dare the world
outside.

Not every head can wear the crown
That the hands of love bestow.

— Phæbe Cary.

Thine was the seedtime; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

— J. G. Whittier.

Because ye cannot pluck the flower,
You pass the sweet scent by;
Because you cannot have the stars,
You will not see the sky.

— E. S. Phelps.

Though the world smile on you blandly,
Let your friends be choice and few.
Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
And achieve what you pursue.

— T. B. Read.

Life is good, and life is fair,
Love awaits thee everywhere;
Love! is Love's immortal prayer.

— Bayard Taylor.

Let each act be a sure token,
Of the nobler life ahead;
Let each thought in truth be spoken,
Though the utterance strike you dead.

— T. B. Read.

If I live the life he gave me,
God will turn it to his use.

— Bayard Taylor.

The Remarkable Sunsets.

THESE have been very noticeable features of the past few weeks; not only the sunsets, but the sunrises also. Those who are favored with rooms on the east side, find it worth the while to rise early to see them; while those on the west, are delighted with the glorious tints of pink, changing to purple, shading to a soft yellow near the sun. Telegraphic dispatches state that they are visible in Europe on the same evenings and mornings as in America. It has been observed that a particularly fine sunrise is succeeded by a corresponding sunset. Although unusual, these are by no means the first of the kind. The popular opinion is that it is associated with the Java earthquake, though many consider it ominous of a severe winter. From Cowper we have accounts of like phenomena in 1783, with

"many signs in the earth and sky," that filled the nations with gloomy forebodings. During this time Calabria and part of Sicily were torn with earthquakes, and a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway. A physical geography of the time attributes the incidents of 1783 to the great eruption of Skaptar, in Iceland, the volcanic dust being carried over England and Northern Europe. As the constant flow of cold air to the equator causes the hot air to rise, whence it is carried by winds and the rotation of the earth to the temperate climates, taking with it the dust of the Java eruption, this may be the cause of our peculiar sunrises and sunsets. This, however, is objected to by Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, on the ground that from the fact of its remaining so long *after* sunset it must be at a great height, and that it is impossible for the air, at such a height, to support the volcanic dust.

Another theory is the reflection of light from the surfaces of different strata, these strata being caused by variations of density; and still another, that the solar system, in its progress through space, has encountered a stream of meteoric matter, which produces these strange effects. An argument against this is the scarcity of shooting stars at the present, and for some time past.

A writer in *Science*, for January, advances the theory that it may be caused by diffraction of light from ice-spiculæ at a great distance, there being an abundance of moisture in the air.

Thank You!

Miss LUCAS, class of '60, sends the first response to our appeal in October No. for old catalogues, and sends those for '56-'57, '57-'58, '61-'62, and '62-'63. We return to her our thanks.

Will all Alumnæ take the trouble to look over the papers, love-letters, etc., of those interesting days, and see if, perchance, some old catalogue of Lasell be among them? I suppose catalogues were issued from 1852. We lack all (except these sent by Miss Lucas), up to '64-'65; also that for '65-'66. Please help me to get a full file.

C. C. BRAGDON.

TUESDAY evening, December 17th, we all assembled in the Chapel to hear Miss Kate Sanborn's lecture on "Our Literary Foremothers." Each one of us enjoyed it, and I am sure she found an appreciative audience in the Lasell girls.

Science.

It is a recognized fact that roses can be more successfully grown in Boston than New York. Why is this?

THE Franklin Institute will open an International Exhibition of Electricity and Electrical Appliances, in Philadelphia, on the 2d of September next.

A WRITER in the *Popular Scientific Monthly* says that in boiling meat, it should be placed in an inner kettle, and the water in the outer kettle *only*, should be allowed to boil.

STATISTICIANS have pronounced the United States to be actually richer than the United Kingdom; the wealth of the former being estimated at \$49,770,000,000, while that of the latter is nearly ten million less.

A NEW horseshoe has recently been invented by an English mechanic, composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mould, and subjected to a chemical preparation. It is maintained to be far superior to the common shoe.

PROF. M. KEIL has produced a material of iron and steel, in which the valuable qualities of both are combined. It is made in various combinations, and is used where the hard qualities of steel needs to be backed by the tougher material, iron.

Two great works are specified, by Mr. Jacob Ennis, to be done on our sidereal system—to ascertain what way the great ring of the milky way revolves, and to discover in what direction to look for the center of the system, and to estimate its distance.

IN the *Popular Science Monthly* of January we find an interesting notice of the excavations of the Swiss lakes Neufchâtel, Morat, and Bienne, the waters having been depressed under the direction of the Swiss Confederation. Relics by thousands have been brought to light, including swords, cups, and vases, eardrops, knives, etc., many of hammered bronze, which proves the existence of a bronze age between the stone and iron ages. The villages of these early settlers of the Swiss lakes, called by Dr. Victor Gross the Proto-Helvetians, were built on thousands and tens of thousands of piles. They had an agriculture, and raised cattle; also a commerce, which supplied them with metals, amber, glass, beads, etc. Their designs in arms, tools, ornaments, and in bronze and potters' work, are of remarkable elegance. This is considered a very valuable discovery by archaeologists.

WE notice the death of C. W. Siemens, whose essays on regenerative furnaces have been invaluable to scientific technology, and have borne ample fruit in the manufacture of glass, porcelain, iron, and steel.

A NOISELESS clock is a recent invention of M. Anthoine, of Paris, which is set in motion by a float. The liquid on which the float rests flows off gradually, and the descent of the float actuates the clock, and is its only means of regulation. Some clocks have illuminated faces, and the float is put in the oil with which the lamp is fed. The consumption of oil is regulated by the height of the blaze, indicated by a mark on the cylinder. This does not differ in principle from the water-clock, *Clepsydræ*, which was used before the time of Archimedes.

Seniors' Tale.

Whenne that Wintere with his snowes deepe,
The gentil breeze of Autumn had made retereate,
The time drew nigh to rede the S. G. Liste,
Not many Seniors were on it I wiste.
The cause of this is not well knowne,
I'm ignorant of it, I owne.

Me thinketh it accordaunt to resonnn,
To tell you all the condicionnn
Of eche of the Seniors, as it seemede me,
And which they weren and of what degre,
And of the state of mind that they were inne,
And at the eldest, wal I first bygynne.

Of twenty years of age she was I gesse,
Perhaps a little more, perhaps a little lesse.
She of the classe was the Presidente,
And could you telle where all the candy wente,
Which was left over from the midnight
spreddes,
With which the Seniors oft regaled themsedes.
She from the highest liste did descende,
And with this informacionn I wol ende.

As by their age I do hem represente,
Next in order came Madame Malcontente.
She of her smyling was ful simple and coy,
The misdoings of the Preps did her much annoy.
With the schoole matters was she ever bur-
dened,
And she was very sad and much disheartened.
Suffice it to say (for I schal say no more),
She was removed to liste three because there
was no liste four.

L'Enfant next appears upon the scene,
It must be said she was a little grene.
Sikerly she was the prettiest of the classe,
She was a meeke and gentil little lassie.
She is not S. G. now, and to tellen you the re-
sonn why,
I must first mention her chummie, who roomed
close by.
Quietnesse reigned when l'Enfant left her
roomme;
Stille it was as is the silent tombe,
To visit her much loved chummie she did go,
But now, I know, she wishés she did not so.

For while they were having a quiet little chatte,
And neare ten the clock handes satte,
They heard a sound along the halle,
And became very still, one and alle;
They were not frightened, but did muchoe gig-
gle,
Soon outen of her bed l'Enfant was made to
wriggle,
And into her owne bed was made to go,
And now, doesn't she wish she did not so!!!!
My story I do ende here, and with this straine,
The Seniors all do hope to be S. G. againe.

DECEMBER 23d was the tenth anniversary of the Woman's Crusade, which, arising in Ohio, swept over many parts of the country. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which arose as a result of this first movement, saw its ninth anniversary last month. It is now a complete and symmetrical organization, extending over all the States and Territories. The crusade was an impulsive, stormy movement; the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is more calm and conservative, and looks rather to the education of the young in habits of temperance, than to the immediate reformation of the drunkard, or the forcible closing of saloons.

Memorial Hall.

THERE are few visitors at Cambridge who have to ask, when they see this massive hall, "Well, what building is this?" Every student, graduate, and friend of Harvard University has, with some degree of pride, told his acquaintance about this structure, so that now every new-comer is, in a measure, prepared to see it. And yet, perhaps a few inside points may interest the reader.

The hall is threefold in its use and in its architectural design. In the center is the transept, or hall proper, and on one side of this is Sanders Theatre, and on the other the dining-hall.

On the walls of the transept are inscribed the names of the brave graduates and students who fell in the "War of the Rebellion." In this list there are many names which represent families well known in the history of our country. Eager to respond to their country's call, and earnest in their work for her defense, they have won by their patriotic death the respect and honor expressed by this slight testimony.

There are two entrances from this transept into the theater. It was in this place that the Greek play, "Œdipus Tyrannus," was presented in 1880. Here also are held the Class-day and Commencement exercises, the symphony concerts, the Boylston prize declamations, and the many important lect-

ures. This theatre will seat about 1,400 people.

But the part that is of the greatest interest to the average student and visitor is the dining-hall. In this, 1,000 persons can sit at dinner. There are at present about 675 steady boarders. Every morning, between eight and nine, the hungry students scent from afar the odor of their breakfast, and hasten within to taste its flavor. When the chapel bell rings, at 8-40, there is a general rush for the door, and a long, winding column of students extends from Memorial to Appleton Chapel.

At noon the hall is again filled, and very quickly emptied; for the men waste neither time nor conversation at lunch, but are off again as soon as they are through.

But at dinner a different scene presents itself. At this time the work of the day is over. Many come straight from their outdoor exercises, or from the gymnasium, and everyone is in the best of moods. The bill of fare is quickly passed around, and the waiters are flying hither and thither to supply the wants of these typical specimens of Young America.

At dinner all reserve is cast off. Sallies of wit pass from one to another, and jokes are cracked at any one's expense. All the men are on a level. Beck Hall and Holworthy sit at the same table with College House, and pleasant remarks are exchanged by this representative of Boston *élite*, and that earnest, hard-working son of some country town.

Stories are told, popular topics of the day discussed, lessons are discarded, and general good feeling prevails. Memorial fare, of course, does not suit the most dainty; but those who give the hall a fair trial are, in nearly every case, satisfied.

The affairs of the hall are carefully watched by a Board of Directors, chosen annually from the students. The management in detail is in the hands of a steward and auditor.

The immense kitchen is a model of neatness. Everyone employed has his or her own work to do, and the active steward keeps all busy. Every load of provisions is carefully examined by the auditor, the bills gathered together methodically, and, at the end of each month, a careful estimate is made of the cost of the board. The accounts of the month are examined by an auditing committee from the directors, and, when approved, submitted to the students.

The management is very democratic, and reflects great credit on the founders of the hall.

A FRIEND.

Pupils' Musical Rehearsal.

As the first real snowstorm of the year came on December 17th, we had a very unfavorable evening for the Musicales. Some few, who doubtless love music (or the sex) for its own sake, came, and the weather in any state would not have influenced them. The programme was rendered unusually well, and each one deserves much praise for the good results of her term's work. The piano solos of Miss Durfee and Miss Hattie Seiberling were among the most difficult, and each shows a firm, sympathetic touch. Miss Ford's rendition of "Frage Nicht," was much admired. The solos of Misses Baker, Whipple, and Prickett were very enthusiastically received, and the applause was "long and loud," but they did not respond.

The "Old German Shepherd's Song" is a bright, sparkling chorus, and was certainly well rendered.

It was so early when the programme was finished, that we were all invited to enjoy ourselves in the parlors.

Prof. Hills favored us with a few fine selections from Chopin; and after singing a few hearty college songs we retired, having spent an unusually profitable and pleasant evening.

PROGRAMME.

- CHORUS — "Day is at last Departing" *Raff.*
CHORUS CLASS.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Valse Etudé" *Wollenhaupt.*
MISS DURFEE.
- SONG — "Little Musician" *Bishop.*
MISS MILES.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Frage Nicht" . . *Kölling.*
MISS FORD.
- SONG — "Twickenham Ferry" . . *Marzails.*
MISS BAKER.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Waltzer" . . . *Gurlitt.*
MISS E. JACKSON.
- VOCAL DUO — "Guarda che Bianco," *Campana.*
MISSSES E. FLINT AND PRICKETT.
- CHORUS — "Old German Shepherd's Song" *Kienzl.*
CHORUS CLASS.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges" *Mendelssohn-Köhler.*
MISS COGSWELL.
- SPIRIT SONG *Haydn.*
MISS WHIPPLE.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Sonata" (Allegretto and Rondo) *Clementi.*
MISS H. SEIBERLING.
- SONG — "At the Window" (Words by Robert Browning) *Gabriel.*
MISS PRICKETT.
- PIANO-FORTE — "Promenades dun Solitaire" *Heller.*
MISS BOSTON.

ASIDE from the fatigue of mind and body invariably attendant upon the school-girls' return after Christmas Holidays, the weather was so very disagreeable that only a few of us were able to avail ourselves of the kind invitation sent to the young ladies of Lasell to attend the lecture of Rev. A. E. Winship, in the Congregational Church. These few were, however, amply rewarded for their struggles through freezing sleet and numerous puddles, by hearing an unusually interesting lecture, smoothly and brightly delivered, abounding in descriptions sufficiently vivid without the excellent stereopticon views, which were clear and beautiful. The variety of scenery, and the gradual change from gigantic mountains and huge cañons of Colorado to the vast plains of Arizona and New Mexico, were charming, in that one felt a constantly developing interest; till when, in conclusion, the lecturer pointed to a picture of the joyous traveling party whose wanderings we had been following, we regretted the leave-taking — but hope to learn of their farther Western journeying, at some future time, through the able speaking of this one of their number.

ON Thursday evening, December 21st, during the Christmas Holidays, thirteen of us were allowed, by *special permission*, to go and see Irving and Ellen Terry in "Hamlet." It being such a long time since we had the opportunity of going to the theater, we felt rather embarrassed, but tried our best not to disgrace the school.

The acting fully came up to our highest expectation, and from the rising of the curtain till the final act, when we were obliged to leave, we entirely forgot ourselves in the wonderful acting; and we came away with a much better idea of "Hamlet" than we could possibly have ever had by merely reading it.

Arriving at the Seminary about midnight, we were invited to the dining-room, where, by the kindness and forethought of Prof. Bragdon, a lunch had been prepared for us, which we enjoyed immensely, not being accustomed to "midnight spreads."

We are all very thankful that we were allowed to see such fine acting, and we sincerely hope that it will not be long before another such opportunity is offered us.

A YOUNG lady of Smith College was engaged in a conversation about college papers, and was asked if she often saw the *Amherst Student*? She indignantly replied, "There isn't any *the* 'Amherst Student.'"

Exchanges.

THE *Register* is a nice, wide-awake paper, and we read its pages with pleasure.

CORNELL is advocating the study of the sciences exclusively, and the overthrow of the classics.

OUR exchange-box is full to overflowing with interesting papers, and we enjoy the little glimpses we thus catch of our school friends.

CAN we not all adopt the suggestions in regard to the new year's work given in the December number of *Kent's Hill Breeze*? We think they are exceedingly good.

WE may well compliment the *Hamilton College Monthly*, as it is an attractive, spicy paper. Especial merit is found in Miss Willa Lloyd's productions, which are full of thought and talent.

A BRIDGEWATER paper says the word "dude" has been abolished, and the word "slim" is substituted in its place. We regret this change, for "dude" was specific, and so expressive, while "slim" is rather indefinite; and we fear it will never be so inspiring to the young ladies.

MR. BRAGDON plans his "Round the world with my girls" tour for the fall and winter of '85. There will be a chance for those of his party who want to "do Europe," to do it in that summer. But to all not planning to join this company, he unqualifiedly recommends the party of Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Lynn, Mass., to whom you may send for particulars. It will be as good a chance as to go with himself, he says — and that is all we can expect him to say!

To Subscribers.

It comes to us now and then that you do not receive some number of the LEAVES. We want to beg subscribers and advertisers to let us know *every failure* to receive a paper. We mail the papers, postage paid, in plainly addressed wrappers, and the postmaster here, says there is no reason for the non-appearance of every paper.

If the thing is general, or continues in any case, we propose to find out why it is. So *please* take the trouble to help us by sending us word (a postal-card will do) when any month's paper has not arrived by the end of the month.

THE PUBLISHER.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Editorial.

DECORATIVE ART.

IN this high-sounding subject we do not intend to encroach upon the province of the Art Editor, for we will allow her to soar in realms afar, seeking the beautiful in painting or sculpture, while we make a few visits on our neighbors in the Seminary, and see what we can find in their rooms, whether of the æsthetic, the quaint, or the curious. Mark these last few words. We do not say what of the truly *artistic* we can find, for it would be too gross a slander on that already too much abused word. We do not know by what name to call this superfluity of ornament which shows itself in little owls, perched on the picture-frames, staring into

the night with an expression — enough to give the slumberers a nightmare.

In one room we see a string of cards hung from the ceiling, as if to tempt a draught of air into the room to disarrange them a little more than they now are. But this cannot be the real reason, as we have yet to find the room that has to resort to this artifice to tempt the cold air within its walls.

As we enter Room No. 3, visions of tarantulas come over us, and send a shudder through every nerve. If the girls occupying this room intend making a collection of such creatures as the one hanging from the ceiling, we would advise that they put their "Engaged" card out, and admit only those who can show a doctor's certificate that they have cast-iron nerves.

In another room we see the "pipes of peace" suspended on the wall. This, perhaps, accounts for the perfect harmony one always sees between the members of the firm, Fuller & Coe.

But we must proceed to Sisters' Hall. Perhaps we may catch a glimpse of more of these "delightfully diabolical decorations," through a door that stands ajar.

Yes; here is Room No. 62, and we will peek cautiously in. "*Nitor in adversum*;" that looks classical, as if the girls rooming there lived on nothing but Latin and Greek literature. But appearances are deceitful, and we will push the door in a little farther, and see if we cannot see something more appropriate. Yes; here we have it — four enormous boxing-gloves hung in line across one corner of the room, telling of hours spent, not over "*Cicero de Amicitia*," but "*Sullivan de Pugnatia*."

We notice the parasol, and cannot say whether it is for use or ornament, but suppose it is hung wrong side up, to serve as a catch-all for the evil deeds committed in that "Den of Errors." If we can prove that this is the use for which it is designed, we think it would be an act of charity to get one of the strongest kinds of old-fashioned cotton umbrellas and present it to them, for fear that the weight of their misdoings may prove too much for the light receptacle they now use. This room would be a good one for an Art Club; only the worst feature is, that when the picture

"Sardinian Captives" (in oil) is on exhibition, the doors are usually closed to outsiders.

We can see that an artist lives in No. 60; for who else could put *such* touches to the photograph of a young man, and then frame it with a gilded horse-shoe?

Here, too, is another strange decoration, — a watch with five cases. We cannot expect great promptness from the inmates of this room, as it takes so much time to close their chronometer after they have looked at the time.

The other doors on Sisters' Hall are closed and no light gleams from the transoms so we will continue our tour of the rooms by ascending the stairs to Liberty Hall.

Entering No. 50, we immediately recognize that the girls here are æsthetic, for we see ornaments of every description, representing every country and race of people, from the little Negro babies and Indian canoe, to the child of civilization, pouting while made to say his prayers. Here are cigars and cigarettes, tied up with ribbons, and cards placed around the glass in a very artistic manner.

People gifted in the literary way are not generally supposed to have talents of the æsthetic order, but it is only necessary to call upon our Local Editor to see that every talent is, by some mistake, given to her; for who but a born artist and careful reader of human nature, could hang that picture of a young gentleman in the corner of the room between two canes, thus at the same time making a novel decoration, and illustrating the truth that caning is often beneficial to humanity?

We cannot pass by Room No. 29 without notice, for here is a field of study to the artist, the botanist, and zoölogist, — the artist, to find wherein the art lies in the frescoing on the chimney-piece; the botanist, to account for the extraordinary growth of that enormous sun-flower; and the zoölogist, to name the bug, butterfly, or beetle that is soaring near by. On the whole we call it a "Study."

This completes the list of striking and curious decorations, and we have given this lengthy article about them to prove that there is no accounting for tastes.

The Song of the Sprain.

With fingers benumbed and stiff,
 With her elbow swollen and red,
 A schoolgirl lay with her arm just so,
 All night, in her little bed.
 Turn, turn, turn,
 In nervousness, hunger, and pain,
 And still with her mind on her elbow stiff,
 She sang the "Song of the Sprain."

Tick, tick, tick,
 While the clock tells the hours o'er;
 And tick, tick, tick,
 Till the stars begin to lower.
 It's oh! to be up and dressed,
 These bandages to sever,
 Or to get some sleep and rest,
 For to-night it seems forever.

'Twas skate, skate, skate,
 Till the ankles were tired and sore;
 And skate, skate, skate,
 Till I felt me falling o'er.
 Up, and falling, and down!
 Down! then rising with pain
 To the sound of many musical laughs,
 Which the rest could not restrain.

O girls with right arms whole,
 O girls without splint or sling,
 Glad witness to your good fortune
 And debt to fate, I sing!
 Bend, bend, bend,
 In the doctor's cruel hands;
 And punch, punch, punch,
 To see where the trouble stands.

But I do not blame the skates,
 Those runners now on the shelf;
 I'll cherish you for service past,
 And wear you soon myself:
 I'll wear you soon myself,
 My recreation with you keep,
 But Oh! that fun should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work, work, work,
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? a bed of hair,
 A carpet of brown and rags;
 Suggestions on the door,
 A table, a rocking-chair,
 And a paper so blank, that my shadow I
 thank
 For sometimes falling there.

Arm still, still, still,
 From rising-bell till eve;
 And still, still, still,
 Till we our couches leave.
 Bandage and splints and sling,
 Sling and bandage and splints,
 Till the heart is sick, and the weary brain
 For rest and repose gives hints.

With fingers benumbed and stiff,
 With her elbow swollen and sore,
 That schoolgirl then, with her arm tied up,
 Was singing her sad song o'er.
 Move, move, move,
 In nervousness, hunger, and pain,
 And still her woes came back once more,
 As she viewed the suggestions on the door,
 And kept singing the "Song of the Sprain."

Lasell in 1984.

"AND is this Lasell? What wonderful, incredible changes time effects in all things! Lasell! I had thought ——"

Here the old lady was interrupted by "Yes; but come, mother," from her kindly daughter, who had previously touched off the electric alarm to announce their arrival; and even now her summons was answered by a gentle swinging back of the massive doors and the appearance of a little French waiting-maid, respectfully courtesying, and in gentle accents bidding them enter and follow her.

The old lady, bewildered and almost transfixed to the spot, stood staring around at this large and beautifully finished vestibule (a little study in itself), and occasionally glanced inside at the long and spacious corridor, whose inlaid floors and sculptured walls were themselves suggestive of still greater grandeur within.

"But, mother, come. We are waited for. Within, you can wonder and moralize upon these changes in greater comfort."

"Ah," replied the old lady, "then wait until I breathe; for, daughter, as I have often told you, breathing fits and prepares one for everything in this life: it is owing to my faithful and persistent continuance in these exercises that my life has thus been prolonged throughout the century. It was at Lasell I first learned to breathe aright. Now I will breathe to properly prepare myself for her changes."

This having been accomplished, the old lady moved on with almost the vigor and enthusiasm of youth.

For us of 1984, who are only slightly surprised at such grandeur (architecture and art having made rapid strides toward perfection in the last century), a round through the grounds at the slow rate of Lasell's former student would be tedious. So we leave her, in her amazement and admiration, to visit these different places, only noting her intense astonishment at a few of our improvements and advanced facilities.

Her astonishment on entering the recitation-rooms was amusing. She was at first conducted to the Medical Institute. There they were experimenting on a well-preserved pig, the outside covering having been removed from around the internal organs. This they were feeding, and noticing the processes of mastication and digestion that were going on. At another table the students were invivifying a rabbit, the lungs of which they had exposed. From these scenes our visitor turned away, saying her nerves were not now sufficiently

strong to watch such operations. From thence she was escorted to the laboratory, where the students were handling that once untamed, but now of all forces in nature the one most subtle, yielding, and useful — Electricity. Such experiments are very pretty, and that she might the better see them, the teacher in charge asked her to have a seat among the pupils. She did so, but was much surprised to see that each row of seats was raised the one above the other as they approached the rear of the room, and were reclining-chairs, well cushioned and upholstered in velvet. The students having seated themselves, she soon discovered that each chair had a gentle swaying motion, and was provided with a revolving fan, attached to it by means of a rod passing well above and slightly over the head. This was set in motion by the movement of the rocker. Greatly interested in their class experiments, she often watched them with bated breath, body inclined forward, and dilated eyes.

After class the girls, according to custom, went out to take a little exercise, and for this purpose found awaiting them numerous tricycles, which were provided by the school for the use of the students.

Our visitor is then shown to another apartment of this building, where are conducted the classes of Conchology. She expressed much surprise at this new science, and greatly admired the multifarious forms and varieties of shells found there.

In the afternoon, two of the young ladies called upon our friend in her apartments, and invited her to attend a private rehearsal of "Marguerite," which they were to give in the "Grand" that evening. They also stated that they had felt a little delicacy and hesitation in tendering her the invitation, knowing that that form of amusement was discouraged in the school a century ago, when she was a student. They wished her to feel perfectly free either to accept or decline the invitation, but would be very happy to see her if she chose to come. She speedily dispelled their anxiety on that score by saying. "Yes; I am old, and things were vastly different when I was young; but I have kept up with the spirit of the times and its advanced state. Better than that: I have breathed, and then all things have come right. Often have I read and enjoyed plays written by your students, and delighted to hear selections from their different operas. Your theater, with its domes and spires pointing heavenward, I much admire, and am most happy in accepting your

invitation." She went, and afterward expressed herself greatly pleased with the entertainment.

The place in which she felt most at home was the last of a series of spacious and commodious reading-rooms, which opened out of the main library, and was only visited now and then by a company of curious girls, who pried around the "queer room," marking the old relics and oddities in general. All the furnishings of this room were old-fashioned and quaint. The bookcases, the pictures, the seats, and all were odd, and strangely contrasted with the exquisitely frescoed ceiling and walls (so far as they were discernible), the floor of beautifully inlaid marble, and the rolled-cathedral studies in the windows. A few of the most ancient and prominent of these furnishings we will note. In a cozy little alcove there hangs a large engraving of the old Lasell grounds as they once were, and the old-time Seminary, long since replaced by the present magnificent building. Over against the glass of this picture is reflected the design of the old south window, with its many colored lights, Diogenes outside his traditional tub beckoning Alexander out of his sunshine.

How strangely do these two representative pictures of the past and present, reflected by the same glass and separated only by its thickness, contrast one with the other. How clearly they portray the vast changes and revolutions wrought by Father Time.

The old lady gazed long and intently upon them, but found especial satisfaction in reviewing the old class pictures. These, together with various statues and paintings (the work and gifts of former pupils), fill the intervening space between those old bookcases, filled with their peculiar, musty-smelling books.

"Yes, here is our old class picture of 1884, which brings it all back to me. Indeed, the scenes and friends of the past stand out to me now as vividly from the fair days that are dead as they did then, when that was present and this future. Not one of these, my mates, are living now, and in life I scarce saw one of them after leaving school, we were so scattered. Nell developed into a more wonderful artist than she promised. The following summer, after we graduated, she sailed for Europe, to further pursue her art studies in Germany. 'Twas there she established her never-dying fame. My room-mate and Nell Kidder led in romance, but poor Nell's career was brief. Upon leaving school she

was soon united to her adored 'Albert,' and with him had started for his Southern home by way of steamer; but the second day out the steamer was wrecked, and all on board perished. We almost thought Ida was going to live on in the single blessedness of maidenhood; for many were her suitors, and from far and near they came to seek her hand, but in vain. Finally she met her kindred spirit in the person of Lord Francis Barrington, and with him went abroad to establish their happy English home. Gussie was gaining numerous laurels as a poetess, but early fell a victim to the plague of '91.

"In this picture above we have the students of '84. This little girl, Carrie, was our Missionary to India. Here, leaning against the tree, is our much-married friend Dora, who had a 'trifle of husbands'—of bachelors three, and widowers two. By her side stands Jennie B., who became a famous actress; while her chum, Lizzie, was none the less noted as an authoress, and founder of the "Advanced School of Philosophy." Gertrude P. did a good work among the Mormons, and was largely instrumental in reclaiming the State of Utah. The name of Olive O. Olmstead will ever be famous for her many treatises and discoveries in the science of Paleontology."

Here the old lady was interrupted in her soliloquy by an invitation from a party of girls to accompany them over the city and to the Observatory, in the "Snug," their aerial chariot. She said that although these were now common, she had never yet taken a trip in one of them; but upon being assured that there was less danger and fewer accidents in the navigation of the air than in any other mode of travel, she consented.

Soon after tea they called for her. A little timorously she took her seat, and asked that all the workings of this new invention might be explained to her. They replied that it was very simple, and there was really very little to be explained, as she would see. "We turn these knobs to the right, that we may inflate that globe with rarefied hydrogen gas. You now see how quickly the globe rises to the top of our vehicle, and the buoyancy of the air carries us aloft. We now need some impelling motive power, and find it in electricity. We give this crank two or three turns, and hold this negative amber to the positive glass wheel, which starts the electric current in the coiled wire on those spools. Having the force, all we now want is something to steer us properly; and here

is this little rudder to guide our course. They went onward and onward, from one part of Boston to the other. Their guest sat amazed, with a thrilling, enchanted expression. Above her were the starry heavens, hallowed by the pale moon's mellow, silvery light. Beneath her were innumerable spires, domes, and towers, and one continuous stream of dazzlingly brilliant electric lights. In the intervening space was a network of fine, thin wires. She sat entranced. Farther than eye could reach extended the limits of Boston, with Lasell, Harvard, and other such places, once on its outskirts, now in the very heart of the city. She thought of the cities, villages, towns, churches, schools, and learned institutions dotting everywhere this broad land of ours; of the prairies and once worthless lands now irrigated by the hands of man, water brought to the surface by Artesian wells, and the wilderness truly blossoming as the rose. With her mind's eye she sees the telegraph stretching, web-like, o'er this vast continent, bringing sister cities near and remote into instant and immediate communication, and causing the pulsations of both joy and sorrow to be communicated to each other with such rapidity that their hearts vibrate as one. The aerial navigation, the electric railways, and many such modern inventions rush in upon her thoughts and daze her intellect, as she sees them stand out in striking contradistinction to those of the past, and is lost in the wonder and contemplation of the great Hereafter.

The company now descends to the Observatory, and here we leave them.

College Notes.

THE Amherst *Olio* is out.

'85's *Gul* has appeared.

THE *Beacon* has a new cover. Boston University College social, February 1st.

THE Wesleyan Glee Club has had great success this season. Their singing is admirable.

WILLIAMS has at present the largest number of students of any year since its foundation. The College Glee Club and Orchestra will probably give a concert this winter for the benefit of the Base-Ball Nine. There is some talk of changing the character of the annual "Dramatics," by choosing men from the entire College, instead of from the Junior Class, as heretofore. A Memorial Historical Library has been founded in honor of the late Nathan Gest, of the class of '84, who was recently killed while coasting.

Songs of Lasell.

CARMEN I.

AD JOSEPHUM.

To the tune, "'Twas off the Blue Canaries."—Metre,
Twenty-few.

'Twas on Lasell's great housetop high,
One moonlight winter's eve,
We stood and gazed at Sirius,
And sadly took our leave;
And as the constellations rose,
Orion leading on,
We gave the planets one "last look,"
And said our work was done.

CHORUS.

It was our last "star gaze,"
It was our last "star gaze:"
We sat upon that new "camp-stool,"
And took our last "star gaze."

I leaned against the chimney tall,
And looked at Boston light;
But this reminded me of home,
'Twas shining there so bright.
But Ida passed the cookies round,
And gave us each a pear;
We then peeked through the telescope,
And saw Capella there.

And as the stars kept gliding on,
So calmly passing o'er us,
We gazed on them with all our eyes,
For the time was short before us;
And *L'Enfant*, who did know them well,
Saw "Lucifer" astray,
And showed us a meridian
Known as the "Milky Way."

But now, alas! we bid farewell
To all these pleasant scenes;
We bring the table down the stairs,
So tired now it seems.
The telescope we now bring down,
The chair, and maidens three:
The class of '84 are through
Lockyer's Astronomiee.

A LAMENT.

[Tune, "Mary had a little lamb."]

'Twas down in a cooking-class, one day,
Upon a seat sat there
Three maidens, frisky, young, and gay,
Without a sign of care.

Each little mouth was filled with gum,
Each little jaw propelled,
Which, when the roll was being called,
A solemn silence held.

When the roll had all been called
The jaws did go again;
But soon a sad, sad thing occurred
Which gave the maidens pain.

They saw a Shadow standing near;
They heard a deep voice say:
"Give me that gum this instant, girls,
This moment, right away!"

Each trembling hand from each mouth drew
The gum to them so dear:
Into the Shadow's outstretched hand
They laid it with many a tear.

Straight to the fire the Shadow went,
And threw it in the blaze;
The maidens saw it burning there,
And watched with tearful gaze.

No more these maiden's hearts were light,
Their hair they pulled and tore;
Their chewing-gum was gone from sight,—
They never saw it more!

The Trinity of Art.

ART is not an imitation, or a reproduction. It expounds the spiritual significance hidden in the mysterious harmonizing elements of Nature. Nature is God's art, infinite, perfect. Man's art is the groping of humanity after that perfect. The true tone-artists, color-artists, or poet-artists must be interpreters of Nature. In her vast storehouses of forces are all the elements which originate the various arts.

The eye of one person is especially sensitive to her wonderful coloring; the ear of another catches every wave of melody; another reveals her divine decrees, not in the tone, or color, but in burning words. Music, Painting, and Literature—we say it reverently—form a trinity as truly one as the threefold Godhead of Revelation.

Along the thoroughfare of Art, worn by the tread of her countless worshipers, are three temples. The voices of dead centuries echo through their halls. Crowned kings and princes have brought their glories and honors into them. They stand as mute witnesses of the imperishableness of true art. Here is one erected in a fairy garden. All is light, melody, and gladness, with now and then a subdued or solemn strain chiming in with the commingling harmonies. The twinkling fall of a fountain, the trilling of winged songsters, the rustling murmur of trees, greet and gladden the hearts of those entering the temple. Beyond the spacious portals is a shrine holding a veiled form. What divinity is this? The solemn tones of a chant swell and die away in the pillared corridors. It is the spirit of Music. Music is supremely the "language of the soul." Man's deepest thoughts, his purest dreams, struggle in vain for expression in color, in sculptured form, or in impassioned words. The soul finds her best and truest interpreter in tone and harmony. The writer may completely veil his personality in representing character; the sculptor, the artist, the dramatist, may each conceal his distinct individuality; but in music we stand face to face with the soul of the composer. Humanity needs music; needs the grand triumphant marches, the rolling drum, and the trumpet-blast to cheer the faint-hearted. It needs the humble ballads, the "heart-songs of the people." It needs, yea, demands, noble Christian music, the

grand oratorios of the masters, and the heart-stirring hymns.

High on a lofty eminence sits enthroned another temple. Looking from its towers to the north, we see the snow-capped mountains lifting their noble heads far above us; the clouds cast fantastic shadows upon their rugged sides; the gray mist rises from the depths of a hidden lake, and the clouds parting disclose the shining surface of some icy glacier. In the west, beyond the rock-bound coasts, a sunset flashes forth rays of crimson, gold, and amethyst. Under the southern sky, the fruit-laden vineyards extend wide their fragrant slopes. In the east, "The morn's young sun sends up a columned haze, rifted and quivering, through whose dense array we see the rose-sheeted day-beams." Within this temple there is warmth, color, and richness. Surrounded by all this beauty is another enthroned image, and many Bend reverently before the Muse of Painting. To this altar have the world's color-prophets brought the powers of their genius for consecration, and have received the inspiration which glows in every fine picture.

The glittering domes of still another of Art's temples rise near the busy mart of a populous city. The noiseless portals, swinging apart, disclose a motley scene. In the center of the temple the eloquence of an orator holds the living mass by an irresistible power; and the multitude weeps or laughs, as he wills. An attentive crowd gathers around a poet. Here a comedian repeats his oft-told jokes and witticisms; and there a tragedian awes the fickle multitude into momentary silence by a well-simulated death. Behind all, and over all, stands the genius of Literature, looking upon these, her worshipers, with a grand, all-seeing power. What can we say of all who bow before this image? Let our silence do them reverence, while our hearts pronounce them the noblest of Art's followers.

Nature's Sadness.

The rock was sad in thinking of the tree,
Lifting its stately head in pride and power,
O'erlooking, from its hillside, plain and sea,
And laughing to the breeze at twilight's hour.

The tree was sad in thinking of the fawn,
Bounding in graceful freedom 'neath its shade,
Up and away to meet the rosy dawn,
Uttering its joy to dell and leafy glade.

The fawn was sad in thinking of the wings
That bear the eagle upward from the sod,
To drink the sunlight at its glowing springs;
And man was sad in thinking upon God.

—From the French of Henri Cazalis.

Art Notes.

THE exhibition of the Boston Art Club, consisting entirely of works in oil color, opened at the club-house Jan. 19th.

After sweeping, cooking-lecture, and free-vocal are over, if there is any spare time, it would be well for the art students to visit the Club.

THE works of H. Winthrop Pierce, on view at Doll & Richards for a week or more, should have created a stir among artists. It is all landscape or figure landscape, and most of the scenes are French. The characteristics of the work are joyousness, light life, grace, and sentiment.

The Boston Art Museum School of Painting and Drawing is beginning to be able to point to the fruit of some of the good seed it has sown.

Mr. Pierce's career began at the Museum, and he found, upon going to Paris or Germany, that he had nothing to unlearn.

A few of his many paintings are: "Forest of Fontainebleau in February." "The Return of the Exile;" right beside this is the "Moat of an Old Chateau," said to be quaintly beautiful. "Morning Mist" is most successfully rendered.

A tiny thing called "Washing in the Brook," shows a small thatched cottage, beside which runs a stream, and from beneath the overhanging roof of her doorway the woman leans, and washes in the running water. Not much of a subject, but the color and light make it a delightful picture.

In Mr. Pierce we have an artist as distinguished from a painter; and he is finest in landscape. It is understood he is to remain in Boston for the present.

Breathe, Breathe, Breathe.

Breathe, breathe, breathe,

From the depths of thy lungs, O girls;
And I would that you'd take one good, long
breath,
After you've braided your curls.

Oh! woe to the maidens frail, .

Who, retiring to their beds,
Leave exercises all undone —
For such will have pains in their heads.

But the buxom maids who breathe,
For many long years will live;
For exercises, well performed,
Extensive waists will give.

Breathe, breathe, breathe,
Whatever thy ailment may be —
Whether bad temper, or a hard toothache;
It will cure them all, you'll see.

"L'Enfant" et alii Seniores.

This is the Senior class, the grave and reverend maidens,

Coming with faces so careworn to the door of the teacher of English;

One with her eye dark with anger, (?)

The other with wrist in a bandage;

A third with infantile tread, and her chummie to keep her from falling;

The fourth with an essay so tiny, and a face that told of "nostalgia;"

And last, but not least, came the "S. G.," with essay large and imposing.

Timidly knocked these maidens at the door of room number fourteen;

Silently laid down their essays, and departed with sighs deep and heavy, —

Sighs that told of the heart-aches, the midnight oil, and the scratch-books

Spent on these essays so mighty, — these essays for future Commencement.

(The Commencement is not in the future; the Commencement is now, — to rewrite them.)
[Joke].

Sad is the tale of the Seniors, — the class that thought themselves brilliant;

Their thoughts were exhausted beforehand, and "non sunt" are the ideas requested.

So "non sunt" are the brave Seniors' essays; "non sunt" is the tale of their sorrows.

Vale! Vale!

ON the evening of January 19th, confusion dire and dreadful abounded in the halls of the Seminary. Groups of Lasell's maidens — each bearing 'neath the bang upon her brow, marks of impatience and anxious waiting — thronged the corridors and stairways, while through some of the tightly closed doors could be heard faintly suppressed ejaculations at the lateness of the hour, and the amount of costuming yet to be done. These signs betokened the preparations for the approaching celebration of the birthday of the Lasellia Club. A little later, the Clubroom seemed transformed from its usual dingy aspect to an auditorium of great magnificence — an effect heightened by the jewels and gleaming tresses of the spectators, all of whom, it is needless to state, had donned their Sunday gowns, as best befitting such an occasion. Then before their wondering orbs were enacted two scenes from Dickens' "Bleak House" and "Barnaby Rudge."

The scenery and costumes were truly remarkable, and were only surpassed by the amount of talent (?) displayed.

After this "feast of reason and flow of soul," refreshments of a more substantial nature were partaken of, and the climax of enjoyment was reached in the Virginia Reel, with which the festivities ended.

Political Notes.

KHARTOUM still remains open to Cairo.

THERE is a reported massacre of the Christians at Khartoum.

KING ALFONSO has accepted the resignation of the Cabinet, which was tendered to him.

CHINA has stopped its work of obstructing the Canton River, upon a protest by England.

A GOOD many think with ex-Senator Chaffee, that Logan will head the Republican Presidential ticket.

OVER one hundred lives were lost at the shipwreck of the City of Columbus, and only twenty-three saved.

MR. LOWELL, United States Minister to England, has accepted the presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, for 1884.

ACCORDING to present indications, Chamberlain will be Gladstone's successor as the Liberal leader in Great Britain.

GEN. GORDON goes to Khartoum with full forces, to make the best arrangements possible to settle affairs in the Soudan.

A PROPOSITION is before the New York Legislature to abolish "days of grace" in business transactions.

A BILL will be reported to the House of Representatives, making the Commissioner of Agriculture a cabinet officer.

WASHINGTON lawyers are circulating a petition to Congress for opening the Congressional Library and Smithsonian Institute on Sundays.

QUEEN VICTORIA is now able to take short walks, but she cannot stand upon her feet longer than a few minutes at a time. Her health otherwise is unaffected.

RUSSIAN Nihilists, having been forced to give up the printing-press, now use the hektograph. The Czar and his ministers are in constant fear.

A LETTER of Gen. Butler's has been made public, in which he declares he is out of national politics forever, and that he has no ambition in politics outside of Massachusetts.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised to be presented to Lieut. Rhodes, of the revenue cutter Dexter, in recognition of his heroic efforts to save the lives of those wrecked on the City of Columbus.

Personals.

MISS LAURA DAVIS, of Dedham, recently made us a flying visit. She lives so near, there is no excuse for not coming often.

BERTHA MORRISON has had some anxious weeks about a sick father, who is, however, we are glad to say, improving.

CARRIE EBERSOLE is the first one to engage her room for next year. Nothing like being on time here.

WE were favored, Feb. 1st, with a brief visit from Mrs. Albert H. Mirick, *née* Anita Henry, and Mrs. Lewis Porter, *née* Ella Stocking.

MRS. WILLIAM H. SCHAEFER (Florence Moulton) is now in Florida. We wish she would take a trip North before returning to her home in Charleston.

WE are happy to send Lasell's congratulations to Miss Bettie Morris, one of Lasell's former students, who was recently married to Mr. John Shearn, Jr., of Houston, Texas.

ELBERTA BURNHAM and her sister Mattie are proving their right to a place among the world's workers; busy all the time, yet not forgetting their old home.

THROUGH Annie Judson, who keeps her interest in Lasell alive, and often sends papers, etc., to the reading-rooms, we learn that Mabel Olds is well, and sends her remembrances to teachers and old girls.

SADIE SMITH SCHOFIELD, '76, finds her Quincy, Ill. home delightful, the people hospitable and genial, and is altogether glad that she has been transplanted from this rock-bound coast to the smiling prairies.

LENA HURGREN was suddenly summoned to the sick-bed of her sister, in Oregon — the sister for whom her mother had a few weeks before engaged a place here for the second half-year. We tender our sympathies to Lena.

ANNIE NORWOOD is sorry she cannot be here this term, but is not well enough. Blanche Ford was all "packed" to come, but her father, who does not gain as rapidly as friends wish, though perhaps as fast as they ought to expect, very much wished her to stay; so she stays.

SADIE READ, of Mandarin, Florida, sends in her plea for the regular visit of THE LEAVES. Says she can't do without it. We remember that Sadie had a quiet way of doing what she tried to do, so have no doubt she will succeed in getting THE LEAVES to fly even as far as her Southern home, — where we wish we were, some of these zero days.

A BEAUTIFUL chamois-horn paper-knife hangs conveniently near Mr. Bragdon's hand, and right in the line of sight of every girl who sits in "that chair." It comes out, by inquiry, that Bertha Morrison "thought on him" when she was over the sea, last summer: hence the Swiss knife for his letters.

GEORGIANA BOSWORTH BALLARD, of Fall River, sends a pleasant word of good cheer with her subscription to THE LEAVES. She is "trying to teach a young idea of fourteen months," and finds it pleasant work. Yes, Georgiana, pleasanter, sometimes, than when she gets to be fourteen years and upward! Bring her to see Lasell.

LASELL seems to be getting a fair share of law this year — six lectures by Mr. Hemenway, and a little visit from Mr. Williams, of Boston. Mr. W.'s legal advice seems good, but we are in doubt about the house-keeping. His method may have served a good purpose while he was at Dartmouth, but it would never meet with approval at Lasell.

CARRIE HINKLEY and Jennie Kiser made Bertha a visit in the fall, Carrie going from Chicago to Alabama for the winter with mother and sister. Bertha reports a pleasant call on Nellie Brown Shattuck, who has become a neighbor. Chicago will have to have a Lasell Club, with a monthly dinner and gathering of Lasell girls. There are a good many there now.

IRENE SANFORD, Brockton, has been expecting to hear that THE LEAVES was discontinued. You are the first one who has thought of it, Inie, and you may be the last. There is no sign just now of Lasell or THE LEAVES dropping off. Every old girl may send in her subscription every September, and be sure of seeing the paper in due season.

MRS. HELEN SCOTT DOUGAN, of Richmond, Ind., here during the first year of Mr. Bragdon's principalship, has stirred up the subscription agent of THE LEAVES to good purpose. About twenty back numbers have been sent out to supply the places of those not received; and more — a letter to each old subscriber to ask after losses. THE LEAVES are going to be delivered, or we are going to know why.

ALICE McCARN, here in '81-'82, from Quincy, Mich., went to Anamasa, Iowa, a year or more ago, to visit relatives; bought an interest in a store, and entered business-life, in which she has been successful and happy. She would like to be a Lasell girl again; but don't see how she can be spared,

and so is in an English literature class, and does some studying, and will do more. If any Lasellian goes to Anamasa, and will call at the store of McCarn & Co., on Main Street, we warrant her a warm reception.

And the "Saratogian" of February 1st, has the following about Mamie Adams's husband: —

John E. Hodgman never looked happier in his life. A kind of perpetual smile has illuminated his countenance since early yesterday evening. It is a boy, and Grandfather John Q. Adams affirms that the young arrival is the finest in the land.

While we are rejoicing with some of our dear girls to whom, as mothers, God has sent these wonderful treasures, we, with equal love and greater tenderness, perhaps, weep with those whose little darlings he has recalled to himself. Ida Cogswell Bailey's little one died February 8th. Dear Ida, He wants some children up there! What would heaven be without children? And if the King has chosen yours to be near him, is it not high honor?

A good letter from Sophie White (of Sewickley, Pa.) tells us of busy days in nursing a sick mother, entertaining company, and superintending housekeeping. [The genuine Lasell girl is at home in any of these things, and can do all three at once.] She is planning a reunion of Lasell girls at her home, next summer, and gives us news, very welcome, of Jessie Godfrey at home, well, and proving herself, as we all know her to be, a noble woman; and Annie Harbaugh at home, and keeping up some study.

SOME beautiful English violets, still very fragrant, tell the story of the soft summer air and sunshine of Nellie Hugus's present home. She will pardon a little extract from her letter, because of the picture it gives us as a contrast to the zero weather of these days. She writes from Pasadena, Los Angeles, Cal.: —

... "San Francisco is a very pretty place, and very lively; quite different from any other city I have ever visited. [What does she mean? Hasn't she been to Boston?] Cable cars run all over the city. I don't know how one could reach the summit of some of the hills without them. We came here by steamer, and I never enjoyed a trip so much; sea very calm, and few persons sick. I think now I'd like to go to Europe with you. Every one calls this place the "Garden of Eden;" I suppose because there are so many orange groves. Although it is January, it is as warm as summer. We have

doors and windows open, and all kinds of beautiful flowers are blooming in our yard. We read in the papers how severe the cold is East, and then look out at the orange and lemon trees *with great satisfaction*. [Cool, isn't it? Just like her way of saying it!] We expect to stay here six months, and if it agrees with mamma's health shall make it our permanent home. I don't think California people know what a real good Christmas is. Here the sun shines warm and bright, and folks have *picnics* instead of good sleighrides, or going skating, as we used to do. Our last Christmas seems ages ago! . . . The sister of the gentleman of whom we rent the house graduated at Lasell. The name is Richardson. . . . I know you will be glad to learn that I am becoming a first-class housekeeper and cook. Mamma is not able to do much, and it is impossible to get a good girl here. Every one hires Chinamen; but they are so disagreeable and dirty to have around your house!" [Wonder if Nellie is sorry for any of the Monday afternoons with Mrs. Daniels and Miss Parloa! I tell you, girls, they are sure to be of value to you.]

A Chemical Tale.

'Twas a murky day in '84,
And had you passed Professor's door,—
That opens off the lowest floor,—
You'd have seen a sight, 'twould made
you roar.

You'd have seen within, high up displayed,
A bottle of a yellow shade,
And each delirious, raging maid
Direct for the window making raid.

While Professor, from the door without,
Stood holl'ring, "What are you about?
Why such a hurry, such a rout?
Is the stopper of that chlorine out?"

No answer then it were need to make,
But each did affirmation shake,
Watching the chlorine's rising wake
Slow up the flue its departure take.

Each hand quietly to a nostril went,
And o'er the work the maidens bent,
Trying in vain to stop the rent
That throughout the room its perfume
sent.

The broth that had had "too many cooks,"
Occasioned all these glow'ring looks;
The odor, filling the secret nooks,
Produced some results not found in books.

They vowed the experiment they'd not
repeat,
And stored the apparatus neat,—
Lest chlorine should their hopes defeat,
And they a sadder fate should meet.

Locals.

"WHAT side of the debate are you on?"
"The infirmative."

"Did you hear about the girls whispering
in Chapel, the other night?" "Yes! I
should think Professor Bragdon would go
extracted!"

YOUNG lady seeing a herdie.—"Is that
what they eall a haddock?"

EVERY Senior is in the Studio; but two
study music. With the Juniors it is just
vice-versa.

GIRLS, galvanize your heads! Three
dozen pairs of Indian elubs have been ad-
ded to the gymnasium.

THE other day, at dinner, the girls were
quite frightened, on account of a heavy
snow-slide from the roof. Some thought it
another boiler explosion.

As birds in winter vainly look
For crumbs upon the snow,
So editors do look for scraps
To make the locals grow.

FASHION is at last treading the paths of
knowledge,—wearing common-sense boots,
loose, easy clothing, playing lawn-tennis,
swinging Indian clubs, and chewing 'Tulu
gum.

WOULD that some good Thetis had been
around before we were ever put on the
editorial staff at Lasell! From the "slings
and arrows of outrageous fortune," a dip
in the river Styx could alone have saved us.

ONCE two Seniors had a fight.
They fit all day and they fit all night;
And the next day they were seen,
One with a black-eye, the other with a
green.

WE all look upon those in the "motion
class" as examples of grace and loveliness;
and we expect those who are exercising
with lifting, to defend us from everything
terrible—even Sullivan himself.

TEACHER, giving some good advice.
—"Keep me near to my childhood"—
who was it said that? Whom did I hear
say that?"

Amiable Lasell girl.—"Bob Ingersoll."

THE faculties of everything (even col-
leges) either improve—or retrograde;
increase or diminish. We are anticipating
an addition to that of Lasell, in the shape
of a tonsorial artist. Maidens with bangs,
beware!

WE are the handsomest girls of our race,
Superb in form and of exquisite face,
And dress with perfect, consummate grace,
And some of us girls even wear point-lace!
We know many tongues of living and dead,
In science and fiction are very well read;
But we cannot cook meat, and cannot make
bread,
And we've wished many times that we were
all dead.

Room "29."

THE two lectures by Alfred Hemenway,
A.M., of Boston, on "The Principles of
Common Law," have been listened to with
great interest and pleasure by the girls.

We have always felt as if we *must* remain
silent when any subject connected with
legislation came up; but even now we feel
enlightened, and at the end of the course—
were it only allowable—we would be willing
to plead our own ease against a charge of
suicide, and be sure of winning.

A NEWSPAPER says that Boston has a
colored man named Yale College. When
he shall have a large family, imagine Mrs.
C. standing on the front porch and yelling to
her offspring: "Now see heah, Dartmouf,
how many times mus' yo' po' mudder tell
you to frow dat base-ball 'way, an' stay in
de house an' larn your A B C's? Cornell,
quit dabblin' in dat watah, an' eome heah
dis instant. An' yo', Lasell—yo' de wust
nigger in de pack! Take dat chewin'-gum
out ob yo' mouf, or I'll ehoke ye till you
are brack in de faee."—*Exchange*.

STATISTICS show that Lasell girls at home
during the Holidays numbered: attendance
at church, 96; runaways, 7; theater, 76;
lectures, 6; parties, 59; concerts, 19; card
parties, 37; prayer-meeting, 6; balls, 73;
sleighrides, 120. And now "if ye have
tears, prepare to shed them." We fear that
the *women* of Lasell have little discretion.
After four cautious and enlightened *Seniors*
had been questioned, and after four stupe-
fying answers had been received, we con-
cluded to save the reputation of Lasell, and
push our inquiries no further.

If a body meet a body
Coming from Lasell—
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?

The Voice of the Snow.

FOR THE "LEAVES."

Here I come, drifting, drifting everywhere;
By the frozen roadside,
On the dreary hillside;
Hiding the noisy brook,
In every lonely nook,
I come, drifting, drifting everywhere.

Here I come, drifting, drifting everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My dirty piles you'll meet;
The city fathers groan!
The railroad companies moan
To see me drifting, drifting everywhere!

Here I come, drifting, drifting everywhere;
More welcome to the boys
Than all their summer joys;
Making the horsemen glad,
And only the poor tramp sad,
As I come, silently drifting everywhere.

Here I come, drifting, drifting everywhere;
In the bright starry night.
Or the glad morning light;
How the merry sleigh-bells jingle,
While young hearts and voices mingle,
Because I've been drifting, drifting every-
where.

Science Notes.

IN following up the subject of "Remarkable Sunsets," we find that the most popular theory is that of "volcanic dust."

A NEW printing and folding machine in the establishment of the *Springfield Republican*, prints on both sides, cuts, pastes, and folds twelve thousand sheets in an hour.

THE largest clock in the world is on the Parliament House, in London. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter, the pendulum nineteen feet long.

ONE of the latest theories advanced is, that copper as found in water flowing through a copper region, or in preserved vegetables, *et cetera*, so far from being dangerous, is comparatively harmless to the health.

It is said that the health of animals, as well as of human beings, may be guessed at very shrewdly by feeling their pulse; the natural rapidity varying with different animals.

IN France, luminous jewelry is being used. Glass is cut so as to represent the various jewels, and this has an electric-light arrangement, regulated by a small battery carried in the pocket. This promises to be very taking — not only in Paris, but elsewhere.

Science expresses the hope that the local committee at Montreal will in no way prevent a full attendance upon the meeting in Philadelphia of the American Association for the advancement of Science, which bids fair to be the most important scientific gathering that has ever been held in this country.

AT a lumber-mill in Deseront, Ontario, where fifty million feet of lumber are cut yearly, they are making gas of their sawdust. It is so successful that it is thought in the end the whole place will be lighted with wood-gas. Any kind of sawdust can be used for making gas; but that from resinous woods is best, and yields more.

THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology has reserved a room in the southwest corner of the basement of their new building for the establishment of a Photographic Laboratory, probably the first ever connected with a scientific institution for the purpose of instruction and research in this most interesting department of applied science.

A YOUNG Japanese has lately received the prize offered by the University at Leipzig, for research on the subject of Embryology of Fresh-water Planarians — a difficult

subject, and one which has not before received much attention. In Berlin, another Japanese student, having many able competitors, has been appointed the post of assistant in Anatomy.

THE daily mail in a certain section of Colorado is carried by two men using the *skidor*, or Norwegian snow-shoe, it being greatly preferred to the Canadian, or web-shoe. The route is twenty-five miles, and each makes the trip daily, passing each other on the way. The motion is a sliding forward at each step, the shoes being from six to eight feet long, and about four inches wide. A staff completes the outfit.

THE early life of the great scientist, Sir Wm. Rowan Hamilton, is told in an interesting way in the first volume, issued lately, of his biography, written by his personal friend, Robert Percival Graves, M. A.

He was born in Dublin, Aug. 4, 1805, and died at the same place, Sept. 2, 1865. When very young he bade fair to be the greatest linguist of his day. At five, he could translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. At eight, he was versed in French and Italian. Before the age of ten, he was proficient in Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit; was grounded in Chaldee Syriac, Hindoostanee, Malay, Mahratta, Bengali, and others, and was about to commence the Chinese language. Before he was twelve he published a Syriac Grammar, and before he was thirteen a Grammar of the Sanscrit language, an Arabic praxis, and several other works, including a treatise on Algebra. He grasped in turn Mathematics, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy, and his discoveries and inventions were valuable. His college course was a brilliant one, though his interests in the classics had paled before his absorbing love of Mathematics and Science, and became even irksome to him; and before this was completed, when less than twenty-two, he was elected Andrews Professor of Astronomy, in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland; which chair he afterward exchanged for that of Mathematics, as more suited to his tastes, and also in consideration of his health. The first volume leaves him at the age of twenty-seven; but even at that age honor after honor was heaped upon him, and through it all, his friend says, he always kept the same simple, unaffected manner, ever ready to acknowledge ignorance on any point, or to render assistance to those less gifted than himself.

A Letter.

DEAR "OLD GIRLS": To those of you who remember and loved Mr. James T. Fields, this incident will be of interest.

Last fall, a long-cherished desire of mine to visit Mr. Longfellow's home, was gratified. In company with a cousin from Montreal, and after visiting other places of interest in Cambridge, I walked down the quiet street toward the dear poet's home. It was a perfect September afternoon, such an one as he himself describes: —

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees," etc.

Through the gate and up the graveled walk we went, and upon ringing the bell an aged domestic appeared, who kindly invited us within, volunteering the information that the family were gone to Europe to spend a year. As we stepped into the square, old-fashioned hall, a strange feeling of awe and reverence took possession of me, such as one experiences upon entering a vast and dim cathedral. There was the "old clock":

"Half way up the stairs it stands,"
but no more

"Points and beckons with its hands;"
and there, to our right, the study, where the gray-haired poet thought and wrote.

Everything is as he left it — a half-written sheet, the pen lying carelessly beside it; papers strewn about; a photograph or two of the beloved little grandchildren; fresh flowers in the vases. But the mighty brain is at rest! The busy hand is still forever!

From this room we went into the drawing-room, just back — a more pretentious apartment, filled with curiosities and gifts dear to the inmate's heart. We had examined many rare and beautiful things, and were about to leave the room, when our attention was arrested by the letters "A. and J. T. F.," inscribed upon a crystal vase. It was a graceful thing, tall and slender, broadening out toward the top. On one side was delicately traced a single fern; upon the other we read, with much emotion, these words: "Joy and fresh days of love accompany you."

"To H. W. L.,
Feb. 27th, 1877,
from
A. and J. T. F."

A flood of recollection, like the relentless flowing of the tide, swept in upon me, and I remembered those evenings with Mr. Fields at Lasell, — the pleasant face, the genial presence, the rich, sympathetic voice.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., MARCH, 1884.

NUMBER 6.

Lasell Leaves,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,

BY THE

LASELL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

OF

LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN,

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Political Editor.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD, '86.

Art Editor.

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Literary and Exchange Editor.

LILLIE FULLER.

MAUDE E. HALLER.

Publisher.

NELLIE H. PACKARD, '84.

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Editorial.

THE complaint of to-day as regards the education of girls is, that they give too much attention to Latin and Greek, and too little to the principles of housekeeping. But this fault cannot be found with us, as regards our training at Lasell, for every week we have a lesson in house-cleaning, and nearly as often one in the art of cooking.

While for five days in the week we dig and delve mentally in the fields of learning, we have one day for a holiday; only even then we are obliged to dig and delve with material things, as one who sees the busy maidens attired in ealico dress and sweeping-eap can easily imagine, even if

the halls, where dust seems to reign supreme, did not give him the warning that it was sweeping day.

Our college brothers do not know the trials of house-cleaning, when the furniture, if it had eyes, would stare in astonishment at the sight of so rare a thing as a duster, and when the room has been for a week the receptacle of everything of which the most vigorous mind can conceive.

Yes, the boys are truly fortunate in having their rooms swept, and some attempt at dusting made, however faint, by the goody in charge of their rooms. But we poor girls have to be our own goodies, and if an outsider could see the long faces which the girls wear after Chapel, Monday morning, he would think that the air of Auburndale had a decided tendency to inspire its inhabitants with melancholy. After making up our minds that the room must be cleaned before it will be inhabitable, we serew our courage up to the necessary pitch, and enter the room with an air like a Spartan bound for battle, with the motto, "Conquer or die."

Everything must be dusted first, and dusted last; the broom must be wielded with the strength of a Hercules, and the skill of an old housekeeper. The mat must be shaken out of the window, and it is even well to let it float down quietly to the ground, as after a morning walk in snow or mud one feels more in the mood of giving it a good shaking, than when she leaned as far as she dared out of the window two stories above.

Then the dust that has been on the floor takes to itself wings, but does not fly away; in fact it seems well pleased to stay in the room, and much averse to settling down quietly as before.

But the clock-hands are moving onward, and our heroine in the dusting-eap has just emerged from the confusion of the closet, where the dresses hang tier on tier, and the hooks seem to groan with their unusual burdens.

And now is allowed a short intermission to our young housekeeper, while she visits her neighbors, with the pretense of looking for the truant dust-pan, which she at last finds, and carries triumphantly to her room,

By this time the dust, which during the process of sweeping has changed places from the earpet to the chairs, is ready to be whisked back to its old place on the earpet again.

As order gradually comes out of chaos, our worker feels encouraged; and as she makes an apology for washing the looking-glass, she can see an expression of triumph, in spite of the sweeping-eap.

Then she sinks into the rocking-chair, and counts the hours to elapse before it is her sad lot to sweep again, feeling as if the sight of a broom would be sufficient to throw her into hysterics.

MR. JOHN NEMBULA, whose advertisement appears in this paper, is a native of Zululand, who came to America to study, and desires to fit himself for a good missionary physician, that he may return to labor among his countrymen.

His grandmother was the first Zulu convert. His father is now one of the native pastors who are assisting the missionaries of the American Board in their work for the Zulus.

John Nembula was trained in the mission-school. When he talked of leaving for further study in this country, all his companions tried to dissuade and discourage him. But finding his desire to teach and help his people, his father gave his consent. He came with Rev. Mr. Pixley, who has now returned to his field of labor.

John sold his horse, his only valuable possession, that he might help to pay his way. He is not now supported or assisted by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as they do not think it right to use the funds contributed for those who are in this land. He is now in the Preparatory School in Oberlin, and hopes to enter that college. He works as he can to help himself, and is very glad to receive orders for cards. He won a prize for writing in his native land.

VISITING cards written at 30 cents per dozen — or for less if the cards are supplied. Address John Nembula, Oberlin, Ohio.

Address to the Skeleton.

O thou who, from thy darkened cell,
Can view us tortured both at morn and eve,
We wonder how thou wast when thou
Heard talks on Hygiene, and wast taught to
breathe!

Did'st thou, too, pound one other one
Who, long ago, found rest 'neath grassy sod?
Or did'st thou perish for the lack
Of breath, and thus retire beneath the rod?
Did'st ever suffer pain in back,
And for this often try the lifting 'chine?
Or didst thou join a motion class,
That in thee grace of gesture might be seen?
Mayhap thou never heard'st the like;
If so, what think'st thou of the antics rare
Performed beneath thy gaze so oft?
Dost think they drive off pain and care?

And as the day drags on the hours,
What think'st thou of the lesson we recite?
In thy time was such jargon e'er
Learned by the wretched with both main and
might?

And when the noonday hour draws nigh,
And crowds assemble near thy dwelling-place,
What deem'st thou the tumult's for?
'Tis the mail delivered to the female race.

Dost think a circus bright is here
When, at the sound of bell, the roll is called;
And maidens, dressed with care, do leave
This mansion daily for the outer world.

And, twice a week, when music rare
Is borne and wafted to the heavens aloft,
Art thou the rock so charmed of yore,
And we the Orpheus with the music soft?

Or dost thou listen, open-eyed,
When of the heathen they do utter speech,
And talk of India, and people wild —
Dost think the heathen are right here in reach?

Whate'er thou wert, whate'er thou art,
Whate'er thou think'st of our condition,
I know thou deem'st it good when thou
Look'st o'er the Faculty in their strong
position.

[FOR LASELL LEAVES.]

A Visit to the Oldest Town on American Soil.

SANTA FÉ — ah! how at once memory
goes to work to reproduce the various im-
pressions made by this weird and ancient
city!

The attractions are so numerous, so varied,
and so novel, that words fail to adequately
express them.

As we approach Santa Fé, we are carried
into some very picturesque mountain scen-
ery. We take note of Starvation Mount-
ain, "Built by God's hand, not in masses
of slow-mounting masonry, but with one
lift, without break, or any gradations of
rising completeness, the Supreme Builder
set the domed mountain in its place,
foundation, wall, and top-stone — one sub-

lime whole, unprofaned by craftsmen's
tools, untrod by foot of man." The emi-
nence is fitly named. Tradition says the
Indians surrounded one hundred and forty
Mexicans upon this mountain until they
died of starvation.

Then we catch sight of the old Pecos
Church, established in 1519. One star dif-
fers from another in glory; and while the
mountain greets us as a monument raised
to the departed souls, the little old church
appeals to our deepest feelings of reverence,
and we bow our heads and move among
Nature's works until we reach the object of
our desires.

How strange seems the place as we
ramble along in an old coach, through short
lanes, and catch glimpses of little old adobe
houses on either side; swarthy Mexicans
chattering to each other, Indians, "assorted
lengths, like the strings to David's harp,"
grinning at us from behind "coats of many
colors." Next comes a limited range of
sound, consisting of two notes — but those
notes *tell*; we have become acquainted with
the *burros* in previous time, and probably
the sound to us was not so startling as
when its Scriptural namesake spoke to
Balaam. But these little fellows are
heavily laden; they carry packs of wood
much larger than themselves.

Just here let me record what can be seen
any day in the city. An old Mexican comes
in from the country. Far up the street you
hear the voice crying, "Five dollars! five
dollars!" Then we catch a plaintive cry
as from a little child. When he approaches
we see he has a dozen little lambs, tied with
strong cords and hung one upon another
over the back of his *burro*, or little mule.
The heads of these innocent creatures are
hanging to the ground, and some scraping
through the sand: thus, with strength gone,
they make an almost human appeal for
mercy. But the wretch is inexorable; and,
as we expostulate, we hear from the by-
standers, "That's nothing to what we some-
times see in Mexico," but for this offense we
want to hang him, without judge or jury,
but pass on trying to satisfy ourselves that
the "day of reckoning" is not far distant.

A "Spanish Fandango" at Sante Fé is a
comparatively modest affair. We enter an
adobe house; against the walls lean the
black-eyed Spanish beauties (?) and their
swarthy brothers, each and all smoking.
After each "figure" of the dance they
repair to the bar to drink. It would be
needless to portray the result. At once the
attractiveness of the "fandango" ceases.
The following day you attend the old cathe-

dral, and there you see the very same Mex-
icans prostrating themselves and chanting.
Even here a meditative spirit takes posses-
sion of the soul, and we think that as for us,
in preference to this, give us the temple of
Nature.

"Not in that face where crumbling arch or col-
umn

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But in that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

In that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon
supply,
Its choirs, the wind and waves, its organ, thun-
der,
Its dome, the sky."

But still more replete with interest is the
Old San Miguel Church, the oldest on
American soil. Its old confessional stands
"solemn, and weird, and lonely," and we
stop to catch the echo of a prayer offered
there almost three hundred years ago. Its
old paintings, brought from Spain before
1580, are master-pieces, but the hand of
time has almost obliterated the strokes of
the artist's brush.

As we peer around and penetrate into its
inmost recesses, and, as the back of the
priest is turned, we cut off a small section
of the old sanctuary and walk out, feeling
not a pang of conscience — we have a
treasure! The little sliver that has stood
the sunshine and shower for ages shall be
cherished by us. But when, months after,
one is permitted to stand under a tree 2,000
years old, "upon whose topmost branch
with outstretched fingers man might touch
the stars," and take a share of the Grizzly
Giant, they go out of Calaveras Grove har-
boring a feeling of possession that the
"little splinter" could not give. Soon our
treasure was "lost to sight," but the re-
membrance of that sly act is still "to mem-
ory dear."

An Indian war-dance may prove a source
of enjoyment. Step into an open court, and
witness, for a few minutes, their grotesque
and hideous appearance. They are artistic
in their designing, and their æsthetic facul-
ties must be cultivated to an alarming ex-
tent! Their yells are "wild and shrill, and
cut like blades of steel the air;" but we
are content with little, and don't want that
little long in this case.

After many days we turn our back upon
what has been a source of unalloyed happi-
ness, and sing, "How can I leave thee?
How can I from thee part?" and thank the
Fates that they decreed for us so much
pleasure.

N. A. J.

Art Notes.

MISS WHITNEY'S statue of Harriet Martineau has been well received by Boston artists. It is a little larger than life size, of pure, white marble. It was unveiled at the Old South Church, and will remain there until summer, when it will probably be placed in the Public Garden.

PERHAPS it will interest some to know that Lieutenant Julius von Payer, one of the discoverers of Franz Josef Land, has given up Arctic exploration for art, and has just completed a series of four paintings illustrating the last polar expedition of Sir John Franklin.

"The Greek Slave."

THE familiar marble statue of "The Greek Slave" is to be sold. It is not generally known, we believe, that it was the property of the late Honorable C. W. Stoughton, United States Minister to Russia.

Powers made five *replicas* from the original work, which was finished in Florence, in 1843. The first, sold to Captain Grant, was taken to England, and is in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second, which in 1849 was exhibited in New York, and attracted great attention, is now in the Coreoran Gallery, in Washington; the Earl of Dudley owns the third; Prince Demidoff owned the fourth, and at his death it was bought by the late A. T. Stewart, for \$11,000; the fifth, and the last *replica*, is that now in the Metropolitan Museum. Powers thought this one the best of the six; and in making the slave's chain with the Grecian, or the rectangular link, instead of the round Roman link, he gave it a final touch which distinguished it from the others.

It is too late now to criticize so well-known a work as this of Hiram Powers, which is undoubtedly that upon which his reputation rests. It is not too much to say, however, that no work of sculpture by an American, before or since, has attracted so much attention at home or abroad.

—*The Art Amateur.*

College Notes.

PRELIMINARY Senior Commencement announcements have been published.

THE Beethoven Sextile Club, of Boston, gave a concert, recently, in place of the regular Jackson supper.

THE "Joint Debate" between the two literary societies was held a few weeks ago.

Notes.

(Taken in Cooking-Class.)

'Tis two fifteen by the village clock,
And the bell rings loud and long;
Announcing gone our day of play,
And begun our study and song.

We rush for life to the cooking-class,
To learn of puddings and pies;
To see beefsteak, and fritters, and sauce,
Cooked well before our eyes.

We watch the work with absent look,
And do fancy-work with magic spell;
But, attempting both, we feel exempt
From doing either well.

"Miss Allen, Miss Andrews, and Almy,"
In accents clear we hear again;
"Miss Baker, Miss Bailey, and Belcher,"
While order we maintain.

Then the tongues begin to clatter,
And the needles fly once more;
The cooking-lesson has begun,
And how we wish 'twas o'er.

At first we're very quiet,
But soon the noise grows louder;
And fancy-work our thoughts engross,
To the detriment of chowder.

We work and study for Tuesday morn,
And read our lesson in literature;
For Cooper it is who, with all his art,
Can our thoughts from that fritter allure.

Our hairs they all stand up on end
As the Mingoes, in an evil hour,
Catch Pathfinder, all unawares,
Whom they "tie up and roll in flour."

We look with joy on his escape,
And see him jump from out their hands —
"Into gravy hot, but not to burn" —
And run for other lands.

But adventures dire must call him back,
To try his long-neglected powers;
To see again the Mingoes fly,
While they "cook slowly two whole hours."

But here a plea to our attention
Comes to us o'er and o'er;
So we close the books we fain would read,
And take a few notes more.

"Ginger pudding, same as cake;
Stir in the milk and flour;
Carefully shut the oven door,
And when hot and brown devour."

After the food has all been cooked,
We gaze with animation,
And see the plates come steaming round,
With evident delectation.

We long for more, but must be content,
For these are our honest views —
That while small favors we gladly accept,
The greater we would not refuse.

But we hope to learn food to prepare
For appetites that vary;
And, after twelve long afternoons,
Be versed in science culinary.

Tell-Tale Lines and Shapes.

I.

GIRLS, don't think that below you will find the exact name of your future better-half. Far be it from us to presume to say whether it be Smith, Jones, or Brown; but as all girls weave a tapestry of the future, we thought that these lines would aid you in making the design.

The principal lines of the hand are the life-line, which runs round the base of the thumb; the intellectual line, which begins alongside the line of life and crosses the middle of the palm; and the line of heart, which extends from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. If the line of life is of a ruddy color, long, and unbroken, extending nearly down to the wrist, it foretells good health and a long life. Every break in it denotes a severe illness. If it is double it shows remarkable strength and vitality. The lines encircling the wrist number the years of the life, one line making thirty years. A well-defined short line joining the life-line denotes marriage. If no such line appears you will have to be content in your single-blessedness, unless there be a short line or lines on the side of the hand below the little finger, as these also denote the number of times married.

A long and well-defined intellectual line denotes a massive brain; but it may be too long, as, if it extends quite to the edge of the hand it indicates too much calculation, craft, meanness. If it is forked toward the end, it denotes deception, duplicity, though in a hand otherwise good it may mean only reticence. When this line is short and faint it shows stupidity.

If the line of heart is long, it indicates an affectionate disposition, and also promises well for the future happiness of the possessor. If it sends down short lines to the intellectual line it shows that affection must be founded on respect; but if these lines extend upward, love is more a passion and an impulse. When the line of heart is broken it denotes inconsistency.

In regard to the art of palmistry, some knowledge of the physiognomy is of advantage. So, if we here make this item complete by adding a few rules with regard to the features and characteristics of the human race, a second trip to the Gypsy camp will be unnecessary.

The ability to understand the eye is, in most people, inborn; but a few words concerning it may not be amiss. Very quiet eyes, that at the same time impress and embarrass one, signify self-control, but also great complacency and deceit. Eyes that

rove hither and thither while the possessor is speaking, also denote deceit. Blue eyes signify coquetry; gray eyes, intelligence; greenish, falsehood, and a liking for scandal; black, a lively temperament; and brown, a kind, happy disposition.

A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good; a straight nose indicates a pure, noble soul; a *nez retroussé* signifies a spirit of mischief; a large nose indicates good heart and mind combined with energy; a very small nose, good nature, but lack of energy.

Thick lips indicate either great genius or great stupidity; very thin lips, cruelty and falsehood, particularly if habitually compressed.

A good genius may be expected from a little above middle stature, blue or gray eyes, large, prominent forehead, a fixed, attentive look, and habitual inclination of the head.

Literary.

OVER \$60,000 has been collected for the foundation of a free public library in Philadelphia.

THE first lecture given on Monday by Joseph Cook, is given *verbatim* in *The Christian at Work*, Feb. 14, 1884.

MR HERMAN MERIVALE has just completed a satirical fairy story, "Binko's Blues," which is a tale for children of all growths.

THE volume of Dickens' speeches, which has been brought out in London by R. H. Shepherd, contains fifty-six of the novelist's short addresses.

THE "Occident and Orient," by Rev. Joseph Cook, will soon be published, and will be made up of Mr. Cook's public discourses delivered since the publication of the last volume of "Monday Lectures."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S Diary has been recently published, and there were 10,000 copies of the first issue sold. Political allusions are only incidental. The entire book is devoted to domestic and family affairs.

THE name of Prof. Guyot, who died at Princeton, Feb. 8th, will always be conspicuous in the annals of American science. He was a clear thinker and a vigorous writer. His writings, more than those of any other man, have raised physical geography to the rank of a science. His last work, just completed, but not yet published, was a book on the "Harmony Between the Mosaic Cosmogony" and the "Facts of Science."

THE biography of Martin Van Buren, which is to be included in the American Statesman Series, will be contributed to by the Hon. William Dorsheimer.

Songs of Lasell.

THOSE RISING-BELLS.

Tune: Those Evening Bells.

Those rising-bells! those rising-bells!
How sad a tale their clanking tells,
Of sleep and peace, and joy and rest,
Within each warm and cozy nest!

The peaceful hours of night are gone;
With many an awful sigh and groan,
Curled up in our beds we love so well,
We listen to the rising-bell.

Slowly, but surely, the minutes pass,
One by one—too quickly, alas!—
Until the clock in the old church-tower
Peals forth the dreaded seventh hour.

But ten minutes more! O sad, sad thing—
How soon the breakfast-bell will ring;
How tired, and sleepy, and lazy we feel,
Going down to our early morning meal.

And if, perchance, some poor girls are late,
Oh! how they fear their awful fate,—
Unless some good excuse they tell;
For instance,—not hearing the rising-bell.

Thus we live on, day after day;
Each morning we wake in the same old way;
Each evening we hear that old rising-bell,
Tolling away at its solemn knell.

And so 'twill be when we are gone—
That mournful peal will still ring on;
While other girls their tale will tell
Of thee, thou much loved (?) rising-bell.

THE HARVARD CAVALIERS.

Tune: Yankee Doodle.

The Cambridge steeds they were all clipped,
And trotted all in line, sir;
Upon their backs sat, well equipped,
Six youths, and they were fine, sir.

CHORUS.

The Harvard youths they came to town
Upon their little ponies,
And with their Derbies on their crowns
They thought they'd pass as "tonies."

Each maiden and her mate within
Their own *sanctum sanctorum*,
Were striving letters to begin,
Or planning days before 'em.—*Cho.*

The day it was all bleak and drear,
The rain it fell in torrents;
But these bold youths they knew no fear,
And rode without abhorrence.—*Cho.*

Up the Sem.'s broad path they rode,
Whether they were Fresh or Soph.,
Till Mike from out his mansion strode,
And he warned them to be off.—*Cho.*

They rode, and rode, till they were tired;
They talked and they palavered;
But soon they found that they desired
To meander back to Harvard.—*Cho.*

Shorthand.

A NEW branch of study instituted at Lasell the present year, is shorthand, under the able teaching of Mr. G. F. Barnard. This second term finds a flourishing class of eleven, who meet the teacher twice a week. A number having grown weary with the struggle at the close of the first term, decided they would "practice by themselves." We fondly trust they do it.

We have some illustrious members yet. Our preceptress is one of us, and it has been a source of encouragement to some to see that she finds herself nonplussed as often as any.

Miss R— has a valuable coefficient in her brother, who supplies her with nice soft lead-pencils and all needed apparatus, and, oh!—may be a little irony!

Miss O— is always on hand with information as soon as a question is asked, for she has devoutly learned the logograms.

Miss S— really makes the more stupid feel very meek, as she rapidly dashes off thirty-two words a minute at the last census, and doubtlessly can surpass that now.

Miss M—, we fear, is more given to argument than to shorthand, and sometimes is found dreaming when she should be paying attention—a gentle rebuke to Miss M—, given in love and brotherly kindness from the staff.

Miss F—, with her customary ease in all lessons, does nobly with this profound subject, and reads at sight with marvelous rapidity.

Miss C—'s propensity for perching her circle S on top, instead of at the sides, of her straight letters has so befogged the instructor that he has pleaded for a cessation; and Sister C— is now plotting some other diabolical form which shall amaze him.

But the real miseries of this study are best pictured in David Copperfield: "I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else, entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in the wrong place,—not only troubled my waking-hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When

I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called Arbitrary Characters — the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, and that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

We are rejoiced to know that such an excellent stenographer as Charles Dickens, really had to contend as we have. We have worked under a most important disadvantage, — the lack of time, — and we feel that what knowledge we do possess in regard to "intelligible pothooks," is mainly due to Mr. Barnard, whose enthusiasm in the subject is only surpassed by his excellent teaching.

Personals.

ANNIE WEBB is getting better, and hopes to visit Lasell before long.

MAMIE FITTON sends her subscription from her home, in Rockville, Conn., and says we may see her next time she comes to Boston. We shall be glad.

MRS. HARRY B. PENNELL, *née* Grace Fribley, of Portland, Maine, lately made us a short visit. It is always pleasant to have you old girls come back.

MISS STELLA GOULD, of Pittsfield, Mass., who attended Lasell some two years ago, being East to visit Miss Sadie Almy, spent a short time at Lasell with the younger sister, Miss Nannie Almy.

ELLA ELLIS, '81, writes a cheerful letter from her schoolhouse in East Sandwich, Mass. Thinks we had better run down to see the Canal and her school. Congratulations on your success, Ella. We should enjoy seeing your school.

MRS. JOHN SHEARN, JR. (our little Bettie Morris), recently made us a visit, and invited her husband to come, too. We wondered if she would forget us on her wedding trip. After she left us, last June, it appears that she sang her favorite song, "Supposing," *in earnest*.

MRS. H. B. PENNELL (Grace Fribley), whose home is at 192 High Street, Portland, notwithstanding her own tribulations here, thinks Lasell a good place for her sister to be educated.

ADA YOUNG, of Calais, Me., here in '76-'77, reports the recent death of her mother, and her own marriage, June 5th, '83, to Mr. Ticknor, a druggist, with whom she is "keeping house" pleasantly.

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN, now of 309 North 14th St., Richmond, Indiana, likes her new home; has had a severe illness, but is now in better health than ever, and is quite charmed with her husband.

ADDIE SMITH, here in '78-'79, is now Mrs. J. L. Balcom, of Athol, and boasts the finest boy of two years in Massachusetts. We hope the next time she and Mr. B. come so near Lasell, they will find their way to the spot, and see how it is now.

THE Misses Frink are heard from with pleasure. They are at home (Newington, N. H.); keep up some knowledge of Lasell through Boston papers, and promise to come and renew their acquaintance before long. They have taught with success.

MAGGIE HAMILTON, of Covington, Ky., is the third of the class of '78 to promise to help a man take care of himself. She will be glad to see her Lasell friends at her home in Clifton — a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati. Ask for Mrs. Howard Keats James.

HELEN IVES (Mrs. James H. Webb) is boarding in New Haven, this winter, at 83 Oliver Street. Think of a Lasell girl boarding! But then, Helen's time at Lasell was before the cooking was made so much of. Wish you would come and see us, Mrs. Helen, and bring the boy, without fail!

ALICE MAYO HICKS, now of Holyoke, is spending these weeks at her old home, in Needham, with her husband, who is recovering from a severe illness. We extend to her our rejoicing for his recovery, and know it is partly due to her good and gentle nursing. Let one of your first "convalescent drives" bring you to Lasell.

ANNIE BARTLETT, a former publisher of the LEAVES, and a most energetic and successful one, sends greeting, fresh as her New Hampshire breezes, from Braintree, where she is now visiting. She holds her home still in Nottingham, but rumor has it that she will move to Epping, next fall, to keep house as Mrs. Col. Hoyt. Our blessing on her.

LIBBIE HANCE is at home, about as well as ever, but sorry, she says, to have her year's work broken.

WE thank Mr. A. Putnam, Collector of Customs, Middletown, Conn., for his donation of a collection of polished marble specimens, prepared by the Burlington Company, of Chicago, Ill. These compare favorably with the granites presented last fall.

BLANCHE BLACKSTONE, Lacon, Ill., sends pleasant word of happy work in teaching in the public schools. It isn't every girl who can get a school in *her own town*. I expect those black eyes snap now and then when the youngsters are specially restless. Eh, Blanche?

LUCIE FENN, of Thomaston, Conn., has been heard from. She says some words that are very grateful to the old teachers, who remember her with so much comfort. She is Mrs. Luther J. Holt, now, and lives in Thomaston, and is coming, we hope, to make Lasell a visit, one day.

CONSTANCE WAITE, South Freeport, Me., is at home this winter (I wonder at those South Freeport youths who haven't the gifts or graces to coax her to *their* homes), taking music lessons, reading, some Chautauqua, doing a little millinery, housework, etc. Your pleasant words do us "good like a medicine," Constance.

ANNIE MARBOLD has stolen one of Emperor William's subjects! Becoming acquainted with Mr. Wernsing while visiting in Germany, she agreed that if he would come over after her, she would go back with him; but when he came, she made him so in love with this broad land of ours that he agreed to stay. So there they are, happy as any two in Greenvew, Ill. Annie always had a thrifty way with her.

LUCY CURTIS is "crazy" to go to Europe with Mr. Kendig, but thinks she cannot. Stranger things have happened, Lucy! Lucy is studying German, and prefers it to French; has recently attended her brother's wedding, at Reading, Pa., but was so unwise as to come back without seeing her old friends, Min and Sadie Ransom, at Williamsport. By the way, those who knew Sadie will be interested to know that she, as Mrs. John R. Hazlett, 111 William Street, Williamsport, Pa., will be glad to receive the congratulations of her friends on the birth of a son, February 27th. Minnie, Mrs. Wm. Wagner, and her now five-months old boy, are thriving.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Loved and Lost.

(Copied.)

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing;
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a "loss." Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we, in patience, should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to reach,
While, with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land,
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When, lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain;
Then, pitying, spake: "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share"?
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust:
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down;
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

Julia E. Miller.

Though the sun shone so brightly on Monday morning, March 3d, yet there was a veil of deep sorrow over our little band at Lasell. One could almost have read the mournful tidings from the looks of Professor Bragdon before he uttered those sad words that sank into each heart: "Our friend has passed away; dear Julia, the beloved and devoted friend, and faithful student."

On Sabbath evening, as quietly as the soft-falling snow, came the final summons, and without a murmur it was obeyed. Scarcely two short weeks, and the one who went in and out among us full of life and spirits, is with us no more, and we have only the remembrance to cherish.

We need not recount her merits; they are too familiar to us all. Her loving disposition won all hearts, and by no unkind words or deeds did she ever hurt the feelings of the merest stranger.

How we, who were intimately associated with her, shall miss her—we to whom were confided the weighty secrets and troubles of a schoolgirl's life. We shall be continually looking and calling for "Julia," but shall be reminded by the unresponsive silence, that our efforts are in vain.

How we all sympathize with the stricken father and mother, and the sisters, to whom the place she occupied must always be vacant. Their great grief cannot be imagined, and we can only pray for them, and for ourselves, that we may all so live, that when the end does come we shall meet the loved one in that land where "the weary are at rest."

The memorial services for our mate were held March 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Chapel. The desk on the rostrum was draped in black, and surmounted by a beautiful basket of lilies and roses, while loose flowers and smilax covered the entire top. The desk of our schoolmate was also draped in black, and covered with flowers.

"Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather," was sung by the school; after which, Dr. Cutler offered the prayer. A responsive reading of the forty-sixth psalm followed; and a trio was beautifully chanted—"The Good Die Not."

A few words from Miss Penfield showed us in what esteem Julia was held among the girls; while Miss Le Huray followed with some very beautiful words in behalf of the teachers. Tears and sobs came from all as they thought of their lost schoolmate. After singing by a quartette we were addressed by Mr. Bashford. He brought

peace and hope into our hearts. Then Professor Bragdon read us several letters from Mr. Miller and others, bearing upon the subject, and told us that we should not weep for a schoolmate gone from earth, when now we have a friend among the angels.

The chant, "Thy Will Be Done," was sung by the school, and after it the benediction closed the services; but did not end them, for they will live on in our hearts.

The following little tribute was read to the school during the services held in memory of our former schoolmate:—

"I have been asked to say a few words to you, my mates, about the one who has been so much in our thoughts for the past few weeks. Her illness was so short, we were so separated from her by it, and her soul winged its flight to that other world so quietly, that we cannot realize her standing with that 'silent majority.' It is as if she were but in another room, from which we may soon expect her to come. Then let us speak of her as an absent friend.

"She was known to all as a quiet, modest girl; but, like the flower that opens its petals only to the stars and silent watches of the night, she was not known to those who see but in the garish day. Her life among us as a student was a smooth and even one. Her lessons were always the same; and one day showed the same study and endeavor to master, as the others. She was eager to learn, ready to be corrected, and determined to do her best in everything. The time she spent in the studio led to the production of some very pretty and artistic paintings; and how dearly will they be prized by the parents and friends to whom she has given them. She was much interested in the meetings of our Lasellia Club, and, incredible as it may seem, we have only to look back to Monday night, two weeks ago, to recall her standing before us, the bloom of health upon her face, earnestly debating. As a friend, there was no one among us more true, more noble, more steadfast. Truly she may be written as 'one who loved her fellow-men.' I have heard it said by those who knew her best, 'She never spoke a cross or unkind word to any one, and no matter how annoying circumstances might be, she never lost her self-control.' As a Christian her life had much repose; and, with the Lord as her Shepherd, the green pastures and still waters of the twenty-third psalm seem to me to have been her life in Christ. Though

it was not her habit to say much of her religion, she silently enjoyed our Tuesday evening meetings, and proved herself a valuable member of our missionary society.

"To those whose daily life is filled with recollections of her companionship, I would say, Remember her with happiness, not with sorrow, for that would be questioning God's will.

"It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field.

* * * * *

And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!"

"There was no evil to live after her, but let us not inter the good. Of such a life in Christ is it not beautiful to think? And does not your soul thirst for the living waters which she has tasted and found so sweet?"

THE Lasellia Club, of which Miss Julia E. Miller was a member, passed the following resolutions on her death:—

WHEREAS, Our all-wise and loving Father has deemed it best to remove from this to a brighter home our friend and faithful co-worker, Julia E. Miller; and,

WHEREAS, While we yield to God's decree as just and best, we cannot but grieve at the blow which has so suddenly and heavily fallen upon us, and as a society we miss, and as individuals we mourn, her whose gentle manner drew all to her; therefore, be it

Resolved, That by her untimely removal we are bereft of an earnest and faithful member.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved parents and friends our sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be preserved in the records of our society; that a copy be sent the parents, and also a copy inserted in the LASELL LEAVES.

(Signed)

GUSSIE M. LOWE.

GERTRUDE F. PENFIELD.

NELLIE A. KIDDER.

Science.

PROF. RICHARD OWEN, Superintendent of the Natural History section of the British Museum, has been knighted by the Queen. He is about eighty years of age, still vigorous, and reads papers before the learned societies at nearly every meeting.

THE project of cutting the Perekop Isthmus, which unites the Crimea to the mainland, has been approved; and the chief question now under discussion is, the best manner of obtaining the necessary funds for carrying on the work.—*Science*.

THE present appearance of the sky is unusually brilliant. Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are all above the horizon at once. At the same time, Orion, Taurus, and others of the brightest constellations

are near the meridian; and nine stars of the first magnitude are to be seen. Saturn is approaching his perihelion, while his rings are farthest apart, and therefore the more favorable for study. About the middle of April, Uranus, Neptune, and Mercury will be added to the four now visible, six of which can be seen with the naked eye—Uranus and Neptune requiring a telescope.

ENGLAND has a veritable white elephant on her hands, Mr. Barnum having placed one at the Zoölogical Gardens, in London. The mystery now to be solved is, how the elephant dies, as the body is affirmed never to be found except when killed by the rifle. The reverence in which the natives hold the elephant is said to be because the last incarnation of Gautama, before he was born as Buddha, was that of an elephant.

Locals.

THE S. D.'s have continued successfully with their meetings, having had several regular debates, and one miscellaneous meeting, where we were very pleasantly entertained by several charades, which were well carried out by various members of the club.

ON the 28th of February a small number of us enjoyed a rare treat in the lecture given by Mr. Homer D. Sprague, of the Girls High School, Boston. The subject of the lecture was "John Milton," and after hearing Mr. Sprague ably trace every step of his eventful life, we could not fail to feel a deep interest in England's greatest epic poet.

THE Lasellia's new officers took their places on the night of the 11th, several new members signed the Constitution, a second critic was appointed, and after the general business, the programme was rendered, as usual. February 25th being the third meeting of the Lasellia, since our new officers took their places, the evening was spent very pleasantly by a general jollification.

WHEN it was remarked by one of our instructors that, in his opinion, few of the girls, if any, could give the names of the New Testament books in order, and spell them correctly, those who are sufficiently wise to understand such remarks immediately set to work, and with indomitable perseverance studied over that well-known reference page of the Bible. But, sad as it

may seem, when their study was put to a test, it was found that—

28 mis-spelled Matthew.

1 " Mark.

6 " Corinthians.

8 " Galatians.

21 " Philipians.

And four went no further than the Gospels, and one as far as Philemon. One put Jeremiah among the New Testament books. About seven gave the books correctly, with the exception of a mis-spelled word or two.

THROUGH the kindness of Prof. Rolfe, the Shakespeare class have recently received two pictures of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, whose literary efforts for the past thirty years have been a great assistance to those interested in the world's greatest dramatist. Although Mrs. Clarke is now nearly seventy-five years old, yet in the enthusiasm of youth, which she still feels, time seems to have failed to make his presence known. The study of a genius so great and manifold as that of Shakespeare, is made more interesting by the kind attention of one whose life has been devoted to one great purpose—the advancement of learning.

THE entertainment on Frictional Electricity. On the evening of the 16th of February, a vast and elegantly attired audience assembled in the well-known Chapel of Lasell. The critics say that the *élite* of the Seminary were there; and the entertainment was truly of a most attractive kind, the subject being "Frictional Electricity." The entire class of philosophy (four in number), under the direction of Prof. J. C. Burke, deserve much credit for the careful preparation which they made for the evening.

After a few opening remarks from Prof. Burke, a short history of Electricity was given by Miss Martha Prentice. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the applause was long and loud. Miss Hayden gave a very interesting account of the different kinds of Electricity; and it was greatly to be deplored that the "weather was not favorable" for performing some of the experiments. Miss Nellie Bubb described, in a very clear and pleasant way, the mechanism of the *apparati*; and the striking subject of lightning and its effects was handled very nicely by Miss Penfield. The experiments proved to be the most interesting part of the programme; and the dancing images and the Leyden jars, *et cetera*, caused a great deal of amusement.

"Who do you think would be called the belle of Lasell?" Answer: "Belladonna."

"WHAT were the three orders of Greek Architecture?"

Student. — "The Doric, Corinthian, and Iambic."

A YOUNG lady the other day, overwhelmed by some startling pun, exclaimed: "Oh, fan me with 'Suggestions,' and lay me on an 'Engaged.'"

MISS W-P-E. — "Well, I am between Scylla and Charybdis."

Roommate. — "Oh, I know who Scylla was; he was a Roman general!"

WHAT a highly cultured modern young lady knew: She knew music, and painting, and style, and possibly knew how to flirt; but—saints of the kitchen!—she asked for a gridiron to iron a shirt!—*German-town Telegraph*. Lasell girl reading the above and laughing heartily: "Of course, how foolish! That's what you fry cakes on."

THE great pleasure derived from stealing around the halls and stealthily turning the "Engaged" cards out, has almost died away. The girls all see how convenient the cards are. When one cannot really see her friends, yet hesitates to tell them so, all that is necessary is to step to the door, give the card a turn, and there it is where all who see must read. And no one can enter a room so charmed with that word of two syllables. Locks, keys, bolts, chairs, and beds have proved but vain barricades, but this word shuts out the world.

GOING through the halls, one day, to our room, we heard the following dialogue between a girl who had just rapped on a door, and her friend who was on the other side:—

From within. — "Who's there?"

Answer. — "Me."

"Who's *me*?"

"I!"

"Who's *I*?"

"It!"

"Who's *it*?"

"*She*!"

"Who's *she*?"

"Her!"

"Who's *her*?"

"Him!"

"Who's *him*?!?"

"They!"

Here an impatient opening of the door ended the conversation, and the face of the questioner looked rather foolish as she heard the laugh which rang through the hall.

WASHINGTON'S 152d birthday dawned bright and warm, and was a very agreeable surprise after seventeen days of rain and fog. The kindness of the Faculty gave us the entire day, and it was passed very pleasantly by all: by some in Boston and Newton, by others in Wellesley and neighboring places. But the greatest enjoyment came in the evening. It had been announced on the Bulletin-board that Booth, Salvini, Irving, and Ellen Terry,—in fact, all the talent of the present stage was engaged for the evening. The tables having been removed, the audience was seated in the dining-room. The large folding-doors between it and the Club-room were thrown open, and a curtain hung across. Above the curtain was draped our National colors, and above them hung the appropriate motto, "Speak the Truth." The play proved to be Howell's farce, "The Sleeping-Car," and each part was acted in a most admirable way. The character of Mrs. Roberts was the most difficult of the *dramatis personæ*, but it is one of the artist's greatest successes. It is needless to say that the Californian aroused the sympathy of all the audience, and the Porter was received with great applause. Between the scenes we had some vocal and instrumental music, but the audience in no case was favored with a second appearance of any one. After the entertainment an hour was spent in playing games, and in dancing. Below we give the cast of characters:—

The Californian — Irving.

Mr. Roberts — McCullough.

Mr. Campbell — Booth.

Conductor — Barrett.

Porter — Salvini.

Mrs. Roberts — Ellen Terry.

Aunt Mary — Mary Anderson.

Music, Instrumental solo — Miss Potter.

Song — Miss Blanche Lowe.

Instrumental solo — Miss Hattie Seiberling.

Song — Miss Prickett.

Political Notes.

Blaine, Arthur, Logan, Edmunds?

THE Adirondack Bill, as it now stands, will probably be acceptable to people in general.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has sent the first annual report of the Civil Service Commission to Congress.

THE Supreme Court has ordered a decision affirming the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act.

GEN. GRANT sees "no reason" why American capital should not find safe and profitable investment in Mexico.

A Rime of '84.

It was a Lasell teacher

Who stoppeth one of three:

"By thy long rod and spelling-book,
Now, wherefore, stopp'st thou me?"

"The club-room doors are opened wide,
And I am bound therein;
The club is met, the club is set,
May'st hear the merry din."

She holds her with her skinny hand;

"There is a drawer," quoth she.

"Oh, yes! I know! I'll right it!" so
Eftsoons her hand dropped she.

She holds her with her glittering eye;

The Lasell girl stood still,

And listens like a three-year's child;
The teacher hath her will.

"There is a drawer, ye ken," she saith;

"You'll right it quick, I ween,

Or you will know full soon, I fear,
The vials of my spleen."

The Lasell girl sat on the stair,

She cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that teacher rare,
That teacher without peer:—

"Thy bureau drawers are in a mess;

Thy laces, ribbons, handkerchiefs, col-
lars, jewelry, hair pins, mittens, veils
neckties, photos, bangles, are lying
in a mound;

I tell thee, hie thee to that place

With agile leap and bound."

She went like one that hath been stunned,

And is of sense forlorn.

A sadder and a wiser girl

She rose the morrow morn.

[For the LEAVES.]

Tobogganing.

TOBOGGANING is decidedly the most popular, healthful, and enjoyable of winter sports. It is indulged in more by Canadians than by any other people. This is not because it is not appreciated by non-Canadians, but because they have not the same opportunities of enjoying it. The requisites for good tobogganing are plenty of snow and high hills. Canada abounds in these; and hence the popularity of that amusement there.

Toboggan is an Indian name, and is not found in dictionaries. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the construction of a toboggan, a short description may not be out of place. It is simply this: Two boards, each about twelve inches wide, are generally used, though for small toboggans one wide one is sufficient. These are usually of some pliable wood, and are planed to the thickness of three-sixteenths or one-quarter of an inch, when they are fastened side by side with cross-pieces laid along the top. All that remains to be done is to bend up one end far

enough to make it overlap about a foot. This forms the front of the toboggan. A small pole, about one inch in diameter, is now fastened along each side of the toboggan, on top of the cross-pieces. These are to hold on to. Our toboggan is now finished, and ready for the hill. All it requires is a little use to polish up the bottom, to make it run smoothly. Toboggans vary in size, and carry from two to eight persons.

The speed attained by a toboggan is marvelous, often surpassing that of a railway train. Imagine yourself riding on a cannon-ball, and you may have some idea of the speed of a toboggan. Should a toboggan, running with ordinary rapidity, happen to collide with any obstacle, it would be apt to make it uncomfortable for those concerned.

It is easily seen that this pastime is attended with considerable danger. However, considering to what extent it is indulged in, accidents are few. With a skillful steersman on behind, there is little danger of accidents. The faster the speed, the more easily is the toboggan steered. Should the hill be rough, there is some danger of bouncing off. However, the gentleman takes the part of keeping the ladies on, with satisfaction to both parties. (It is needless to say that this constitutes a great part of the enjoyment.) The bodily exercise necessary in tobogganing is the best of medicine. The long walk up the hill causes the blood to circulate rapidly, and the body to be in a healthy glow. The ride down is thus well earned.

To defray the expenses of keeping the hill in order, and for the use of vans to carry the tobogganists to the hill, a club of gentlemen is formed, each of whom contributes a certain amount. Ladies are then invited to become members of the club, and certain days are appointed on which it meets.

* * * * *

It is a clear, cold winter day. To-day the tobogganing club meets. The vans are calling for the members. A small street Arab, with a newspaper under his arm, "hooked on" behind one of the vans. He is unnoticed amidst the joyous crowd of young people. The vans are full, and start for the hill. Arrived there, the coasters pour out, and are not long in beginning the sport. It is a pretty scene. The coasters, habited in blanket suits of red, white, and blue, appear like fairies dotting the white hill and lining each side of the slide;

while down between them glide the toboggans, with their happy freights. Scarfs streaming out behind, faces smiling, loud shouts of laughter, an occasional slight accident, which precipitates some of the coasters into a snow-bank, add still more to the merriment of the scene. At the summit of the hill, standing somewhat to one side, is the little street Arab. Still unobserved, he watches with silent enjoyment the animated spectacle before him. Thinly clad, boots far too large for him, the sleeves of his buttonless jacket scarce reaching to the tops of his mittens, and disclosing thin, chapped wrists, a straw hat covering a face pale and thin, but yet attractive, still holding his single newspaper under his arm, he stood, wishing that he were one of the gay throng revolving before him. The sport continues until it is now growing dark, and is time to return. The vans are again filled with the light-hearted, tired coasters. There is no room now for the little Arab.

The vans start, and the boy is left standing on the hill. It is now dark; a mile away is the city, with its many lights; the last burst of laughter from the retreating vans has died away; the last tinkle of the sleigh-bells has been borne to him; the hill which, but a few moments ago, was streaming with a happy swarm, is now deserted, dark, and still. The boy remains standing; his eyes are filled with tears, freezing as they fall. He at last takes a step forward, and falls in the snow; he rises again, and moves on in the direction of the city. He again sinks down, but this time does not rise. He lifts his head once more and mutters simply, "Mother." All is hushed in that peculiarly dead silence of a winter's night.

* * * * *

The Tobogganing Club has again met. The enjoyment is at its height. There is a sudden silence; a crowd has gathered around some object. On approaching, there is found in the center of the group the corpse of the little street Arab. An unskilled steersman had run against a snowdrift, and had disclosed it. There is a smile on the pale face; the newspaper is still clasped tightly in his hand. He is carried to one of the vans; a robe is thrown over him. Tobogganing is suspended. The party returns in silence. The remains are interred at the expense of the club, and a marble slab is set up to mark his last resting-place, on which is carved in gilt letters, "DESERTED." H. M. F.

Exchanges.

THE *News-Letter*, published at Iowa, is one of our exchanges.

THE *College Rambler* comes to us laden with many interesting articles.

YALE, Harvard, and Cornell are the only colleges that have daily papers.

THE *University Portfolio*, published at Boulder, Colorado, is a neat and pleasing little paper.

THE *Princetonian* is a splendid paper, but we think it has too many advertisements for a college paper.

THE *Student*, from Keene, N. H., is among our new exchanges, and it impresses us favorably from the outset.

THE *North-Western*, published semi-monthly by our Principal's *Alma Mater*, at Evanston, Illinois, ranks among our best exchanges. The article on "George Eliot" is well worth reading; also the "Two Stages of Philosophy."

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

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Editorial.

THE present editorial staff regret that it should be necessary for them to send forth this, their first number of the LEAVES, with anything suggestive of an apology for its preface. We should very much have liked to see our three numbers through the press with no such blemish on its pages. At the same time we feel it is but fairness to ourselves and to our contributors to say to our readers that there has been but half time allowed us in which to prepare this number.

It is not for our maiden effort we ask your charitable criticism; but we feel that through a lack and rush of time, along with our other school-work, we are unable to furnish you with the copy we would desire.

We trust, however, and believe, that our little misunderstandings and dissensions in the Association have now been amicably adjusted, and will not soon be repeated; thus sparing both ourselves and our readers the pain of a similar repetition.

OCCASIONALLY we see mention made of certain "Index Books," which are kept and highly prized by a few scattering students. These, we think, deserve a little thought and consideration as to their nature, and as to whether they are or would be of real benefit to us, as pupils.

They appear to be ready, practical, and valuable little hand-books, filled with your own selections, your own quotations, and, in a sense, your own choice thoughts, borrowed from various authors, and neatly and systematically arranged in a little blank-book, with here and there a criticism concerning certain authors and their works, their distinguishing characteristics of excellency or peculiar weakness, their style of writing, of plotting, or of conception, and any other interesting little item which may have impressed itself upon your notice.

This book may be of real pleasure and interest to you throughout life, and some day may be considered one of the most valuable in your library. It is certainly a pleasant way of impressing these gems of thought upon your memory, and of preserving them in convenient form. You thus have at service many choice passages you would not otherwise have retained, which must be more accessible for reference than by overhauling the texts themselves, no matter how conspicuous heavy markings have rendered the favorite selections.

Those of us who are studying literature this year, or are doing much reading, could readily start a very good one, and aside from its evident utility, it would be of interest to mark the changes in our tastes along through the years; and from a consideration of the whole, we can form some idea of what kind of person we are, through our sympathy with the authors, and coolly and deliberately stand off and estimate ourselves as we would our neighbor.

There is a common mistake extant concerning what constitutes true friendship, or, rather, there is a misapplication or abuse of that term. Common friendship is too frequently the result of flattery or of policy, and is often degraded, weakened, and utterly annihilated by undue demonstration.

Perhaps no class of persons are so culpable of this offense as the boarding-school girl, or the average American girl of boarding-school age. She feels the least spark of admiration for one of her mates, and immediately gives full utterance to it. The object of her regard is a *girl*, so there is no reason for restraint of feeling; hence she encourages herself in the liking, and looks with partial, approving eye upon her every action. Not only does the countenance betoken her approval, but at the earliest moment she gives full utterance in the warmest, most cordially appreciative terms of her approbation.

This course of conduct, with a pretty good showing of sincerity, and sometimes a little diluted, to suit certain constitutions, generally awakens a responsive, kindly feeling in the *admired*, who by no means is insensible to the compliment, and fully reciprocates the show of affection bestowed upon her. Then succeeds a series of scenes. Would they were curtain scenes! But no; they not unfrequently take place in the library, in the public living rooms, on the lawn, and in all sorts of conspicuous places. Any one sitting in the reception-room has only to use his eyes to see a succession of little admiration societies promenading through the halls, elosely locked in each others embrace, and to all appearances so completely absorbed in each other as to be entirely oblivious to all else around them. A little more exercise in this line, and their friendship has reached its culminating point. Soon this continued strain upon their amiability proves wearisome, and from sheer exhaustion, and because they can go no further, and nothing less will satisfy them, the friendship subsides or dies a natural death, and its place is supplanted by a more lasting form of a quiet, kindly sympathy.

We do not wish in any way to underrate or discourage *true friendship*. On the contrary, we think it betokens a large, com-

prehensive soul, and is much to be desired. But this "gush" and excessive demonstration of love deserves to be held up in its truly disgusting light. Fuss and conspicuousity are always fatal to good manners, and aside from the repulsive aspect such a course of proceedings presents to lookers-on, it is in itself a weakening influence, if not a certain form of hypocrisy; as, necessarily, such exertions must conform to nature's universal law, and thus suffer a reaction.

Be truly sympathetic, and always appreciative, not slow with encouragement, and do not cramp, withhold, or disguise your real feelings; but *never* "gush."

The Craven Son.

[For the LEAVES.]

The banners wave, the pibrochs sound
To the tramp of armed men,
Where the lairds of Huntly and Montrose
Have met at Rutherglen.

In the wide pass beside the burn
Their ward awhile is stayed;
The fires are built, the meal prepared,
The piper's tunes are played.

About the chieftain's central fire
The warrior's plaids are spread;
And no sound breaks the stillness there
Except the sentries' tread.

At last the laird of Huntly
Shook his shaggy head, and cried:
"The peace and calm of the evening
My mood cannot abide.

"Tell me tales of battle and bravery,
That I may drink like wine;
That will stir my blood and make me forget
That craven son of mine,

"Who stays at home and teaches the folk
To gather their kine and flax;
And his good right hand to wield the flail
Instead of the battle-axe."

Then each told a tale of the border —
Of carnage and wild foray,
Of Evan Dhune and his ten comrades,
And how they stood at bay;

Of Allan and Lon the fearless,
Of many a nettlesome knight;
And every tale the Scotmen told
Was a tale of plunder and fight.

And old Carper, who sat in the shadow,
When the end of the tale drew near
Turned his face to the glow of the fire —
"My Laird and his men, give ear."

Then started the Laird of Huntly:
"Old Cedric, where came thou?"
"From Morven Head on Loch Sunart,
With news to tell enow.

"Nine days ago this morning,
As I walked on the shore,
I saw five ships come up the frith,
Driven by sail and oar.

"Each without flag or pennant,
Each with a blackened hull,
And my fears spoke out before they stopped;
"Tis Black Donald of the Mull."

"Black Donald, the terrible pirate,
Black Donald of the Mull,
Hath stolen your grain, hath ravaged your
town,
And flown like a frightened gull!"

"Who fought, who died? speak out, old man!
Did he drag my wife to his den?
Did they carry away my little lass,
And the daughters of all these men?"

"The women are spared," old Cedric said;
"Be calm, and you shall know.
We had no arms; the warriors gone,
We could not fight, and so —

"No — we did not beg; we only said,
You will make the women your slaves;
Rather than have you make them wives,
They would rather you'd make them graves.

"So name your ransom, Donald of Mull." "
He laughed, and shook his head.
"I will let them go when some of the clan
Shall leap from Morven Head,

"For 'tis a good five hundred feet;
I laid a wager with one of my men,
That a man who leaped far out in the sea
Would never rise again.

"Ay, 'tis a good five hundred feet
From the cliff to the rock below."

"We take that offer, Donald of Mull,"
Said a voice; "I myself will go.

"First swear me an oath with lifted hand,
If I leap into the sea,
You swear by Heaven" — "I swear by Heaven
These women shall go free."

"We watched him climb the rugged path,
We held our breath for dread;
And the women wept, and the pirate laughed,
"He never will jump," he said;

"His heart will be strong till he stands at the
top
And looks below at the surge."
He is almost up, he gains the top;
See, he stands at the outmost verge.

"I closed my eyes, but I could not shut
My ears to the women's cry;
And I knew before I glanced above,
There was nothing there but the sky."

"Fore God," cried the Laird of Huntly,
By whom was that act done?"
Old Cedric's voice was sad and low:
"'Twas the deed of your craven son."

The Three Bugs.

IN vain have we made a faithful search of the Zoölogy in order to find a description of these bugs. Even the dictionary does not justify us in regard to the name of one. But nevertheless they do exist, and that to an alarming extent. I know they annoy you in a high degree; so you can testify to the truth of this statement.

Unlike others, these bugs inhabit all parts of the world, live all seasons of the year, and can be entirely too readily found in our own midst. But I presume you are anxious to know what I am talking about, so come with me a few minutes while we make our scientific investigation.

Behold the bugbear! How this spectre comes into our presence, and overshadows the bright beauties of earth with a foreboding cloud.

This threatening object often comes to a speculator, and makes him apprehend that because he has lost a few thousand dollars from his millions, therefore he is ruined, and will die in the poorhouse, after all his hard life of incessant labor.

A slight indisposition sometimes causes a person to declare his days are numbered, and he is soon to be carried to his grave. Although the student may study and recite well during the month, yet when examination day arrives he fears he will not succeed, grows nervous and anxious, and really unfits himself for the work before him.

Our imagination oft-times makes a biting, stinging bugbear out of a kind and appreciative audience; and the schoolgirl hesitates and presents her first essay with fear and trembling. Contentment, comfort, joy, all gone and taken from us by these mind-fancies.

Oh, these scare-crows! these hobgoblins! these bugbears that rob us of happiness and peace of mind! Let us cast them from our presence once and forever. Scarcely have we rid ourselves of this nuisance before another presents itself.

See how he struts; observe the haughty turn of his head; glance at that face whose every feature, whose every expression betokens self-satisfaction. See the lofty air he exhibits when he meets another: that bearing might indicate consciousness of possession, position, and superior intellect, but upon closer observation we see nothing else than a bundle of conceit. This is our big-bug! He thinks of nought but himself, and supposes he is the subject of all thought and conversation. The principle of "Big I and Little You," seems to be carried into every-day life. The ignorant sometimes become overawed, and look with amazement upon these big-bugs, and think of them as superior creatures.

But you have become weary of these objects. Our investigation does not prove pleasant — but stay! what is that you see? what is that you hear? Ah!

the last one of my bugs is none other than the common humbug—the deceiver. If the beaming and joyous countenance, the light movement, the merry, silvery voice indicate happiness, surely you will be delighted, and unpleasant thoughts will vanish. Our attention is fixed, because this wonderful creature seems deeply concerned in each one of us personally. He tells of a wonderful mine of gold, unknown to any but himself, which would yield us a fortune if only in our possession. He knows of a friend's fine residence for sale, and offers to make the bargain for you. Also, he has just been informed by his colleague of a great auction to take place, and of numerous chances to gain rare and valuable articles for the most trifling sum. Can he serve you in this matter by helping make a selection or purchase for you? Then he remembers a fine entertainment to be given that night, and he offers to buy tickets, and make arrangements about seats. Oh, he is so thoughtful and kind! You are transported to a visionary world. Everything looks beautiful! Your prospects for success and bliss are so complete! Already in your mind's eye you are living in your elegant residence, surrounded by every luxury. Your carriage and livery bear you to fine entertainments. You are leading a life of ease, comfort, and exquisite happiness. Oh the beautiful dream!—for it was nothing else. You waken to find your fortune doesn't come from the mine in which you invested all your capital. What of your residence? Too late, you discover, it is an old, dilapidated, uninhabitable house. The auction gave you a few worthless articles, not worth one-tenth the money expended for them. The entertainment was of the most unsatisfactory kind. It is needless for me to expatiate on this common species.

Again and again have we been deceived by people representing things under false pretences, and, alas! too late, have we discovered the fraud. We do not have to send to Europe for all our Oscar Wildes.

These three, the Bugbears, the Big-bug, the Humbugs, are living in our midst, making us the luckless victims of their poisonous sting, causing us more trouble than the Chinese, and yet Congress has taken no steps toward the expulsion of these evils. Cannot we, by the common vote of the people, do all in our power to destroy them, drive them out of our land?

First, we must begin in our own homes, in our own hearts, for these little insects often lodge there.

Close the doors, stop up the cracks, put in the screens: and when duty calls us into the world, let us go with a clear mind, a well-balanced conception of things, a correct estimate of our own value, and an earnest purpose to be true to others as well as to ourselves; and then we will never become a Bugbear, a Big-bug, nor a Humbug.

A Voice from Out the Past.

Come, draw up your chairs around me,
And I to you will tell
Of an hour I spent one Sunday night
In the library at Lasell.

We'd promenaded, arm in arm,
Up the hall and down again;
Conversing now in accents low,
Now hearing the musical strain.

Then to our ears there came a knell
Which social life did blight,
And sent us sadly to our rooms,
Some letters home to write.

But my thoughts went wandering onward,
In the future's unseen store,
Till down in disgust I threw my pen,
And walked through the library door.

From my chair I watched the blazes
Flieker in the fire so bright,
Till the things of the present about me
Seemed fading from my sight;

And I only saw the pictures
Of the girls of long ago,
Who had trod these halls before us,
With measured step, and slow.

And I thought, as I gazed on their features,
"Will we then look like you,
When a few years have hurried by?
Speak! Oh tell me true!"

Then a look of indignation
Came to their faces, long and queer,
And I seemed to see them move about,
And voices strange to hear.

Then from their ranks one ventured forth
As a speaker for them all,
And the room grew still enough to hear
If even a pin should fall.

Astonished, I stood before her
Until she halted there,
And motioning the others back,
Said, with an injured air:—

"Though now you may regard us
As landmarks of the past,
We, too, were once as young as you;
But youth, it will not last.

"Day after day we've seen you here
Working as best you can;
For while you think we cannot see,
We all your deeds do scan.

"We often think that we did not
Some foolish things in you we see;
But time goes on, and things have changed
From what they used to be.

"Self-governed now is all the talk
That our eager ears may hear:
In our day we all self-governed were;
There wasn't a 'Crazy' near.

"We hear a deal about the LEAVES,
Which is wholly new to us;
But we cannot justly think them worth
So much of toil and fuss.

"We hear some words whose frequent use
Gives us full many a pang;
Their meaning vague we cannot tell,
For we never studied 'Slang.'

"We used to see with growing pride
Lasell, a Seminary boast;
But now it grieves us all to see
She's only a trading-post.

"But let me tell you one thing more,
That wounds me much, 'tis true—
Which is the look of calm contempt
We see each day from you.

"And now just let me plainly say,
The photos you so prize
Will soon just as outlandish look
As ours do in your eyes."

And as she waxed more earnest,
She shook her hand at me;
Then laid it upon my shoulder
In a manner much too free.

As I started up indignant,
I saw, to my great delight,
'Twas Louis who had wakened me
Ere putting out the light.

And the speaker had now retired
To her place upon the wall;
But let what I dreamed she said to me,
Be a warning to us all.

MADRAS, INDIA, Feb., 1884.

To the Editor *Lasell Leaves*:

PLEASE allow a few words of greeting from an old member of the "L. L. P. A." to the readers of your sheet, which, though I have not had the pleasure of reading for a long time, I doubt not is as bright and lively as in the old days when, in "No. 39," we read its weighty editorials, laughed at the "Personals," and "guessed" as to the amount paid to our enterprising publisher for every advertisement. Now, four years have passed, and, off at the other side of the globe, we would gladly welcome a copy with news of the dear old "Sem." The happy days spent there, and the sorrow at leaving, are still remembered, and any of the old girls would be most gladly welcomed.

But I must tell you a little about my four months' visit in this wonderful country. Some of the "S. D.'s" evidently thought I was to remain here, from the pleasant note of farewell they sent me, which by mistake did not reach me for two months after starting—too late to acknowledge it that year. Please accept my apology now offered, and my thanks for the kind note. But we are not to stay in India just yet. I hope to come back, and perhaps have the privilege of "stirring you up" in the missionary cause. If you could only see what

I have seen, your interest could not fail to be awakened for these poor degraded women and children. But let me tell you a little about where we have been. We visited the twelve principal cities of the Northwest, including *Agra*, where the peerless "Taj" shines on the bank of the "Jumna"; Delhi, Cawnpore, where the most stirring events of the Mutiny took place; Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, where, if any one dies, *even a Christian*, they are sure of the Hindoo heaven; and Calcutta, the great seaport, where we were in time to see the Exhibition. To us, the most interesting sight was the "Indian Court," and the native women who came with the sight-seers, many of whom were high-caste women, who had never been outside of their houses since their early marriage, except, perhaps, to a wedding or two, when they were carried in a rough sedan-chair, carefully covered over with a cloth, lest a stranger should see their face. But this exhibition has done great things to break down this seclusion. The men so enjoyed the novel sight, that they wanted to bring their wives, and a day was set apart for the *zenana* ladies; but they soon broke over one day, and are now seen every day, escorted by their husbands or some male relative. At first frightened and confused by the crowd, and with their faces covered, all but one eye, but soon gaining confidence and interest, their "chuddas" are slipped off their faces, and they look at everything with the wonder and enjoyment of a child. This will be an epoch in their lives, and they will never be so secluded as before. It is the beginning of their "rights." The mission ladies will now have far greater success in reaching them in their own homes. The brightest side of India is the "mission" side. An American lady told me on the steamer, that she was *glad* to leave India,—she thought it a dreadful place! Why, I am only too sorry to *have* to leave India! I believe this dreadful condition of the people can be improved, as I have *seen* it improved, by the Gospel. The difference between us was, that she saw only the heathen side, and did not go near the missionaries to see the other side, and consequently thought nothing was being done or could be done. I hope to tell you more some other time about this bright side. Are any of you working, — helping in this great cause? With good wishes for all, from "Prof" down, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

C. BUTLER.

From a Lasell Girl's Mother.

I had a little duckling, once,
Who was lamed in back and limb;
The more I nursed and cuddled her,
The more my hope was dimmed.

I sometimes thought her getting strong,
Then allowed her to be gay;
But, oh! she'd fly distractedly
Through streets and fields away.

And then, with feathers ruffled sore,
Drooping from head to foot,
She'd creep into the mother-nest,
And under wing recruit.

At last I took her from her mates;
At home I kept her still;
And then her feathers soon grew nice,
Till allowed to run at will.

I carried her to doctors high —
And then to Dr. Lowe:
At last one seemed to make her right —
Almost as good as new.

And then the "Health-Lift" doctor came:
With pulleys, weights, and tugs
My little duckling lifted up
Just twice her weight quite snug.

And then she quacked to run again,
The same as heretofore;
Then silently the mother planned
A trip to foreign shore.

But she heard Professor C. C. B.,
Who took these ducklings lame,
Carefully watched and tended them
Till upright they became.

She scanned his book with careful eye,
The hygiene did discover;
She thought his judgment wise and good,
And dared her duckling over.

She passed her care into his hands,
With fortitude undaunted;
He trained her well, as tutor should,
Till health and strength was vaunted.

Then parents went themselves to see
This trainer of decorum,
And found 'twas true, — the all that's writ
In catalogue before 'em.

They found their duckling's plumage bright,
Her health quite strong and steady.
The mind, and morals, too, were trained
To life and action ready.

I hope my duckling will keep strong:
I thank Professor B —
For all the good he's done to her,
Which comes from her to me.

And those who have a duckling weak,
Inclined to run "pell mell,"
Do with your duck as I have done,
And send her to Lasell.

Once there, your heart is quite at rest;
You feel they're doing well.
The pure, clear air, and climate rare
Surrounds the nest, Lasell.

A Day at Lake George.

ONE of the pleasantest days that I have ever had was spent at Lake George.

We were spending the summer at Saratoga, and although we were delighted with this gay little center, we longed to retire from its irresistible influences for a time. Accordingly a trip to Lake George was proposed, and gladly accepted by all of our party, for we expected to derive much benefit as well as pleasure from this trip.

We had some distance to ride in the cars, so we started early in the morning, and as the journey proved short and very pleasant, we soon found ourselves at the head of the lake. It was a beautiful day in July; the wind was strong, and had raised white-caps on the surface of the water, that made it look as if it were filled with ducks, and the blue sky, with its white fleecy clouds, was reflected in the bosom of the lake.

We went aboard the steamer Hurricane, and seated ourselves comfortably on deck, so that we could see everything around us. The lake was nearly surrounded by hills that were covered with large green trees, and the sunlight falling slantingly on them added much to their beauty. We often passed little groups of islands so densely covered with foliage that one would think they were almost uninhabitable, but among the trees we caught glimpses of gaily dressed people, and beautiful houses, with sloping lawns and terraces. Ladies and gentlemen in flannel suits could be seen rowing around in their boats, and when going by our steamer would cheer loudly, as a passing salute.

When the boat landed at the end of the lake, there was a general rush for the tally-ho coaches that were waiting to convey us some few miles to a neighboring town, where we were to take the cars. The seats on the tops of the coaches were of course the most desirable, enabling the occupants to see the surrounding country to a better advantage; but I, not being so nimble-footed, nor so apt a climber as some of my fellow-travellers, and perhaps a little timid, preferred to sit inside. The drivers cracked their whips, and we were off amid loud huzzas. On our way we passed an old-fashioned farm-house, with its long, low porch in front, and the old well and woodhouse at the side; and the old man who sat on the porch in an arm-chair, laughed heartily as he saw our great coaches lumbering along.

Small bare-footed boys, running along the sides of the coaches, threw water-lilies in to the ladies, then jumping on the wheels, would hold out their hands for a few pennies.

We also passed several old country inns that looked as if they had seen their best days, and were about to topple over and be no more. It was at one of these ancient houses that we stopped for refreshment. Huge glasses of lemonade, doughnuts, pretzels, etc., reigned supreme for a few minutes; then we resumed our traveling. The town was soon reached, and I was heartily sorry, for there our journey ended; but I have always looked back on the day I spent at Lake George with a great deal of pleasure.

List!

Upon one morning bright and fair,
Lasell seemed teeming with a throng
Of maidens, anxious, open-eyed,
Who rushed pell-mell the halls along.

The reason of this tumult rare,
'Tis very easy soon to tell;
It was the morn the lists were read,
And that, the ring of chapel bell.

Each maiden hied her to her seat,
And thereupon demurely sat,
While Prof., with all his followers,
Upon the rostrum quickly gat.

The exercises soon were o'er,
And expectation reached its height,
As each and all sat waiting there,
And longed for home with main and might.

For there no teachers hold their sway,
No lists are read to terrify
The bad to good, the good to best—
No wonder they for home did sigh!

But to resume: Professor did
Commence a speech, real lengthy—*quite*;
In which our faults and our misdeeds
He brought forth in a wretched light.

"No girl who talks in Chapel can
Expect to be on either list;
Nor one who puts pins in the wall;"—
And much more of an equal gist.

Oh, it was sad, 'twas very sad,
To watch the smiles that came and went
Upon each face, as hope or grief
Its joys or shadows thickly bent!

And then, at last, the lists commenced
Were all too shortly hurried through!
And every S. G. loudly laughed,
And 'gan to tell what she would do.

The Rolls of Honor were amazed
That they had not yet gone up higher;
But they were forced to be content,
And wait for next term, to aspire.

While those who are as "erazies" known,
Bemoaned at length their dreadful fate,
And wished they had their tactics changed,
Before they found it was too late.

And so they laughed, and moaned, and wept,
As I expect they always will,
As long as lists are "things that be,"
And girls are mortal creatures still.

Locals.

"WHAT list are you on?" "Pug-i-list."

Miss C. in S. D. meeting: "I accept that motion."

"WHY is Irving's company like hash?"

"Because it contains mystery (Miss Terry)."

From the Rhetoric class:—

"The old Viking bled many hearts and killed many souls."

ONE of the Zoölogy class innocently inquired if beaver hats were made from the skins of beavers.

A SUB Fresh in describing another's appearance said, "And she wore quite a large barouche at her neck."

"WHICH is the Paine we know most about at Lasell?"

"Home, Sweet Home, pain."

At the night of the lecture the poor Juniors looked disconsolate as they thought of "what might have been."

WE have among us a modern Webster. At a recent recitation she defined a tournament list as "enclosed space."

THE Juniors have selected a very pretty badge—a narrow gold bracelet, with the class motto engraved upon the outside.

WHEN the Juniors agreed upon the motto: "Turn every stone," they little thought the stone would turn upon them so soon.

Miss H.—"I saw the transit of Venus."

Miss H., No. 2.—"O, yes; I got up two or three times in the night and saw it."

How doth the busy orange man
Improve each shining hour,
And gather quarters all the day,
Till maidens' pockets lower.

TEACHER—"What was the outcome of chivalry?"

Pupil.—"A more Christianized spirit and duelling."

It is definitely announced that the long-hoped-for and fondly expected appearance of the class of '85 in "Twelfth Night," will not take place.

SCENE in Zoölogy class:—

Teacher.—"Now, Miss D., what kind of turtle is used in soup?"

Miss D.—"Mock turtle!"

WHEN a girl leaves the music-room with pallid cheeks, and at once ascends to the upper story to examine the state of her wardrobe, you can then and there decide that that girl is to perform at the next soirée.

One of our ardent students of elocution was recently seen searching in "Shakespeare's Complete Works," for a selection from "School of Scandal."

TEACHER.—"Give the late American scientific writers."

L'enfant (a Senior)—"Benjamin Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton." (Sensation.)

MISS SABILLA, sister of Mary Cowden Clarke, is the author of the following riddle:

"What is the best proof that Shakespeare is a first-class writer?"

Answer: "Because he was born 'n Avon," (an A 1).

Miss P.—"I feel so sick at my epiglottis."

Miss L.—"Your *epiglottis*?"

Miss P.—"O no; I mean my pericardium."

It was afterward ascertained that she had a slight attack of nausea.

MAKING a tour of the halls, the other day, we heard one promising Fresh thusly remark to another of the same species:—

"O say, come down in the gym. and practice pyrotechnics." She doubtless had been listening to the learned conversation of the Seniors.

Echoes of Lasell.

Did you ever list to the different sounds
That come from all parts of Lasell—
From the wail of despair to the dash of a chord,
And the tone of electric bell?

At the top of the house, way up, 'tis as if
All the discords on earth were a-trying
To out-elash, to out-dash, to out-run their like,
As if each with the other were vieing.

All at once you are startled by terrible shrieks
"For help! for revenge!" and then pleading
"To carry them home, no longer to roam,"
As the speakers' own hearts were a-bleeding.

Hark! did you hear, love, the din and the elatter,
That long, deeply desolate wail?
You rush to the basement to ask what's the matter;
You find a mate singing her scale.

But, alas! on one side has begun
A cornet's inspiring toot-tootions;
On the other, a violin now has set up
Its mournful and sad diminutions.

And thus, dearest reader, you can see for yourself;

Will you kindly accept our excuses?
With this noise all about us, our lessons in mind,
Is it easy to court well the Muses?

Science.

MUCH interest is attached to the great telescope recently completed for the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, by Howard Grubb, of Dublin. It is the largest refracting telescope in actual use at the present time, being of one inch greater aperture than that of the Naval Observatory at Washington.

THE recently opened biological laboratory of the Johns Hopkins university is a handsome building, consisting of three stories and a basement. It is most complete in its arrangements, and in the internal fitting up of the laboratory, the trustees have acted upon the belief that it is, in the long run, more economical to provide students with furniture which is good and attractive, and trust them to take care of it, than to supply cheap tables and cases. The library is comfortably carpeted, and supplied with armchairs.

AMONG the natural sciences, medicine is the one most encouraged in Edinburgh. Its roll of university professors includes the name of Charles Bell, of whom the story is told that when he visited the classroom of Roux, in Paris, Roux dismissed the class, saying, "Sufficient, gentlemen: you have seen Charles Bell." Another university professor was Sir James Y. Simpson, whose bold introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic, is world-renowned. This suggests the doctrine, which cannot too often be repeated in this country, that the standing of a university depends upon illustrious teachers.

WILLIAM E. MERRILL, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Engineers, has made public his views respecting the causes of the Ohio floods, and the difficulty of preventing them. He says experience has proved that the clearing and cultivation of level lands have comparatively small effect upon floods, and may be left out of account: disastrous effects follow only when the hill and mountain are put under cultivation. He illustrates the evil results of denuding the hills of trees, by reference to Spain, Palestine, Greece, parts of Italy and France, and the good results of reforesting the slopes of the French Alps. The States which comprise the hilly portion of the Ohio basin, he says, are very far from having attained that state of forest destruction which would require the intervention of the Government for the protection of the river valleys. So thus far there is no sure ground for asserting that man's interference has had any marked influence upon the discharge of the Ohio.

ON Monday evening, April 1st, the musical rehearsal took place. We had quite a full house, and were glad to see so many of the "old girls" with us. The artists of the evening did themselves and their teachers great credit. We missed many of the old girls who used to assist us at our soirée; but their places have been well filled, and a brilliant future lies open to many of our musicians. The following is the programme of the evening:—

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS—"Spinning Song" . . . Wagner.

ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE—"La Cascade" . . . Pauer.

MISS H. SEIBERLING.

SONG—"Two Children" . . . Behrend.

MISS N. PARKER.

PIANOFORTE—"Nocturne in D flat" . . . Döhler.

MISS COGSWELL.

SONG—"Oh had I Jubal's Lyre" . . . Handel.

MISS E. FLINT.

PIANOFORTE—"Sonata in F, op. 10."
(First two movements.) . . . Beethoven.

MISS PRENTICE.

SONG—"Light of my Soul" . . . Lupas

MISS POTTER.

CHORUS—"Song of the Birds" . . . Rubinstein.

ORPHEAN CLUB.

TWO PIANOFORTES—"Fantasia, Lohengrin" . . . Wagner—Alberti.

MR. HILLS AND MISS BOSTON.

VOCAL DUO—"Greetings" . . . Abt.

MISS E. FLINT AND STARR.

PIANOFORTE—"Rondo in E flat major" . . . Merkel.

MISS HASBROUCK.

SONG—"The Day is Done" . . . Balfe.

MISS PENFIELD.

TWO PIANOFORTES—"Concerto in D minor," (Romance and Finale) . . . Mozart.

MR. HILLS AND MISS DUFEE.

CHORUS—"Gypsy Life" . . . Schumann.

ORPHEAN CLUB.

They all did so well we could hardly give one special praise; but we would commend Miss Edith Flint in so well sustaining her high notes, Miss Penfield's fine execution of "The Day is Done," and Miss Durfee's "Concerto in D minor," rendered so finely.

Please!

WILL all old girls give changes of address to me as soon and as often as made, so I can communicate with them from time to time. . . . C. C. B.

Society Items.

THE Lasellia Club still flourishes, and from present appearances will do so for some time to come. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:—

<i>President,</i>	Miss Penfield.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	" Potter.
<i>Secretary,</i>	" Whipple.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	" Wells.
<i>Critic,</i>	" Davenport.
<i>Guard,</i>	" Hoke.
<i>Assistant Treasurer,</i>	" Wood.

THE A. B. C.'s have reinforced their ranks. Seven girls were recently put through the ordeals of their initiation, and to judge from the many affectionate glances we see bestowed upon the club banner hanging in the library, they passed through the terrors of it in safety.

THE S. D.'s

OUR society is in a prosperous condition, and the meetings enjoyed by all. After long and weighty discussions we have decided not to give an entertainment this year, as there seems to be enough planned for next term. A Longfellow party was talked of quite seriously, but was finally given up.

Election of officers took place at the last meeting, as follows:—

<i>President,</i>	Miss Hamilton.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	" Prickett.
<i>Secretary,</i>	" Prentice.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	" Almy.
<i>Critic,</i>	" Baker.
<i>Usher,</i>	" E. Flint.

THE Juniata Club having lain in a dormant state all winter, will now crawl from its hiding-place, and sun itself in the LEAVES.

ALICE MILLER presented the Juniata Club with a pennon, a specimen of her own handiwork. The Club feels highly honored that she should remember it so kindly.

Lasell European Party for '84.

MR. BRAGDON has at last decided to go to Europe this summer, and take some girls with him. The Lasell party will leave New York June 19th, and return September 16th or 17th, and make a very well selected tour,—the best yet, Mr. B. says,—including Berlin, Dresden, Prague, the Splügen Pass by private carriages, Lakes Como and Maggiore, Vesuvius, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, as well as the places usually visited in a short tour, and will cost \$650. Girls who want to go should apply early, as the time is short.

Prof. Dorchester's Lecture.

ON Tuesday evening, April 1st, Prof. Dorchester, of Boston University, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in the Chapel, which was well filled with an attentive and appreciative audience. The subject of the lecture, "Macaulay's Criticisms and Prophecy concerning the United States," was skillfully treated, and was rendered still more enjoyable by the pleasant manner and fine delivery of the speaker. It has been some time since we have had the pleasure of listening to a lecture in which so many good qualities were found, and we sincerely hope we may have the opportunity of hearing him again.

MRS. MILLER, the mother of our deceased classmate, was with us for almost a week of last month. She came on directly after the burial of her daughter, with all the anxiety of a mother, to learn what she could of the attending circumstances of Julia's life, associations, and final sickness, at Lasell. All felt the keenest sympathy for Mrs. Miller, in her great loss, and were glad to furnish her with the sad information she desired.

The bereaved family will not soon be forgotten among Julia's friends; and the brave example of the Christian mother's quiet submission and trust in the All-Wise and loving Father, will ever be an impressive and beneficial lesson to us all.

Political Notes.

THE Cossaeks in Southern Russia violently refuse to pay taxes to the government.

It has been decided by the Senate Committee on Territories, to give the name of Lincoln to the new Territory which is to be formed out of the northern part of Dakota.

THE bill increasing the salaries of U. S. District Court Judges has been passed. Their salary is now \$5,000 per annum, but this prohibits them from appointing to position in their courts, relatives within the degree of first cousin.

SENATOR MILLER, of California, has reported from the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, a substitute for the bill prohibiting the importation of opium. Any Chinese subject importing opium in any form, is, by this, liable to be fined or imprisoned.

THE putting into commission of the war-sloop Alert, recently presented by England to the United States, to participate in the Greely search expedition, was celebrated during the latter part of March. Minister Lowell raised the American colors.

LASELL SEMINARY, '84.

MY DEAR FAN,—I have something to write about, and so I will plunge *in medias res*. You know that Christmas vacation, I visited Lu Barnes, and while there I met Theodore Estabrook, a Harvard fellow. I liked him ever so much. He belongs to the Nine, the Hasty Pudding, and Glee Club, and has the nicest room in Matthews. He is tall, with dark eyes and hair, and a full beard. I guess he studies pretty hard, but I don't know. I was going to Class Day, but——well, wait till I tell you about Saturday night. Since Christmas he has been here four or five times, and I have enjoyed his calls very much. He wrote me he would come last Saturday evening, if agreeable, etc. It was. When I received his card I started for the reception-room, anticipating a fine time—he is so nice and jolly. I wonder if all Harvard men are like Mr. Estabrook. Well, as I was saying, I had started down, when some one behind me said, "Miss Sherman!" "Yes'm." "Who is this Mr. Estabrook? Seems to me he comes here a good deal, this term." Then followed a long and graphic account of said young man, from his ancestors, B. C., to date; but I guess some people don't like Harvard fellows. "Does your mother know Mr. E. calls?" "Yes'm; and, anyway, I have a free list, and my mother thinks I am old enough to use my discretion." "I don't. You may send word to Mr. Estabrook that you are engaged." There! did you ever know anything so provoking? What will he think of me? and I'm not engaged, either, if I did send word I was. He will think that I am rude, and don't like him; and he is so nice! Well, I don't care so very much. I guess I'll write him about it, though, and tell mamma to say he may call all he likes. Don't tell Charlie (if you do, tell him not to tell), because he will think the joke is on me. How do you like the LEAVES? I wonder if Mr. E. will ever call again. There, good-bye!

Your old chum,

MAME SHERMAN.

H. U., CAMBRIDGE, March, '84.

MY DEAR FRED,—Well, old fellow, I "got left" last night. Hard lines, I tell you. You remember Miss Sherman, whom we met Christmas vacation? Niece girl. I went out to Lasell to see her last night (it is not the first time). Well, I was calmly waiting on that green sofa for her to come in, when I got a message that she was engaged. Mad? Oh, no! I thought it was

fun to walk out before all the other fellows, and wait half the night for the next train in. I wonder if she sent the message; doesn't seem like her. I had some flowers and chips for her, and was going to take her riding, Monday. But how can I? Fred, you go often to see one of the Seniors. How do you manage? Maybe Miss Sherman didn't want to see me. But never mind, old boy; such is life.

Yours truly,

TEDDY ESTABROOK.

LATER.—Just had a note (I forgot to post yours) from Miss S., and it's all right. Hope for me yet. More flowers and chips, and maybe the ride, after all. Good as your Senior, eh? T.

Art Notes.

MR. J. R. LOWELL delivered the address at the unveiling of Longfellow's bust, in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

GEROME'S "Deux Majesties," lately exhibited in Paris, has been sold to Mr. Schaus, of New York.

MEISSONIER'S life's work represents a value of \$10,000,000. These 420 pictures have only brought the artist \$800,000.

THE affair between Meissonier and Mrs. Mackay has been amicably settled, although the \$40,000 portrait was at first considered a horrible daub.

MR. ROSS TURNER, the most popular water-color artist of the day, will not, as has been his custom, go to Venice this summer; so that no more of his delightful Venetian views will be forthcoming this fall.

WASHINGTON has been decided upon as the most appropriate place in which to place the proposed statue of Garibaldi. A statue of Martin Luther will also soon be placed there by his admirers on this side of the Atlantic. It is claimed that this will be the finest work of the kind in the city.

HIRAM POWERS' fifth *replica* of his famous Greek Slave, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is for sale. This copy was regarded by the sculptor as the best of the six; and he distinguished it from the others by making the slave's chain of the Grecian, instead of the Roman links.

THE Garfield monument at Washington is to cost \$60,000. Its exact size has not yet been determined. The bronze figure of the President will be ten feet in height, and mounted on a circular pedestal of red granite; at the foot will be figures representing the different stages of his career as soldier, politician, teacher, and statesman.

As soon as the weather permits, an outdoor sketch club will be formed of the students in the Seminary studio.

THE first tapestry panel entirely worked by Englishmen was recently finished at Windsor. It has been bought by Queen Victoria.

A YOUNG colored man of Philadelphia has gained some notoriety as an animal painter, and some predictions are being made as to his making a mark for his race in this line.

THE advanced vocal class made their *début* as "The Orphean Club" at the last *soirée*. Their rendition of "The Spinning Chorus," "The Gypsy Chorus," and the "Song of the Birds," was good, and the songs were much admired.

REGNAULT'S "Horses of Achilles" has found a resting-place for a time at the Art Museum, in Boston, though it is not final, as desired so much by those interested. Le Ralle's "By the River-side," is also on exhibition there, and the call to keep it there permanently is being responded to.

IN the death of George Fuller, Boston loses one of her foremost artists, who, although only recently exhibiting his pictures to the public, has for years been a quiet artist and interested worker in all subjects of Art in Boston. Almost thirty years of unnoticed devotion to art has in the last few years won for him a worthy renown, and his individuality, purity of tone, and depth of feeling places him in the first ranks of the artists of the day.

Personals.

LIZZIE CANTERBURY is in East Weymouth, "making home happy."

SADIE PERKINS still continues her musical studies at the Conservatory in Boston.

MRS. RYAN and Miss Bubb came on to spend the vacation with "the Williamsport girls."

JENNIE KISER shines in Keokuk society, and gives some attention to her studio.

BLANCHE JONES has been keeping house at home this last winter, and taking vocal lessons.

YETTA WESTHEIMER is at home in St. Joseph, Mo., and is at present contemplating matrimony.

EVA WOODWARD was with us at the last of the Law Lectures. She hopes to come back altogether before long.

NETTIE WATSON is quite ill in Boston.

NELLIE STONE expects to come back next year.

LOU GILLINGHAM, here in '79, is now, and has been for three months, Mrs. Theo. Noble, and lives at 69 Hancock Street.

AMONG the old girls here with us at the recent rehearsal, we noticed Helen Johnson, Emma Belcher, and Blanche Shaver.

TIBBIE HOSFORD is said to be one of the Seniors at Ogontz, near Philadelphia, where she also is progressing finely with her vocal music.

ANNA BAKER is at home in Warsaw, where she continues with her French and vocal music, and writes copious advice to her younger sister here at Lasell.

MR. HEMENWAY'S lectures, and the enterprise of Lasell in the institution of such a course, were very handsomely mentioned in the *Boston Advertiser, Post, and Journal*.

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN hopes to be here for Commencement this year. She says Lida Brooks lives near, and they are soon to meet. There will be lively Lasell talk when Alice, and Lida, and Helen Scott get together!

VIRGINIA JOHNSTON, who was a "Lasell girl" ten years ago, has been devoting her time to the study of Art in New York and Philadelphia. She has her own studio at her home in Indianapolis, and is now teaching private pupils. We wish her every possible success in her work.

OUR hearty sympathy is with Lena Hurgren, who went all the long way to Portland, Oregon, only to find the sister, because of whose illness she was summoned, already in her grave! She is now in California, with her other sister, who has also been ill, but is recovering.

WE were pleased to receive a letter from Ada W. Lake, of Conway, Iowa. She has been teaching in the West three years, and enjoys it very much. This spring she expects to enter the Shenandoah Musical Conservatory, in order to pursue her studies in music still further. Our best wishes go with her.

MRS. GERTIE ORELUP KELLUM, 114 First Street, Troy, New York, subscribes with pleasant words to "THE LEAVES." Lasell is encouraged. Gertie never stood for the worst girl in the world by any means; more might be thought flattery. We hope to make you a call in your own home, Mrs. Gertrude. By the way, what of Mollie Starks?

It did us good like a medicine—or a breathing—to see Susie Drew, May Gaylord, and Hattie Hanmer, last month! They have all grown better looking since they were here, which is not important,—they always looked well enough,—and seem to be also better natured; more jolly, as well as sensible.

MAY G. has been visiting Susie at her delightful and always hospitable home in Plymouth, and Hattie H. is at the New England Conservatory of Music. Sorry for Hattie! "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" They are three good girls, and it did us good to see them even for so short a time. They think things are improved here, all but the girls—of course they must except them!

MAMIE COLSON wants to come one year more to Lasell. She kindly forwards to us the pleasant letter from Clemmie Butler, which appears in this number. She has pleasant words to say of her school-life, of course.

Pleasant girls always find Lasell delightful. Old friends may address Mamie at 41 Laurel Street, Somerville.

DR. PORTER'S course of lectures ended on March 26th. She received quite an ovation at the close. Her talks are not excelled by any on this line anywhere.

THE following girls have given in the required six papers, viz.: Misses Allen, Andrews, Bangs, Belcher, Bennett, Bubb, Burnham, Corcoran, Dillingham, Durfee, Emery, Fuller, Hardy, Harmon, Hasbrouck, Hayden, Head, Henlin, Hoke, Hollingsworth, V. Johnson, Kirkwood, Khriefelber, Marsh, Mayo, Miles, Nickerson, Noyes, E. Oswald, N. Parker, Robbins, Routt, Russell, Shiff, Wells, White, M. Williams,—37.

The following were the best standings on the papers given in, counting 10 as perfect for each paper, 60 as the maximum:—

Miss Durfee	60
" N. Parker	59
" Hasbrouck	58
" Fuller	58
" Mayo	57
" Noyes	57
" Dillingham	55
" M. Williams	54
" Hayden	53
" Robbins	52
" Wells	52

On five papers:—

Ebersloe	50
Prentice	49
Whipple	49
Hamilton	47
H. Seiberling	45

Jennie Williams had 39 on four papers.

Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Editorial Outlook. — The Unknown To-morrow.

YESTERDAY a tourist, exhausted and foot-sore, languidly throws himself upon the ground to rest his weary limbs and aching head, and listlessly looking at the various objects of the forests, suddenly espies some beautifully colored and delicately framed mosses or ferns; and in the study of their marvelously complex and varied beauty, his former exhaustion and weaknesses pass into oblivion. After a delightful study of these phenomena of the vegetable kingdom, he resumes his journey with invigorated spirits and renewed hope, and travels on until, possibly, he again realizes his bodily weakness; when he is a second time at-

tracted by an unexpected beauty, for in between these bleak and rugged mountains he discovers a mountain-gorge, and in the far-off distance hears the sound of the falling waters. With quickened step and expectant air he journeys onward, till he comes to a precipice, from whose lofty height he peers over into the abyss below. Here he sees the crystal waters of a beautiful cascade plunge frantically over some stony ledge (glistening and foaming on its edge for a moment); then dash forward from rock to rock, giving vent, the while, to sweetest music; now, as it bursts into silvery spray, warbling a chorus of finest tenor; then, plunging and foaming and chafing below, uttering the most sonorous base. Amazed, he stands enwrapt with the beauty of the scene, and enchanted by the silvery-toned, the deep-sounding, the majestic swell of the waters. Still he travels on, while the curious question of What next? constantly presents itself.

To-day, when on board some lightning express, dashing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour through a wild mountain-pass, there bursts upon the view, now some snowcapped mountain-peak, rising in grandeur and majesty, enshrouded in an atmosphere that chills into awe, and causes the pulsations almost to cease for very reverence; now emerging from some subterranean tunnel, he sweeps round the curve into the broad sunlight, and beholds, not as before, huge masses of ice lying in mingled profusion and confusion, strewn between overhanging cliffs with pendant icicles, but the tiny violet, and the fragrant sweet-williams, and the waving fern, and the rippling spring, and the laughing waters, and the hillslopes garbed in their summer green — all remind us of the departed yesterday, and the constant surprises in store for the morrow.

So are the weary hours of the student of Nature constantly beguiled by continuous unfoldings. At first we find him enwrapt in ignorance and superstition, awe-stricken and terrified, by those brilliant flashes of lightning and the threatening sound of the awful thunder. He looks upon them with consternation and fear, for he regards them

as prophecies of destruction and devastation; and rightly judging them to be the work of that Master-hand, he stands in dread of the awful Being whose omnipotence is thus made manifest. But his inquiring mind is not satisfied to accept Nature in her materialistic form, but seeks to ascertain her whys and wherefores; and soon he learns to regard Dame Nature, not as his enemy, but as his truest and wisest friend. He no longer looks upon that flash of lightning as an instrumentality for his destruction, but for his preservation, in that it destroys the noxious vapors arising from the earth; and he lists to the thunder's peal with awe and reverence, but also with joy and delight, for it echoes to him the gladsome chorus of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Now has he taken the initiatory step toward a just conception of the All-wise. Now does his joyful heart render to his Maker, not only the homage of reverence, but also of love and gratitude.

So having analyzed one of Nature's mysteries, which has been to him such an infinite source of pleasure that he is stimulated to further action, he plies his mind and reason with the utmost energy for further penetration into her profundities. He dives still further into the laboratory of Nature, longing to penetrate her deepest mysteries, and to grapple with her profoundest laws. He realizes that these revelations will only be the result of the most earnest and assiduous labor: for,

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled
and striven."

Yesterday, like the tourist, he journeyed on foot, progressing slowly, and oft would he throw himself upon the hard pillow of despair, wearied and despondent; but a strange unrest, a nameless longing filled his soul, and with renewed energy and determination, born of a desire to emulate the gods, he resolves to solve all problems. Each successive achievement serves as a stepping-stone toward a greater; which, becoming more and more frequent, enable him to travel to-day as by steam. His path to knowledge seems bristling with new wonders, while he leaves far in the rear

those ancient citadels of ignorance; and now he sees the strongholds of learning and the bulwarks of intelligence dotting everywhere this broad land of ours—the insignia of the nation's strength and hope.

So he goes on, making broad the highway to success, felling the gigantic redwoods of difficulty, and bridging the broad chasms of ignorance, annihilating both time and space, until he has reached the vantage-ground of knowledge, and may form a more perfect estimate of the oncoming to-morrow, in all its entirety and completeness.

In striking contrast to yesterday's post-boy, as he wends his way along the buffalo's trail in the trackless forest, and to the transmission of news across the sea by the old six-month sailing vessel, to yesterday's tallow candle, its lampwicks, and stagecoaches—in contradistinction to these, stand boldly out the multifarious uses and appliances of steam, and the grand achievements touching that all-prevalent, yet indefinable something, the electric fluid—the telegraph by Morse, stretching, weblike, over this vast continent, bringing cities near and remote into immediate and instant communication, serving as the sensitive and motor nerves of the universe, by which the pulsations of joy or sorrow can be borne to sympathizing hearts, be they near or far; the Atlantic Cable, like the marriage tie, uniting two continents as one; the multitudinous inventions of our renowned Edison, America's pride of only thirty-six years, whose patents number to date two hundred and seventy,—his stock indicator, so indispensable to the world's marts of commerce; his chemical telegraph, by which twenty-five hundred words can be transmitted in a minute; his wondrous microtasmeter, by which the heat of the sun and that of several of the stars can be measured; his quadruplex telegraph, for sending telegrams in opposite directions over the same wire; his microphone, for augmenting the volume of feeble sounds, so perfect that the tread of a fly becomes as audible as that of a horse; his phonograph, which can at any subsequent period reproduce, with all the characteristic inflections of voice and qualities of tone, a song or a speech; his telephone, so well known as to need no description; his electric pen, that writes on several sheets at once; his electric light, whose brilliancy chases darkness into the remotest hiding-places, and spreads its splendid flood of dazzling radiance far and wide; and, lastly, his electric locomotive, not yet perfected. These successive inven-

tions, dotting the broad highway of time, serve as milestones to mark the rapidity of our advancement, and may be regarded very indices of the future.

Nor are we confined in our researches and retrospections to the scientific world alone, that we may with some degree of precision cast the horoscope of the future. Time was, when the world was ruled by the sword, and the path of the conquering hero was red with the blood of his victims. In ages past, empires have arisen and fallen in quick succession; monarchs and kings have ruled, at times, by the accident of night, of nobility, of caste, of inheritance, and sometimes by the power of wealth; but from the ruins of them all, it is reserved for America, untrammelled by old and fixed institutions, to garner up in her vast storehouse all the best fruits of a world's experience, and the rich laden sheaves of the harvest of Time. Here is found a freedom for thought, and for the exercise of beliefs. Here are presented a thousand possibilities; and, as a natural consequence, in America have been elaborated the best ideas, the greatest achievements, and the grandest results; for here as elsewhere, now as ever, that innate love of liberty, and hunger of the soul for a better beyond, though for a time crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism, will, like Banquo's ghost, up and on forever.

Then taking cognizance of the marvelous rapidity, and the almost incredible vastness and wonderfulness of past discoveries; since matter has thus been subordinated to mind; since the subtile fluid of electricity has become such a ready tool in the hands of man; since naturalists have penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and into the ethereal regions; since we have been enabled to converse with friends thousands of miles distant as though face to face,—what wonder if, amid the revelations of to-morrow, unfolding at lightning speed before the dazed intellect, that in the psychological world a second Edison should discover a still more subtile fluid by which mind may converse with mind, and soul answer soul in silent and sweet response.

As our States have been thus happily united by the telegraph, and our continents by the Atlantic Cable, may we not hope that in the unknown to-morrow, our planet may be placed in intercommunication with its sister planets, and by means of an ethereal cable, star be joined to the remotest star.

The Battle Flag at Shenandoah.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked
down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide, green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still,
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret:
"There's a battle-flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace, this Sunday morning!"

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red
And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

Oh! never rode man in the world so well
From hill of heaven to valley of hell;
And foemen and friends, as in a spell,
Stood still that Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he fled in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
Ah, boy, and banner, and all, Godspeed!
God's pity for you in your hour of need
This deadly Sunday morning.

Oh, deadly shot! and oh, shower of lead!
Oh, iron rain on the brave, bare head!
Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning.

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might.
Brave Custer is weeping in his delight!
Why, he is embracing the boy outright
This glorious Sunday morning!

But, soft! Not a word has the pale boy said;
He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
With his heart's best blood; and he falls down
dead,
In God's still Sunday morning!

So, wrap his flag to his soldier's breast;
Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest;
And under the oaks let him rest and rest
In God's own Sunday morning!

—Celtic Magazine.

The New Cook — A True Story.

It was a cold February evening, stormy, and inauspicious. The lights of the principal thoroughfare of Germantown strove energetically to do their duty in spite of blinding rains; but the most they accomplished was to indistinctly reveal a line of palatial residences. Now and then little street-waifs caught glimpses within, and wondered at the warmth, brilliancy, and luxury of such homes.

Through the windows of one of the most conspicuous residences was observed a group of laughing young people, who had just returned from the dining-room. A handsome young collegian, with an air of conscious superiority usual to that condition in life, was saying, "You studied cookery, to be sure; you saw Madame Parloa, or her respected coadjutor, frost a wedding-cake, perhaps; you sat in the gymnasium dividing your thoughts between sponge-cake and crocheting, and devoutly wishing the clock would strike; but I'll bet you five dollars you can't cook a dinner any better than I can, in spite of your Lasell training."

Before Hattie — could frame a suitable reply, her brother had made his exit from the room; but half opening the door, he added, in a repentant tone: "I'll tell you what it is, Hattie, I will give you five dollars, and take you to the next opera, if you will cook a dinner some day."

The tormentor then retired to the billiard-room, supremely unconscious of the resolutions taking shape in the mind of his sister.

The next morning, the even tenor of the happy family was somewhat disturbed by the announcement that the cook was ill.

Why a cook should ever be indisposed, and why on this particular evening when Cousin Jack was coming, were questions calmly discussed by the male members of the family. As usual, however, it devolved upon the other sex to supply the deficiency, and so protect the weakly constitutions of their "lords" from the nervous shock consequent upon such domestic eruptions.

Now, Miss Hattie concluded, was the time to win the bet, and to do honor to her *Alma Mater*, against whom base insinuations had been made.

With faltering steps she descended to the kitchen, and locking herself in the cook's apartment, yielded herself for some moments to devout contemplation.

Being a circumspect young woman she weighed the effect of failure, both upon her own reputation, and upon the efficiency of one of the proudest institutions of Lasell.

Not long did she hesitate, but rose with a

determined air and exclaimed: "A turkey is not a very agreeable animal to clean. The crop has to be taken out, I believe. What with singeing, stuffing, and basting, it must be a long process; but I am to earn five dollars, and it must be by a gigantic achievement."

Lasell friends would have admired the latent strength and confidence exhibited by the young novice in the presence of skeptical servants, and would have appreciated the eagerness with which the "notes" were studied as soon as their backs were turned.

Now she began to realize in full what Mrs. Daniels had so often predicted,—that a time would come when these same notes would become as apples of gold!

It would be useless to tell of the various steps in the cooking of the famous bird and its adjuncts. But as the hours went on, there accumulated on the shelves tempting jellies and ices, snowy cakes, and the delicate charlotte russe, while the servants began to display great respect for the hitherto unappreciated genius of this member of the family.

It was late when, the vegetables already cooking, and the turkey simmering, Miss Hattie found time to dress for dinner. She was tired, and —

"A tear stood in her bright, blue eye,
But still she answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!"

She donned a prettier dress than usual,—whether on Jack's account, or out of respect for the dinner, I cannot say,—and sat down to the table, the subject of emotions hard to describe.

The turkey had enveloped itself with a glorious brown, and the side-dishes completed the harmony.

The gentlemen had forgotten the episode of the morning, which was a good proof of the excellent character of the dinner.

When dessert had been served, and conversation was again waxing eloquent, Mrs. — made the announcement that no cook had been secured, and that Hattie had prepared the dinner. Astonishment was expressed, and congratulations offered; the collegian, however, conscious that his bet was lost, remaining speechless. He gazed upon his sister with scrutinizing anxiety until words returned; then rising he approached her, and with an obsequious bow, laid before her a crisp five-dollar bill, adding in a paternal manner, "To-morrow night, my dear; Patti — front-balcony seats — center."

Miss Hattie had risen to a pinnacle of fame. Toasts were given by each member of the family, and finally one was drank to Lasell, "the morning star of the East."

Prof. Raymond.

WE are having a series of Shakespeare readings rendered by Prof. Raymond, of which two have already been given. The first was "Merchant of Venice," and all were delighted with the style in which he portrayed the different characters. The speech of Shylock, in Act III., Scene 1, in which he is generally represented as being most bitter and cruel, Raymond gave with a pathos and feeling that brought tears to our eyes instead of hatred for the Jew. Raymond's sense of humor is unparalleled. This is particularly noticeable in "Much Ado About Nothing," his second reading, which calls for marked delineations of humor of different types. Prof. Raymond has established an enviable reputation, that will not soon sink into obscurity.

THE thirtieth exhibition of the Boston Art Club, opened April 12th, has afforded pleasure and profit to more than one art-lover, be he amateur or connoisseur. The collection consisted of water-colors and works in black and white.

Though the water-colors predominated, they vied closely with their rivals of sombre hue. That clear effect of landscape, portraiture, and figure are not due to color, was admirably shown by the exquisite works of Eastman Johnson, Mr. Ferris, and E. B. Stewart.

Mr. Ferris has succeeded most happily in an etching in reproducing the idea of the late George Fuller's "Nydia." Among the noticeable pictures in the gallery, the landscapes taking the lead, those of George H. Smillie, T. F. Wainwright, and Mr. Ranger, showed the best work. Mr. Harvey's two scenes in grayish tone were clear and effective. C. F. Pierce's landscapes were excellent, as also were Triscott's.

Mrs. E. L. S. Adams exhibited two heads, especially good in color and delicacy of finish. These, with J. Alden Weir's "Puritan Girl" and W. T. Smedley's "First-day Morning," stood first in their line.

There were unusually few flower studies. "Pansies," by Mrs. L. B. Fields, was handled in a good, broad style.

Altogether, the exhibition was the best that Boston has seen in a long time, there being but few inferior pictures in the collection, and we, among the host of visitors to the gallery during the past month, appreciate the efforts made by the Art Club to put before the public the best works of the day.

ON Monday, May 5th, the girls visited the Art Museum, paying particular attention to the room filled with the late George Fuller's paintings. We have not space in which to dwell upon the merits of the individual pictures; hence will notice but a few.

The collection showed a vast amount of study, and a wonderful acuteness in portraying and in analyzing the different types of human expression. The productions were remarkably true to nature; and their outlines so softly blended, and withall such a hazy atmosphere pervaded the whole, as to suggest the mysterious and unknown charms. Perhaps his most wonderful conception to us was that of "The Quadroon," in every feature of which, as also in the attitude and expression, was unmistakably blended the white and the colored blood. Her expression was touchingly sad, and out of her eyes shone that unmistakable intelligence by which we know that she sadly recognizes her condition, and feels keenly the awful drawback and stigma that will always attend her life.

Another pathetic picture we noticed was, "The Gatherer of Simples." In the background was a long stretch of dreary meadow land, grayish in the soft twilight; and in the foreground, the bent and decrepid form of an old woman in the early New England times, whose face bore the cast of saddest features, was gathering her "simples."

"The Dandelion" we thought one of his brightest, most telling pictures; the face and flowers in the hand having the same bright freshness of the dandelion.

Among the collection was his "Winifred Dysart," whose appearance five years ago first won for his works their standing of superior excellence.

Perhaps his most admired and beautiful conceptions are his "Arethusa" and "Nydia," which have a charm and fascination about them rarely equaled. The spiritual expression of the latter renders her more than human, and but little less than celestial.

Wagner Festival Concerts.

THIS series of concerts afforded us a rare opportunity for hearing the great trio of German singers, together with the famous orchestra of Thomas, in their perfect interpretation of Wagner's grand music. Many of the music-loving pupils attended one or more of the concerts, of which they gave enthusiastic accounts to those who remained at home.

The orchestral work was magnificent;

two symphonies of Beethoven were introduced in the course of the Festival, which were *perfectly* rendered. It is needless to say how much we enjoyed listening to Materna, Scaria, and Winkelmann. "The fact that these singers were selected by Wagner himself for his Bayreuth performances, ought to be sufficient indorsement of their excellence."

All must feel that they obtained profit as well as pleasure from their attendance, for one could not hear the grand, inspiring music of Wagner without gaining a more elevated taste for music, as well as breadth in ideas of musical composition.

A LARGE number of the girls attended Peck's Annual Concert, which occurred April 23d. The evening was very enjoyable, although the lofty strains of Tannhäuser and the weird harmonies of Die Walküre had scarcely died away as yet.

The pianist was Miss Amy Marcy Cheney, who is a promising young musician of great talent. Scalchi and Sembrich met with enthusiastic applause, which showed that they were fully appreciated.

ON Monday, May 5th, a party of our girls accompanied Prof. Burke to the Cambridge Glass Works. The trip was very much enjoyed, and we regret that our limited space permits simply the mention of the trip, instead of an interesting account of it in our possession.

May-day at Lasell.

ON the afternoon of May-day a number of the girls assembled on the lawn, to celebrate this herald of spring. The day was one of unusual loveliness; hardly a cloud could be seen in the sky, and the air was as mild and balmy as on a June morning.

The fantastic costumes of the girls added much to the brightness of the scene, and contrasted strangely with the white dress of the fair-haired queen. Joining hands, they all danced round the gayly-trimmed May-pole, singing as they went. Then the queen was led forward, and received with a graceful bow the homage of her mates, as each in turn presented a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Next came the coronation: a wreath of flowers was placed on her head, and three cheers were given for our fair Lou, the "Queen o' the May." The exercises were closed by the reading of the following impromptu poem:—

Many ages long since past,
Youths and maidens gay,
Rose up early with the dawn
To hail the first of May.

Gayly to the woods they went,
Plucked them leaves and flowers;
Hastened back again to town,
And decked their true loves' bowers.

Then around the May-pole, all
Danced and sweetly sung,
Choosing first a May Queen sweet
From their ranks among.

All was joy and all was love;
Sad will be to-morrow,
For every plighted vow in May,
Is doomed to grief and sorrow.

Things like these have long been classed
In the ages hoary:
May-day brings no gallant swain,
Save in this little story.

Better far that it is so,
Since a youth, however charming,
A hand of us should ask to-day,
And never think of harming,

How could we his appeals refuse?
His manly words delicious
We'd taste as we do chocolate creams,
And think them most nutritious.

But sad and bitter would they taste,
Ere the month was over;
And we would graze in desert lands,
Instead of fields of clover.

Let us choose our May Queen now,
One both fair and true;
Whose eyes the violets pale beside,
More sparkling than the dew.

How shall we deck our Queen of May,
With diamonds and rubies rare?
With silken robe and rich array,
Such as the queen of old did wear?

No, no; her coronet shall be
The dainty blossoms bright and gay,
Dewy and fragrant, springing here
To will her thus our Queen of May.

Political Notes.

It is reported that a valuable deposit of tin has been discovered in North Carolina.

SIR EDWARD WALKIN, member of Parliament, has offered \$5,000 toward the rescue of General Gordon.

THE eastern portion of England was badly shaken by an earthquake in the latter part of April.

THE Senate has passed a bill compelling telegraph, telephone, and electric light companies of New York City to put their wires underground.

ABOUT one hundred men are at work on the Cape Cod Canal, and it is estimated that the company, besides having \$200,000 in the treasury at present, has spent \$250,000 on tools and labor.

THE aggregate militia force of the United States has been recently estimated, the number, including officers and men, being 88,070; the total amount available for duty, but unorganized, 6,827,921.

DEAR "OLD GIRLS," — You of the ante-wing period, especially, — how I wish you could have been with me some weeks ago, when I paid a short visit to our *Alma Mater*. Some of you have never been back at all, since your schooldays closed. How changed the place would seem to you! The hall, with its new carpets and draperies, the new office, music-room, students' parlor, and the private apartments of Prof. Bragdon's family, with all the new furnishings in the old part of the building, make such an improvement in the general appearance of the building that I know you would rejoice with me in these indications of victorious *labor*, even though you clung to those things which were associated with the "days of yore." The old dining-room is now used for recitation-rooms, and the new one is much brighter and pleasanter. There are new settees in the hall under a clock where the old motto used to warn us to waste no precious time loitering on our way from recitations and recreation. The new music-room is a cozy little room, and I know Prof. Hills enjoys his labors much more in that pleasant room, with the upright piano, and the genial faces of Mozart, Beethoven, and the other old masters smiling down from the walls upon his efforts to teach the art divine, than he did when he wandered, like a strolling minstrel, from the "forum" to the gymnasium. You would be glad to see the new pictures which decorate the walls where the portraits of our sister *alumnæ* used to hang. Those same portraits are very suggestive of one of the phrases we learned in No. 1, under Prof. Dole's tuition, "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*"

Yet, after all, the dear old place is "in change still unchanged. It is *home* still. Most of the teachers would be strangers to you, but the old ones are just as kind and good as ever. Prof. Bragdon has the same cordial welcome for the "old girls," and never forgets.

Well, I've been all this time coming to the point, and haven't reached it yet. I have a little suggestion to make to you, sisters of the *Alumnæ Association*. There are still many things needed to make the school what we all want it to become — the model school. They want books for the library (at all events, there are some I am sure they ought to have); I haven't heard yet that the collection of minerals Prof. Burke told us about through the *LEAVES*, has been secured. I heard something about the need of new pictures for the dining-room when I was at the Seminary, and — well, the wants are innumerable. Suppose

the *Alumnæ Association* gives the fee which is used to provide a supper for its members, to the Seminary to be used for some one of these things. There are more than a hundred members of the Association, though some of them are "silent partners." Now, there ought to be at least seventy-five dollars raised for the purposes of the Association. Suppose we give the money to Prof. Bragdon, to spend in Europe this summer for the school. I am inclined to think the *alumnæ* will feel better satisfied with the outlay when we visit the school next year, than if it is used to provide frozen dyspepsia and cake for our consumption on the lawn.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Secretary to mention this when she sends the invitations to the members! Like Hosea Bigelow,

"My friends, I've talked nigh onto long enough;
I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're tough;"
so I will close with the friendly greeting of
A SISTER ALUMNA.

Locals.

"ARE you going to play in the eight-hand duet?"

"DUDE collars" are twenty cents per neck. Get thee hence and invest!

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever." Witness the alligator in Recitation Room 5.

Miss J., while on the cars for Boston. — "Oh, I think this scenery is terribly romanceful!"

QUESTION for the advanced Bible class: "What is on the other side of Jordan?" Answer, "Marsh & Co."

PROF. R. — "There is really no word rhyming with month, although a person who lisped could find one 'at onth.'"

IN class, the other day, Miss L., while telling of the burial of two lovers, said, "And they planted them side by side."

It is a beaming Junior who dates the reign of Elizabeth two thousand years ago. "O, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, brilliant Starr!"

ONE of the girls while looking over some photographs, came across one of Robert Ingersoll, and was heard to exclaim, "Why, what play was it that I saw him in?"

"THEN Henry VIII. vented his wrath upon Wolsey, and he had to die." Would that we had some wrath like that to vent upon the "missionary subscription fiends."

WE hear with deep sorrow that the fruit-venders will come to us no more. Their familiar cry will be a thing of the past, and we will go to bed hungry, sighing for the days that are gone.

It was recently proposed to change the date of the publishing of the *LEAVES* to the 30th of the month. Little Miss C. wondered what they would do on the 30th of February.

ONE of the Harvard "men" (a Sophomore), while walking down East Newton Street, was shown the New England Conservatory. "Why," said he, "I can see no plants!"

As the display of "spring bunnits" gets stale, we notice that the list of those excused from church grows weekly larger, unless some fair maiden has a new sample of millinery art to exhibit for herself.

SCENE in boudoir 49: —

"O dear, now I've got to fix my rear bang!"

"Your *Rhea* bang! I've heard of Langtry bangs, but never of a *Rhea* bang before!"

PORTION of conversation of two of Professor's European party: —

"Now, this summer we'll land in Scotland."

L'Enfant. — "No; we land at Glasgow." Read up, young woman, read up!

SCENE after Sunday-school: —

1st maiden. — "Who was the first man who got intoxicated?"

2d maiden. — "Moses."

1st maiden. — "Wasn't it Noah?"

2d maiden. — "O yes; I meant him!"

THE other evening at a Wagner Concert, while Nilsson, as "Elsa," was singing in the most dulcet of tones, and the vast orchestra could merely be heard with its beautiful pianissimo, the voice of the Lasell girl broke the stillness with, "Oh, but ain't that too grand!"

No. 1. — "Who was the wife of Edward IV.?"

No. 2. — "Why, Margaret of Anjou!"

No. 1. — "O no; of course not. Lady Jane Grey!"

Let us recommend the modern history class to those two maidens.

IN the future, those who intend going to Boston on Monday, had better endure their pain, or pains, with smiling faces, and go to prayers, and church, and Sunday-school, and prayer-meeting on Sunday, or "the morrow's sun" may dawn on a world of bitterness and woe for them.

Another Mother's Testimony.

'Twas only lately that I read
In your last publication,
Such good accounts of a duckling lame,
As would surprise a nation.

And I bethought me of a tale
Which I could truly tell,
Of good results that came to me
From that retreat — Lasell.

For I, too, had a gosling rare;
She was my pride and joy.
She was as good as good could be —
Pure gold, without alloy.

She was a very docile chick;
She learned her lessons well;
And so I thought 'twas just the thing
To send her to Lasell.

I read once more the catalogue,
Approved its judgments rare,
Then wrote a note to C. C. B.,
To engage a sanctum there.

With many tears I said good-bye
To my little gosling tame;
But I thought that wheresoe'er she was,
She'd always act the same.

But oh! delusion that it was,
And I've only her to blame;
For every day that she was there
The giddier she became.

She entered all the clubs there were,
And went, without a shock,
From Bunker Hill and Concord town
To Plymouth's far-famed Rock.

But soon, alas! I marked a change
In my gosling's healthy look.
Her eyes grew dull, and her face was thin,
As well as her pocket-book.

Professor tried his level best
To keep her still at home;
But soon he found that 'twas no use,
For she was bound to roam.

And as the weeks went hastening by,
To her home she came again;
And then it was she gabbled on
In a never-ending strain.

She engaged in all the raquets
And other giddy tricks;
And then she broke her ankle-bone,
Which was a sorry fix.

And then they sent for me to come
To cure my gosling pale;
To see what liniments could do
Where *nux* and breathers fail.

I nursed her then with all my might;
I saw her getting well;
And then I thought the time had come
My sentiments to tell.

I'd heard she was getting lazy,
And was in all the scrapes;
So I laid her faults before her
In many forms and shapes.

And then she said, lamenting,
"I won't do so again;
I never, never'll do the like —
Oh, let me here remain!"

I decided not to take her
From out those hands so wise,
And soon I heard reports of her
That gave me glad surprise.

When the weary months had worn away
The goslings were let loose,
And home again I welcomed mine,
A most accomplished goose.

Hints on Letter-Writing.

OWING to the extensive mail that leaves this institution daily, perhaps these few hints may prove useful, for the character of the writer is often revealed by a single epistle.

Do not date a letter a month back, and thus convey the idea that it was answered on the spot, and delayed in the mails. This is not honest; therefore do not do it.

In beginning a letter do not be bashful about saying "*dear*." It means nothing, as a *man* will say "*dear*" to his mother-in-law.

In addressing a professional man you may say "*Dear Doctor*;" but never "*Dear Lawyer*," or "*Dear Preacher*." There is no reason why this should be so, "only a whim of fashion."

Do not address your creditor as "*Dear Sir*" — you might be suspected of sarcasm; yet you cannot go to the extreme, and say, "*Cheap Sir*," as this is seldom the case.

In writing a gentleman friend, you may say, "*My dear Sir*;" but never omit the "*Sir*;" there is a great deal in a little word. It is never admissible to underscore the word "*dear*," and never allow yourself to be carried away by your feelings, and say, "*My Dearest*."

In concluding a letter never be afraid, on conscientious grounds, to say, "*Yours Truly*," though, in point of fact, you are not truly his; but when you are, then you may launch out into, "*Your faithful darling*," or "*Your ever-loving Susan*."

There are various ways of ending a letter, as, "*Yours truly*," "*Yours obediently*," "*Yours affectionately*," etc., whatever the case may or may not be. These expressions are never strictly true. Every letter-writer is more or less a deceiver; still, we are not going to change a custom which has prevailed for so many years.

Thanks!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is hereby made, and cordial thanks extended to, Prof. W. J. Rolfe for valuable gifts to our library of one of Shakespeare's plays, and the memoir (of Teena Rockfort Smith, the late lamented young Shakespearian of England) kindly sent for our school by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, Director of the New Shakespeare Society, London.

Science.

GLUCOSE and other manufacturing interests have prevented the passage by the Illinois legislature of an act against the adulteration of food and drugs. — *Ex.*

At the Royal Palace in Berlin, 40,000 wax candles are simultaneously lighted by a single match. The wicks are previously connected by a thread spun from gun-cotton, on igniting one end of which, all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven-hundred apartments are lighted at once.

Cooking by electricity is to be one of the sights at the forthcoming Electrical Exhibition in Philadelphia. As an exchange has it: "At the last Paris exhibition, M. Mouchot roasted mutton by condensed sunshine, and literally turned his spit on the hearth of the sun; but M. Salignac will broil steaks by lightning, and warm coffee by the aurora borealis."

SOME curious trinkets, to which certain motions can be given at will by means of electricity, have recently been devised by M. Trouve. Two of these are scarfpins: one has a death's-head, gold or enamel, with diamond eyes and an articulated jaw; the other has a rabbit, seated upright on a box, with a little bell before it, to be struck with two rods held in the animal's fore-paws. An invisible wire connects these objects with a small hermetically-closed battery, the ebonite case of which is about the size of a cigarette. It is kept in the vest-pocket, and acts only when turned horizontally or inverted. When a person looks at the pin, the owner, slipping his finger into his pocket, moves the battery; whereupon the death's-head rolls its eyes and grinds its teeth, or the little rabbit beats the bell with its rods (through the electro-magnet). A third kind of ornament is a small bird set with diamonds, to be fixed in a lady's hair, and the rings of which can be set in motion electrically.

A PROFESSOR at one of our noted universities was explaining the principles of centrifugal forces to his class in physics. Laying his hand upon a certain piece of apparatus which he was about to use, he said: "Now, gentlemen, when I turn this — that is to say, when force is applied at this end by the crank —. But he proceeded no further, as a shout of laughter from his students compelled him to stop and reconstruct his sentence in a way not quite so personal.

Personals.

EMMA CHOATE is studying at her home in Beverly.

MAY BAILEY visited Ella Morrison, in Washington, recently.

BERTHA CHILDS is taking music lessons of Prof. Hills, in Boston.

WE hear that Lily Flagg is studying in Atlanta, Georgia.

HELEN JOHNSON has left the city for her summer home at Enfield, N. H.

LIZZIE LUTHER takes music in Providence, and has a good time generally.

SEPHIE MASON has been visiting Hattie Peck, in New Haven.

HELEN DYKES KNOWLES is the proud mother of an infant son, aged four weeks.

ALICE HOUSE, '83, is still keeping up a few of her studies at home, in Cincinnati.

ANNA CURTIS is at home in Canaan Centre, N. Y., making herself generally useful.

ALICE HOWLITT is enjoying her vacation from school duties at her home in Hartford.

WE hear that Ida Foote Willis has "settled down" in her nice home in Utica, N. Y.

ELLA MORRISON, of Washington, stays by the brother, who is not strong. Sends greetings.

SADIE ALMY is at home in Fall River taking painting lessons, and going to Boston once a week for music.

ANNIE JUDSON is getting to be quite a writer for newspapers. We notice two articles by her in the Brighton *Independent*.

MISS NORTON expects to teach Latin and Mathematics next year. We shall miss her here, but know she will do well, whatever she tries.

MINNIE ROULT, who was obliged from ill health to leave us at Thanksgiving, is in Denver, having a gay time, and studying vocal music and French.

HATTIE ADAMSON recently gave a very nice party in Germantown. We wish Germantown were nearer Auburndale, that we might see Hattie.

AGNES FANNING recently made a call here. She looked "just as of old," and viewed with eager eyes the scenes of her former exploits.

EVERY new mother among the old Lasell girls claims "the nicest baby that ever was." What a rare lot of people the next generation will be if all is true!

ABBIE HILL is studying at Geneva, Switzerland, where she is making considerable headway in vocal music. She expects to spend next winter in Paris.

As our pedestrians were making their way toward Boston, they saw Leora Georgia Spring Haley, in Cambridgeport. She looked well and happy.

MAY MILLER has been visiting Mame Mangels, in Brooklyn, and Nana Poor, at Cambridge. During her latter visit we hoped to see her at Lasell, but were disappointed.

LEORA HALEY will be *very busy* this spring and summer. So you all know what that means in the fall. Poor girl! The family spends the summer in North Wilmington, Mass.

ADA LAKE, here in '75-76 from Boxford, Mass., is now living in Conway, Iowa; has been teaching the past three years and likes it. Likes the West, and is going to work higher in music.

MR. BRAGDON thanks Lucy Curtis, Emma Belcher, and some unknown friends for some sweet mayflowers! He ought to know the hand-writing on the square box, but he doesn't quite! Who was it?

LOTTIE SNELL SIMMS, '82, expects to be housekeeping by next fall, and hopes to see her friends in her own home. She thinks she has the finest "man" and the nicest baby anywhere!

ANNIE WHITE, '78, says she will take the next trip to Europe with the Lasell party. We don't understand it. Where is —? But we advise her not to wait — so many things are always happening.

ANNIE BAKER writes, just like her own self, of her music and French this winter, and her liking for her old home. Says that Ella Stedman is going to Kearney, Neb., to live. Ella must write from her far home.

AMONG the "old girls" who have joined Professor's party for Europe next summer, are Mattie Henry, Virginia Johnson, Mary Williams, Georgie Prickett, Ida Sibley, and Edith Flint.

Now is the time that Auburndale is beautiful, and, realizing this, the girls' mothers come on to visit. Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hill are already here, and Mrs. Jackson is expected shortly.

ALICE MILLER is visiting Mabel Wetherell, at Fall River. They recently made a short visit at the Seminary, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, the Juniatas had a good pull on the river with "the old crew."

MAMIE WEYL found her work soon after leaving Lasell, in the care of the little son of her sister, who has been an invalid. We send our sincere congratulations, Mamie, on the prospect of her recovery. Mamie may be addressed at Hot Springs, Ark.

LUCY PHELPS has been home in Springfield, to attend the marriage of her sister, Mame Phelps, and Harry Heiler. The glad event took place May 6th, and the happy pair will make their tour to Minneapolis, where they intend to live.

CAPTAIN A. F. PRAY, of Minneapolis, and Captain C. E. C. Boardman, of Marshall, Iowa, young cadets from the P. M. A., came out on horseback from Boston to Auburndale, and surprised their friends at the Seminary, the Misses Oswald, with a call.

IDA YOUNG THOMAS, Danielsonville, Conn., is a settled housekeeper, and enjoys it. Her husband is at home only two evenings in the week, so Ida has time to keep up acquaintance a little with her mates. She says Fannie Nason is at home, and that May Bailey has visited Ella Morrison in Washington, and is now in Virginia.

WE were very sorry to have Lu Wells leave us before the end of the term. She sailed for Europe with her mother and sister, and expects to study there for a year, at least. We hear that the last tender office she performed before sailing from these shores, was to visit a barber, and have her luxuriant tresses carefully curled.

HATTIE WILLIAMS has not been well this year. How odd it is to think of her as ill! Glad she is getting better. She reports Nellie Canfield as busy and happy since her mother is better, and Eva Dye as doing a good deal of hard work in the skating-rink. Just now she has the care of her father, who was hurt in an accident, but not seriously.

LEONA MILLER, here with her sister Vannie, from Fort Ann, N. Y., is having marked success in teaching painting in Chicago. She has a nice studio (Room 12, Weber Music Hall), and is making money and a fine reputation. So says Annie Bragdon, who is spending the Winter in Chicago with her sister Eva. (Address, 1 Park Avenue.) She has met Nellie Brown Shattuck on the street, and Ella Stedman Frank, at Lillie Potter's & Co. Lasell girls seem to be plenty around Chicago.

Supporting Herself.

St. Nicholas furnishes much admirable reading-matter for girls and boys, but has seldom had anything better for girls than the following paper on self-support, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps:—

DEAR GIRLS,—The editor asks, "Will I not talk to her girls?" Of course I will! I would rather talk to one girl than to a planet full of other people, any time. And she asks, "Will I tell them something of what I think about girls supporting themselves?"

There was once an old negro preacher who said: "My bredren, if I had all heaven for my pulpit, and all earth for my congregation, and all eternity for my Sunday mornin', de tex I hab chosen to-day is de tex I'd choose on dat occasion." And, indeed, if I had the summer lightning for my magazine columns, and all the girls in North America for my readers, and the long vacation to talk in, the text which the editor has given me is the one I should "choose on dat occasion."

Dear girls, there are just two things to be said on this large, long, broad question. The first is only, *Do it!* The second is only, *Do it thoroughly!* And have I no doubt that girls are made to support themselves? None in the world. And am I sure that they can support themselves? Perfectly sure. And do I believe that they ought to support themselves? With belief unspeakable. But would I have them neglect their parents, and desert their homes, and be disagreeable to their brothers, and ruin their health, and spoil their manners, and never get married?

Let us begin like the old Chaldeans, and read those six solemn questions backwards. Never get married? By no means! if you have no command of any trade or profession which will enable you to provide for your family under any of the many terrible emergencies of sickness, or death, or misfortune, or sin, which may throw that provision upon the woman's hands. By all means get married, if you love a man enough to face these emergencies for his sake!

Spoil your manners? If a lady is less a lady for earning her own living, she never was a lady at all, and her manners are not worth the ink I am expending upon the mention of them.

Ruin your health? If you are strong enough to live an idle, or frivolous, or dependent life, you have done the hardest work you will ever find yourself in the way of doing. You could be a carpenter with less risk to muscle, and nerve, and brain, and tissue than to live the life that many girls live after leaving school.

Estrange your brothers? If your brothers think the less of you for an honest determination to be able to take care of yourself, they don't deserve a good sister, and don't know her when they see her.

Desert your home? Not so long as Heaven spares you that blessed thing to cling to! Remain in it if you may; absent yourself from it if you must; but keep your heart as true to it as loyal love can be.

Neglect your parents? I would rather that you neglected yourself.

And just here let me say that I understand,

and you understand, and we all understand, that *some* girls must stay at home and accept a dependent life. So must some boys. To all our sweeping rules we have sharp exceptions. Now and then, the incompetent father, or the feeble mother, or the erring brothers, or the sad, untold family secret demands the devotion of the entire individual life of some one child. Now and then, the child herself or himself is sorely burdened with incapacity or disease, which makes even an acquaintance with the means of pursuing an independent career a doubtful or an impossible thing, and the monotony of sheltered, small, home duties, the better, truer life. This happens to brothers, as well as to sisters. It need not happen because you are a girl. It should happen only because you are an exceptional girl.

Then do I think that, as a rule, girls should learn to provide for themselves? As a rule, most assuredly! *As a rule*, it is honest, safer, nobler, and more womanly for a woman to be able to care for herself, and for the father, or mother, or brother, or husband, or child, whom a hundred chances may, at any hour, fling upon her warm heart and brave hand for protection. As a rule, a girl should make herself mistress of some industry, or art, or profession, or trade, which has a marked value in the great struggle for existence into which God has plunged this weary world.

As a rule, she can succeed in doing this if she determine to, and will fail in it if she does not.

Girls, first make up your minds that you will *be* something! All the rest will follow. *What* you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time. When you have perfectly and solemnly decided to be *something*, your battle is half fought. A young lady, herself the only self-supporting sister of several in a family, poor, proud, and struggling, once said to me: "I, for one, am sure that if a girl *wants* to command an independent means of livelihood, she will find out the way. And this, as a rule, is golden truth. There are exceptional parents, as there are exceptional daughters. But this you may depend upon, little woman: if your whole heart is set upon, and your whole head is trained for, becoming an elocutionist, or a greengrocer, or engraver, or a florist, or a singer, or a doctor, the chances are that elocutionist, or greengrocer, or engraver, or florist, or singer, or doctor you will be. Your mother may forbid you a whim; she will not disregard a purpose. Your father may laugh at a notion; he will respect an enthusiasm. You will not find a friend to encourage you in jerky, hysteric, vague attempts to acquire fame without genius, or wealth without labor, or success without perseverance. You may find, for your unswerving aspiration, and your dogged hard work,—you may find—ah, my dear girls! I wish I could say you will find—as many helping hands as your brothers will find. But that is not yet; perhaps the day will come. Women must work yet awhile under discouragement such as only women know. Don't expect the help your brother gets! Make up your mind to that in the beginning. I am only saying that, once your mind is *made*, you will find help enough to enable you to keep it in shape; and, after all, that is a great deal.

Now, the earlier you do this the better. A girl of thirteen cannot decide, to be sure, with

any discretion or any assurance, whether she will be a sculptor or a washwoman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving school or college, to remain dependent upon her parents, or to fit herself for a self-providing life.

The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets, is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own, is quite another thing from the lesson that you may never think of again. The practice in book-keeping, which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story. The dull old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for, are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest lives. So, on the great ocean of school-life, the girls with aims to study for, are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest. Ah! you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing *distinct aims*. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person, define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason. I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content which a shabby alpaca cannot hide, nor a *Bonnét* silk enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out.

But, girls, if you don't mean to make a thorough business of the occupation you have chosen, never, never, *never* begin to be occupied at all. Half-finished work will do for amateurs. It will never answer for professionals. The bracket you are sawing for a New-Year's present can hang a little crooked on its screws, and you will be forgiven "for the love's sake found therein" by the dear heart to which you offer it; but the trinket carved for sale in the Sorrento rooms must be cut as true as a rose-leaf. You can be a little bit shaky as to your German declensions in the Schiller Club, which you join so enthusiastically after leaving school, and no great harm ever come of it; but teach Schiller for a living, and for every dative case forgotten, you are so much money out of pocket.

People who pay for a thing demand thorough workmanship or none. To offer incomplete work for complete market price, is to be either a cheat or a beggar. The terrible grinding laws of supply and demand, pay and receive, give and get, give no quarter for shilly-shally labor. The excellence of your intentions is nothing to the point. The stress of your poverty has not the slightest connection with the case. An editor will never pay you for your poem because you wish to help your mother. No customer will buy her best bonnet or her wheat flour of you because you are unable to pay your rent. When

you have entered the world of trade, you have entered a world where tenderness, and charity, and personal interest are foreign relations. Not "for friendship's sake," nor "for pity's sake," nor "for chivalry's sake," runs the great rallying-cry of this great world,—but only "for value received."

It is with sorrow and shame, but yet with hope and courage, that I write it,—there is reason for the extensive complaint made by men that women do not work thoroughly. I am afraid that, till time and trouble shall have taught them better, they will not. Is it because they have never been trained? Is it because they expect to be married? That it is not in the least because they cannot, we know; for we know that some of the most magnificently accurate work in the world has been done by women.

Now, you who are the girls of to-day must find for yourselves, and teach us all, a better way. Make up your minds to work hard, and to work patiently. Don't expect to get the return of skilled labor for unskilled effort. Remember that, no matter what you intend to become, you cannot avoid *apprenticeship*. Don't expect, if you bring your education to an end at eighteen, to become a teacher or a preacher, a lawyer or a physician, like your brother, whose preparatory studies last till he is twenty-five. Don't think you can rush to the art-galleries and sell your amateur water-colors in competition with artists who have given years and years of drudgery to the handling of their brushes and the culture of their inspirations. Don't expect *The Century Magazine* to print your stories till you have first thrown a great many poor manuscripts into the fire. If you wish to go into the bookseller's business, be content to begin by familiarizing yourself with the backs of libraries. If you aspire to be a railroad ticket agent (like a few bright women I have seen), learn your arithmetic lesson keenly, that you may make quick change for hurried people. Be content to begin humbly! Be careful to labor faithfully! Be patient to toil long!

One of the foremost of modern novelists was a woman—a woman whose patience was as immense as her fame, and her fame is owing as much to her patience as to her genius. In her great story of "Daniel Deronda," George Eliot puts into the mouth of a musician addressing a young lady who has aspirations for the stage, these memorable, cutting words:—

"You have been brought up in ease,—you have done what you would,—you have not said to yourself, 'I must know this exactly,' 'I must understand this exactly,' 'I must do this exactly.' In uttering these three terrible *musts*, Klesmer lifted up three long fingers in succession. 'It seems you have not been called upon to be anything but a charming young lady, whom it is an impoliteness to find fault with. . . . You would find, after your education in doing things slackly, . . . great difficulties in study. You would be subjected to tests; people would no longer feign not to see your blunder. You would at first be accepted only on trial. . . . Any success must be won by the utmost patience. You would have to keep your place in a crowd; and after all, it is likely you would lose it, and get out of sight. If you determine to face these hardships, and still try, you will have the dignity of a high purpose. . . . You will have some merit, though you may win no prize."

But now I have told you to work, and work

thoroughly. I haven't helped you in the least to know what to do, or how to do it?

Why, no, my dear girls, I suppose I haven't. That would take as long as the negro wanted to take for his sermon. Perhaps some other time, if you care to hear me, I will talk to you further about these things. Only believe me to be right in this: when once your mind is firmly and hopefully made up to work, the what and the how will follow fast enough.

Epitaphs.

"A little nonsense, now and den,
Is just the things for efery man;
It makes the vomans laugh und shout,
And all der chil'ren smile out lout."
— *Shaksbere.*

"Here lies the heart of regal Blanche,
Her love with "mashes" she tried to stanch;
But these alone would not suffice,
So she has flown from sin and vice."

"Here lies the body of giggling Mame;
The cause of her death was a wicked shame:
She smiled so much as to come to grief,
And in her grave she seeks relief."

"Gussie, at last, has her refuge sought;
"Lowe" does she lie, but of that she thinks naught.
The cause of her departure rests in this:
Too many yarns she told for her future bliss.

While strolling along the banks of the noble Charles, near the Auburndale Watch Factory, I came upon a lonely grave, whose size and peculiar appearance attracted my attention. There was a stone at each end of the grave and a slab in the middle. On the slab was inscribed, in Old English, the following:—

"This tenement rented jointly.
B. J. and W. L."

I was tempted to look further. The stone at the head of the grave was plain and imposing, and made of a blonde-colored marble. This inscription (which I will translate), was written in Latin:—

"Here lies, locked in the arms of her dearest friend, Wizzie Lhipple, age unknown. Deceased was born at the South Cove, of 'poor but respectable parents.' She began her brilliant career as a chemist (also played in a brass-band), without a cent. After years of toil was still in the same state. Desponding, she took Ca and Hd, and the resulting effervescence wafted her away.
'Requiescat in Pace.'"

The other stone was smaller, and of a marble resembling brunette. Two peacock feathers and a Langtry bang were gracefully carved at the top. It bore this inscription in German:—

"Bean Jaker, born at Hopkinsville, April 1, 1853; passed away February 29, 1883, aged 46 years. Bean was well known in her native village for her temperance principles and kindness in trades. She was disappointed in love. When

she heard of the flight of Wizzie, she took gum, and died of lockjaw, in the full bloom and beauty of youth."

This sad tale so affected me, that I took to myself my black silk handkerchief, lifted up my voice, and wept, and went on my way rejoicing.

Art Notes.

THE latest novelty in decorative work is the American *faience*, and it was invented by a Boston lady. The material used is called clayoid, a putty-like compound, which can be moulded into any desired shape, and applied to pottery, wood, metal, satin, or plush. It hardens quickly without firing, and is painted with oil colors. The art is so simple that it is easily acquired by any one of good taste.

LOUIS LELOIR, the famous French water-color painter, who died in Paris lately, was born March 15, 1843. Both as a painter in oil and an aquarelliste, he was an artist of exquisite taste. In water-color painting he achieved a finish and brilliancy hitherto unequaled. Leloir of late years devoted much of his grace and imagination to the service of one of the loveliest ornaments of woman—the fan; and the day is not far distant when Leloir's fans will be prized as highly as those of Watteau.

Commencement Calendar.

Friday, June 13,—

7.30 P. M., Class Day Exercises.

Sunday, June 15,—

10.30 A. M., Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Calvin Cutler.

Monday, June 16,—

7.30 P. M., Commencement Concert.

Tuesday, June 17,—

3 P. M., Business Meeting of the Alumnae.
4 P. M., Public Literary Exercises of the Alumnae.
5.30 P. M., Alumnae Supper.
8 P. M., Principal's Reception for the Senior Class.

Wednesday, June 18,—

10.45 A. M., Commencement Exercises; Address by Dr. Lyman Abbott; Conferring Diplomas.

ON behalf of the patrons of our reading-room, we hereby thank Prof. J. C. Burke for his contributions of the "Semi-Centennial of Wesleyan University," and the "Construction et Ameublement de Bati-ments d'Ecole Belgique."

Senior vacation begins Saturday, June 7th.

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Lasell Leaves.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME IX.

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Lasell Leaves,

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NELLIE H. PACKARD, '84.

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Editorial.

TEN years hence, with our mind's eye, we see Prof. Bragdon ascend the chapel platform at Lasell with a bundle of photographs (old and new) in his hand, and thus address the girls:—

"Now, mind you, girls, I think you are making a mistake in not ordering more of these pictures. Understand, it is nothing to me whether you take them or not (the photographer takes them at his own risk); but I feel that you do not have any idea how you will prize them in time to come, and what a satisfaction and pleasure it will be to you in after years to have this group of your old schoolmates to look at. Poor likenesses they may seem, some of them,

but I don't believe but what you can recognize them all; and they certainly will serve as a pretty good outline for your recollection to supply what else is needed.

"You see, here, I brought in some of our old school-pictures, taken at different times. Rather odd and old-looking to you, I suppose; but I tell you, my girls, the older they get the less you see of the girls, and the more you value these pictures. Not worth much as fashion-plates, perhaps, nor as specimens of fine architecture, but they are of far greater value than the best of either of these, to me and to the 'old girls.' You just don't know, girls, how you feel about it afterward, nor how much real good it does me to look over these old pictures.

"Now, here's a-a-(see it?) rather funny one, but I wouldn't part with it for 'most any consideration. It has been a long time since I have seen many of these girls. Think this picture was taken in '84. Am I right (with a side glance at Miss Carpenter)? Yes; it must be so. Here are some of the Seniors of that year—Ida Sibley and—Nellie Packard? I wouldn't have believed it had been so long since Nellie was here! She always had her share of fun. See her occasionally yet, but she is *changed*. Guess she would scarcely recognize herself here. This girl resting her face on her hands, as unconcerned as you please, is Mag Coreoran. Just like her! She was as jolly a girl as ever entered our school, I think. The way those Williamsport girls, or the girls in Room No. 29, used to bring down the house and bring up Miss Carpenter! Fine girls, though, and sober enough now. Tennis rackets and Juniata suits give variety to the picture, you see. Well (tut! tut!), if here isn't Kit Prescott and Ag. Kingman kissing each other! Girls will be girls, and year after year it is much the same thing. They are equally appreciative, and some one is sure to think this girl, 'oh, so sweet!' and another one 'just too lovely!' Don't know but we do that sort of thing a little yet, don't we, girls? Sitting here on the ground is Gussie Lowe, who used to tell such appalling ghost stories! Now this one is Ed. Flint. I took her over

to Europe with me that summer, and I've half a mind to tell you about her; but perhaps I had better not, as she isn't here. She has been settled in life for some time. All I have to say is, Girls, if ever your (hem!) thoughts are very much intent on things and persons at home, why, then don't go to Europe; because you are sure to not half enjoy things, and are always looking out for the next steamer that returns to your mother-country. Well, bless me! if this isn't Lizzie Whipple, standing beside that old post like a pillar of state! She used to warble for us, you know; and then, she used to enjoy carrying on biblical and all sorts of discussions. She was a girl who generally had her own views about things, and they were fairly good ones, too. But of course you don't care anything about all this! Oh, yes, here is Nell Kidder. That girl used to twist her face into so many shapes for the amusement of the girls, they could scarcely tell what was her natural expression. There, I did not mean to take up so much of the time in this way, but it all goes to show you how you will feel about these things sometime."

* * * * *

As our school year neared its close, we began to feel something of how much we would soon prize our school pictures, or any little memento that would remind us of our associates and our school life at Lasell. When we first entered the school, in the fall, it seemed we had to look forward to a little eternity before the spring-time should come. Only a few months ago many of us—most of us—entered Lasell absolute strangers, knowing essentially nothing of the school and its requirements, nothing of our teachers, and of each other we had not even heard—strangers, not one year ago.

What constant surprises are ever before us. What changes, perhaps even without our knowledge, are occurring all around us. Nothing remains uninflected, and just the same; but everything is subject to that universal law of mutability. The one word "Change" is inevitably and surely written upon everything in Nature, from her ma-

jestic, immovable mountains, down to her smallest insect, and the merest seed that falls to the ground. Through her silent and powerful influences do subterranean reefs take form, and even Niagara's rock-ribbed shelf gradually, though steadily, recedes.

Since all around us everything in Nature must, of necessity, occupy and be influenced by the relations they sustain to each other, it is only reasonable to suppose that we must also have been affected by the friendships and associations of the past year. Unconsciously our lives must have been influenced, altered, by our surroundings here, which upon the whole we feel have been for good; and our pleasure at the prospects of freedom and return home, with all its sweet significance, was not unmingled with sorrow and regrets that the pleasant relations must be broken up, and that many of our mates we would, perhaps, never see again. In our hearts we shall always have a warm place for Lasell memories, and the associations connected therewith. Nor is it easy to say what we felt at parting. The quivering lips and moistened eyes seen in those last days, too well attest (in silent eloquence) what it cost us to say the parting word, "Farewell."

Commencement.

CONTRARY to the usual custom, the exercises of Commencement Week were opened with Class Day exercises, and proved quite interesting to the large number of friends present.

Selections of music were furnished by the Orphean Club, and the exercises in the chapel comprised the presentation of the class to the Faculty, by Miss Nellie Packard, of South Boston; response, by Miss Le Huray; class history and advice to the undergraduates, by Miss Gussie Lowe, of Philadelphia; prophecy, by Miss Ida Sibley, of Warren, Mass.; prophecy on the prophet, by Miss Nellie Kidder, of Bangor. The members of the class were attired in black gowns and English hats.

At the conclusion of the exercises the procession of students, led by the Seniors with lighted lanterns over their shoulders, marched out upon the *campus*, where the tree was planted "by the delicate hands of Mike."

Miss Nellie Packard, before leaving the tree to the care of the Juniors, gave to it a few valuable suggestions and rules, one of which was "that it should never leave the grounds without permission." The grounds

were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns in the trees and tents. /

At a great bonfire the class-books were burned. Miss Nellie Kidder delivered the elegy as the smoke of the discarded books ascended.

Happy the days of our school-life now flown;
Swiftly the moments have vanished and gone:
Sad that to-day we meet but to part;
Fond are the memories that cling round each heart.

Teachers and classmates, farewell! oh, farewell!

Think not the future one bright, cloudless day;
Shadows will often hang dark o'er the way:
But noble souls, that are cheerful and strong,
Always find gladness, and sunshine, and song.
Teachers and classmates, farewell! oh, farewell!

Wealth and true happiness ne'er can we find
Only in beauty of heart and of mind;
Only in treasures that ne'er will decay;
Only in pleasures that fade not away.
Teachers and classmates, farewell! oh, farewell!

Let us, then, cherish the lovely and pure —
Seek for those riches that ever endure;
Joys that will heighten when ages have past;
Blessings that through all eternity last.
Teachers and classmates, farewell! oh, farewell!

Dear class of '84, accept the greeting

We offer you on this your festal day —
Since 'tis required that in this happy meeting
The Faculty shall have its little say.
We wish you well; our thoughts and love shall follow

The four dear girls who long have been our care,

Hoping for each one many a sunny morrow,
And all life's truest blessings everywhere.
One thing we beg: believe that in our teaching,
We've meant to guide you to the truth we knew;

But humbly knowing that we are but reaching,
Childlike, ourselves toward what we would show you.

Sometimes, we know it, we have tried you sadly,
With this and that; things far from pleasant then:

Often, my girls, we've worked together gladly;
If you've grieved us — O we've forgotten when!
So think of us with love, and do the duty
We hope we've helped you see, where'er you go:

A life of service is a life of beauty —
In sunny lands, or 'mid eternal snow.

✓ Oration at the Tree — Class Day, June 13, 1884.

BY NELLIE H. PACKARD.

PERHAPS many of you have not noticed how large a page in a history of the world might be devoted to trees. It was an apple-tree that got Eve into trouble; then "Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak and he

was taken up between the heavens and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away." And "Zaccheus, he did climb a tree." You remember how Charles II. hid in an oak-tree, and thus escaped his enemies. You have also heard of the tree under which William Penn signed his famous treaty of peace with the Indians. It is Connecticut that is famous for its Charter Oak, and Boston Common for the "Old Elm." There are many other trees which we might mention, but they do not concern us especially. To the long list of famous trees, however, we must add the horse-chestnut of '83, and the cypress of '84.

A year ago the Seniors planted their tree, and left it "in care of the Juniors, that noble class of five." It has not been much trouble to us, and we have enjoyed our charge. It has taken unto itself the motto of its planters, and having worked has won, and come out in all its glory, a thrifty little tree. We are going away now, and we trust '83's tree may grow and flourish until it spreads its branches like a benediction over all who may seek its shade.

O tree, you are a stranger in a strange land; you have come from the home of your youth to Lasell Seminary for Young Women. You may not know just what is expected of you; but do as well as you can, and, above all things, don't go off the grounds without permission. Consider the responsibility placed upon you. In future years you may be all that is left to tell the real story of '84. Our pictures, before many years, will look to the girls as those in the library now look to us. Our banner will only be seen at Commencement, not in the place of honor, as it is to day, but each year another step on its journey around the chapel. But you will grow larger, and nobler, and brighter as the years pass away. "Pressing forward against all obstacles," you will stand noble and upright, an honor to '84.

As the emblem of rural happiness, you remind us of these years of pleasure and profit spent in "Fair Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." You are like us in many respects. You have come here in your youth, a stranger, as each of us did. There are years of toil and perseverance before you, as there were before us. You may be tossed about by wind and storm, but after the clouds come the sunshine. As you grow nobly and uprightly, doing good as best you can, may you typify the class of '84. May their lives, like yours, grow better and nobler each day. May

they do what good they can to make their own lives and the lives of others pure and good, so that it may be said of them, "God bless the class of '84."

We can only take care of our tree for a few days, and so we leave it, and the tree of '83, in charge of the Juniors, knowing that under their tender care it will flourish.

Juniors, spare our tree;
Touch not a single bough.
The Seniors planted it;
Wilt thou protect it now?
T'was Mike's own dainty hand
That placed it on this spot:
There, Juniors, let it stand;
Take care—forget it not.

This dear young cypress tree,
Whose fame shall ever fly
Both over land and sea—
Thou wilt not let it die.
Juniors, spare that tree,
And find not ours a bore,
For the sake of '83,
And the thanks of '84.

The tree you all have seen,
And 'tis a goodly sight:
'Tis true there's a "might have been"
To the deeds we've done to-night.
Juniors grow to Seniors,
And they will be planting a tree;
And we know that next year's Seniors
Will do much better than we.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

THE Rev. Calvin Cutler, of the Congregational Church, Auburndale, preached the Baccalaureate Sermon, June 15th, in his own church. His text was from 2 Cor. iv. 6: "The face of Jesus Christ." After some opening remarks on the fact of faces expressing so wonderfully the personality of their owners, he went on to say that the earthly image of that face had been lost to us, but that we knew some of the qualities which were reflected there. There was cheerfulness. He who said so often, "Son, be of good cheer," did not, we may be sure, counteract the effect of his words by a melancholy countenance. There looked out of that face humility. He was "meek and lowly in heart." Humility is not affectation; it is founded on the truth. It is not stooping that another may seem to be taller; it is standing at one's full height, and then looking up to see how low one is at best by the side of that which is really high. The little differences of height between one human achievement and another, are as slight as are the little differences in the depth of their imperfections, when finite men measure themselves with the Infinite. The friendships which are profitable for us

are not those which make us feel how far we are ahead of another, but how much we must grow to come up to another. Thirdly, the face of Christ showed his gentleness. None were too low for him to help. Little children did not shrink from him. He was patient even with that which is hardest to bear—the desertion of friends. And there was courage there—courage that spoke searching words when they were needed; courage that quailed not before his enemies; courage to face shame. Goodness, too, was reflected there—love for men, care for their bodies, but, most of all, care for the immortal part of them. Lastly, there was holiness shining in that face—the purity which loves righteousness and hates sin. The sermon was closed by the following address:—

"Young ladies of the graduating class: The season that seemed so distant is at hand, and you in turn are to receive the honors of your Seminary. You go to join the graduates with the good wishes of all good people. The worth of literary honors after all depends on the use we make of them. The way your teachers so far have led you, if you pursue it, will make the influence of your life good for the land which is doing more than any other for the elevation of women.

"All that is symbolized in this anniversary—you cannot forget to whom it is due. No scene like these through which you are passing can be found beyond the lands of the Bible. It is fitting, then, before you come to the closing honors of your course, that you should stop by the way at 'the house of the Lord, and inquire in his temple.' And as the last object of thought in the sanctuary, we present to you the face of Jesus Christ. Take it with you wherever you go. As you make an album of the faces you like best to see, let this one be ever in your heart.

"You know the story of Veronica—how as Christ passed by her on the way to Golgotha, she took the cloth from her head and handed it to him, that he might wipe the bloody sweat from his face; and when he returned the cloth, behold, his own features had become impressed upon it, and wondrous cures were wrought by the portrait. It is a myth, but more; for by it we are reminded that in Christ-like lives the true image of the Saviour is reproduced.

"And such features of his likeness you may show. Be cheerful, humble, gentle; be brave, and good, and pure; and such works of healing in disordered lives you will work—such as no likeness graven by art

and man's device could produce. And you all, 'beholding with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

Commencement Concert.

THE Commencement Concert was given in the chapel on June 16th, and was an instructive and highly interesting feature of the last week of our school year.

The room was well filled with a large and appreciative audience, and those who took part looked their prettiest and did their best.

Great praise is due to the teachers for the good result of their year's work, and to their pupils, who showed that they had profited by their teaching.

We give the programme of the evening:—

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

Chorus.—"Approach of Spring" Gade.
(With four-hand accompaniment.)

CHORUS CLASS.

Song.—"A Twilight Fancy" Molloy.
MISS BAKER.

Pianoforte.—Capriccio, Op. 22 Mendelssohn.
MISS PRENTISS.

Accompaniment by MR. HILLS.

Aria.—"Parlate D'Amor" (from Faust) Gounod.
MISS WHIPPLE.

Pianoforte.—Rondo in E flat major Weber
MISS BOSTON.

Song.—"Only the Sound of a Voice" Watson.
MISS PRICKETT.

Two pianofortes.—Ritt der Walküren, Wagner-Ehrlich
MISS E. JACKSON AND MR. HILLS.

Recitative and Air.—"But the Lord is mindful."
(From St. Paul) Mendelssohn.
MISS PENFIELD.

PART SECOND.

Chorus.—a. "The Shepherd Boy," Op. 107, Hering.
b. "Old German Shepherd's Song" Kienzl.

CHORUS CLASS.

Pianoforte and Organ.—Nocturno Mendelssohn.
MISS DUFFEE AND MR. HILLS.

Cavatina.—"Regnava Nel Silezio," (from Lucia di Lammermoor) Donizetti.
MISS E. FLINT.

Pianoforte.—A familiar Melody, with Variations.
MISS H. SEIBERLING.

Quartette.—"Their Sun shall no more go down"
Tuckerman.
MISSES E. FLINT, WHIPPLE, PRICKETT, STARR.

Two Pianofortes.—Overture to Tannhäuser.
Wagner-Burchard.
MISS H. SEIBERLING, MISS BOSTON,
MISS DUFFEE, MISS PRENTISS.

Chorus.—"Spring again, with azure band" Eitner.
CHORUS CLASS.

Commencement Day.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, long looked forward to, dawned in splendor and heat. The girls left the Seminary and went to the church at about half-past ten. White dresses and flowers profuse! Our noble Juniors did all due honors as ushers, and reflected great credit upon themselves. The melodious strains of the band, rendered more striking by one piece being slightly out of tune, hushed the subdued murmur which filled the church, and thus the exercises began. The order of exercises was as follows:—

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, *Lyman Abbott.*

MUSIC.

GOOD-BYE, FOR THE CLASS, *Augustine M. Lowe.*

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

BENEDICTION.

Dr. Abbott's address, as well as being very instructive, was thoroughly interesting and beneficial. It was real comforting to hear some one of good solid judgment put down the cant phrase about "woman's sphere;" and we are grateful for the encouragement to work onward and upward, given in the thought that woman's work is bounded only by her capacity. He hoped some sensible woman would soon rise up and inform man what his sphere would, should, or could be.

Prof. Bragdon left to the graduates, and to us all, this little gem of thought: "Daily duty faithfully done in the fear of God, and for his sake."

The essays of the Seniors were as follows:—

THE HOMELY ARTS, *Nellie A. Kidder.*

PORTIA'S SECOND PARCEL OF WOOLERS,
Augustine M. Lowe.

THE MODERN THEORY OF VOLCANOES,
Nellie H. Packard.

AN HONORED SCIENTIST, *Ida M. Sibley.*

A Run West.

I MUST pick out the staterooms for the Lasell European party, and see Ida Phillips; and so, forced to go to New York, I conclude to come back by way of Chicago. Left you all roaring at Prof. Raymond's reading (you seemed to be much pleased all through that evening, I noticed, as I worked in my office), and by the next noon I had

inspected eight steamers, and had concluded that I was by no means displeased with the Nebraska, by which we go. Met Ida and Mrs. Phillips,—both look well,—and afterward Birdie Mason, who is fast coming to the front rank of young New York artists; and Miss Lucy Schiff, who was so kind as to call, in deference to the wish of Emily, and Tessie, and Florence. But I saw she had her mind all made up, so I put in not one word in their behalf, though I saw, in my mind, their disappointed faces. I was not quite sure that her soberer thought was not wiser. Thought of Hattie Adamson and her dinner cooking as I passed through Germantown; but it was too late to ask her to come to the train.

Next noon, waited an hour and a half in Pittsburgh, looking through the smoke to see the expected faces of Sophie White, Annie Harbaugh, and Jessie Godfrey. Owing to delay in the mails, all that splendid chance to visit went by unused! At Salem, Ohio, I was more fortunate in getting a glimpse of Ida Clark (no bang), and Jessie Boone, with her dear little babe—a child of rare sense and discrimination, for she let me hold her, and didn't cry! She will be President some day! At Chicago, next A. M., found Mrs. Bragdon, as good and motherly as ever, and Annie, not very fond of Chicago, though they have a delightful home together near one of the parks on West side (1 Park Ave.), and ready to come back to Auburndale (I find a good many think Auburndale not a very bad place), and Eva Bragdon Judd and her pleasant-faced Fred.

Lillie Potter we found at Evanston, helping her old friend Mamie Ninde nurse her little brother through the scarlet fever. She favored me, and we had two good little visits.

Blanche Jones kindly invited Bertha Morrison, Nellie Brown Shattuck, and other Lasell girls to meet me at her home, which is, as you go out of Chicago, on the way East. Mattie Henry happened to be there on her way home from St. Louis, and we had a very jolly little company, and a very good time. Blanche didn't forget the wants of girls, and regaled us on some New Orleans strawberries (that was a good many weeks ago, you know) and Chicago ice-cream, and we all promised to come again.

Blanche and Bertha are almost next-door neighbors on Oakwood Ave. On my way back, I ran through Williamsport, and found Jen Hays in the wedding atmosphere, and Minnie Ransom Wagner and Sadie Ransom Hazelett each proud of a boy who

looks like his father. Good-bye! I wish those of you who care to, would surprise me with a letter at some of the stations on this summer's trip.

C. C. B.

The June-Bug.

The girl stood gazing on the scene
Whence all but her had fled;
The moonlight, shining through the screen,
Disclosed a June-bug dread.

Yet beautiful and bright she stood,
As bound to kill the foe;
A creature of heroic blood,
With pride her cheeks did glow.

The bug came on; she would not go
Until she saw him dead:
She eyed him buzzing to and fro,
So far above her head.

She called aloud, "Come down, I say,
Then will my task be done;
I'll kill you then in bloody fray."
He buzzed away like fun.

"Come nearer once again," she cried,
"And I may yet be gone,"
And but the buzzing noise replied,
As fast the bug flew on.

Upon her brow she felt his breath,
And in her banged hair.
She drove him out, and called on death
In wild yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"How longer must I stay?"
While round her flew the bug so proud,
And she for him made way.

She mounted, then, onto a chair,
And waved a broom on high,
And tried with screams the foe to scare,
As if to pierce the sky.

Then came a crash of thunder sound;
The girl, O where was she?
Ask of the bug that sailed around
In the air, so glad and free.

With brush, and broom, and shattered chair
She well had done her part;
And the only thing that perished there,
Was her young and faithful heart.

Political Notes.

VENNOR is dead!

THE sale of Cuba to the United States or to Mexico is much thought of.

A LARGE bronze statue of Martin Luther was unveiled in Washington in the latter part of May.

FOUR ladies of Port Townsend, Washington Territory, have recently been chosen to serve on the grand jury.

That Old Green Umbrella.

It was a beautiful, quiet day in May; fresh, green leaves covered the maple branches, and the apple-trees were white with fragrant blossoms. Even the birds were still, as if the tranquil beauty of the scene had hushed their song. She lay there, plucking with her outstretched hand the blossoms from the drooping branches. She alone was unmindful of the beauty around her, for her deep brown eyes tell tales, and say her thoughts are far away. She awoke from her reverie with a start. Surely she heard a twig snap, and some one call her name! But no; the old stone wall was as gray and undisturbed as ever. Not a wheeltrack or footprint bespoke a passer-by. It must have been mere fancy. So settling back into an easier position, she lifted her book from the ground, and looked through its pages with a queer smile upon her rosy lips.

"What a nice time I did have, and how different it was from what I expected. Brother Charlie was always talking about his 'chum;' and I am sure he told me he was thirty-five or six, and was a horrid-looking, awkward fellow. Anyway, Charlie *did* say that 'Greg' didn't do anything but sit with his dirty boots on that table-scarf I made, smoke a meerschaum pipe, and read 'Reveries of a Bachelor.' So Commencement, when mamma and I went up to their rooms, I was fully prepared to overlook any awkwardness on the part of Mr. Gregory, and to be so unconventional that he would be perfectly at ease. Well, we went in, and Charlie's chum wasn't there. I felt so relieved.

"But there was a 'real swell-looking' fellow over by the window. He turned, and immediately came toward us. Charlie said, 'My mother and sister, Greg.'

"'Greg!' I was so surprised that I said, 'Why, *you* aren't Charlie's room-mate, are you?'

"It makes me tired to think of it. I was so confused that I don't know what I would have done if he hadn't been polite and kind. Then to think of *all* other books, I should pick up 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' and, when he found I hadn't read it, he insisted upon giving me his copy. The last time he wrote, he asked me if I had finished it. And I haven't even read the first line! Oh, Tessie Armstrong, what a girl you are! Well, I'll read it through this afternoon, then;" and, with a determined air, she opened the book at the first "Revery — Over a Wood Fire," and read for about five minutes. Then she stopped,

and lifting her delicate profile, said, "I smell cigarette smoke, I do." She twisted her pretty head half off her shoulders trying to see all around her without getting up. There was no one in sight, so she decided that, whoever it might be, he was over the stone wall in the orchard. But how could she see! She wouldn't dare to stand up and look over the wall. But, just then, another plan presented itself. Some of the stones had fallen away and left a hole through the wall. She drew herself up to it, and peeped quietly through. "Yes, that certainly is an umbrella. But what a funny one — it is so very large, and *green*! But what can be under it, I wonder? Why, it looks just like the umbrella that the queer old man had, who sat and stared at me the last time I came out from Boston. He kept looking at me, and then at his — I wish I could see better — at his umbrella. I wonder if he thought I matched the color of it. But then, of course, it isn't his — he wouldn't be lying in an orchard smoking cigarettes. I wonder — I wish I could pull out another rock. How very aggravating!"

A burning blush suffused her cheek, and she crept back wondering why it was that women are so curious. A glance at the sun and the lengthening shadows told her that it must be nearly teatime. So, glancing just once at the stone wall, she hurried away toward the Seminary.

She had enjoyed herself very much. It was such a quiet place — not a living being around. Of course that old umbrella had just blown there by chance. She would go there again, sometime; and she tripped along, humming "Faithful and True."

No living being around? How comes it, then, that the old umbrella moves, that a hand trembling with excitement lifts and closes it; that the one who bears it goes quickly to the wall; that the branches of the apple-tree are parted, and that eyes gaze with a longing look at that pink dress fluttering in and out among the trees, and finally lost from sight! Then those same eyes look over the wall, and rest, as with a lover's gaze, upon the tender grass which still retains the impress of that lovely form.

* * * * *

Days came and went, and not a cloud rose to mar their beauty. The afternoon always found Tessie on the bank by the orchard, reading now in earnest the book she had soon learned to love. She was always sure to smell the cigarette smoke, and sometimes she had a very strong desire to climb up on the wall and

look over. But she contented herself with little peeps through the hole, always finding the limit of her vision to be the old green umbrella.

But there came two days when a severe headache kept Tessie in her room; her room-mate and the teachers wondered why it was, that in the afternoon she tossed so wildly on her bed, and muttered so many things about an umbrella. Poor Tessie! how she did long to rush out from the heated room into that quiet lane again! The third day found her quiet, and more like her former self; so, when a letter came from her mother and "brother Charlie's chum," she felt so much better that she started out in the early afternoon for the old stone-wall. As she hurried along she said, half aloud: "I wonder why it is that papa suffers so terribly. Mamma writes that he has never given up before as he has now; and he grows more sad every day. If I ever asked about it, mamma always hushed me, and said I was too young to understand. It was something that happened just before they were married, I am sure; for their wedding anniversary is the saddest day in all the year. Yet how papa idolizes mamma." A long sigh followed; but her face brightened, as she said: "But what a strange letter Tom — Mr. Gregory, I mean — wrote. He seems trying to hide something all through it. And such an undertone of sadness; and it wasn't mailed at College. It puzzles me; and yet I can't see why I am so happy when every one else is sad."

Everything looked the same under the apple branches as when she was there last, three days ago. No; she could not be sure until she looked through the old stone wall. But no matter how she turned her head, or shaded her eyes, she looked in vain — the umbrella was not there! Why should the color leave her face? Can any one tell?

She threw herself in listless attitude upon the grass, and the book, once so interesting, lay beside her unopened. How long she sat there gazing into the distance, and seeing nothing, she never knew. Perhaps she would be there now, had not a twig in the orchard snapped. How it startled her! What a light came into her face, and how her eyes sparkled! She tried to look unconcerned, and obstinately fixed her eyes on the blue hills. But something stronger than her own will compelled her to turn around. She raised her eyes, and saw, leaning on the old wall, one hand grasping the heavy handle of the umbrella, the other stretched toward her in imploring gesture,

his whole frame shaking with emotion, the old white-haired man she had seen on the cars. She arose and would have fled, but something in the old man's eyes riveted her to the spot. He tottered to her side, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. How it thrilled her! "Child," he said, "I would not harm you. Look into my face. Is there no feature there you recognize? Oh, my child, do you not know me?"

Tessie's head whirled; she could not reason—that voice—those eyes—she clutched his arm and shrieked, "Either I am mad, or you are my father, turned old and gray!" The old man caught her in his arms, while tears coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; and his feeble voice repeated again and again, "Thank God!" At last Tessie opened her eyes, her strength all gone; she listened quietly as the old man told his strange story. "It was twenty-five years ago," he said, "that my son, my only pride, the only heir to my fortune, came to me, and said, 'Father, Nellie Irving has promised to be my wife, and I ask your blessing.' 'Blessing! Never! You shall never marry that——' Ah, child, I cannot repeat to you the insulting words that followed. My son, maddened by my insolence, grasped the first thing he saw,—this old umbrella,—and struck me to the ground. It must have been hours after that I recovered consciousness; and I could see many attempts had been made to restore me. But I never saw my son again. He and Nellie Irving were married that day. Tessie Armstrong, can you forgive your poor old grandfather? Can you give him back his son?"

Tessie threw her arms around his neck, but sobs were her only answer. Finally she looked up, and said: "But where is Tom—Mr. Gregory, I mean? I thought he was under the umbrella. Who was it smoked the cigarettes?" The old man shook his head: he did not understand her. "Tom Gregory, did you say, who lives in N——?" Tessie nods affirmatively. "Why, bless you, child, that queer boy read to me all last summer out of his favorite book, 'Reveries of a Bachelor.'"

Tessie gave a little excited scream, and quickly finding the book placed it in his hands. He opened it with a smile; then looking up quickly, he raised the book to her face. The smell of *cigarette smoke* permeated its pages. What a merry laugh rang through the quiet orchard! The reaction had taken place, and Tessie laughed until the tears came again. But was that why she buried her face in her handker-

chief? Was that the reason why her old grandfather jumped to his feet with a dry chuckle, and rubbed his hands violently in and out? Tessie did not start this time as the branch crackled; but another hand was laid upon the wall, and a manly form sprang lightly over. "Forgive me," a well-known voice said; "I have been an unwilling listener to your conversation." But Tessie did not look at him or lift her face from her handkerchief. "They said at the Seminary you were out for a walk, and I came to find you." Here the handkerchief moved just a little, and Tessie gave a timid glance through her wet lashes. And Tom,—for it was indeed he,—emboldened by this slight encouragement, leaning nearer to her, said: "They have caused so many misunderstandings, let there be no more bachelor reveries. Oh, Tessie,"—Here the old man, fearing something was broken, raised and examined the old green umbrella. It hid Tessie and Tom from his sight; and so, also, does it from ours.

Art Notes.

THERE is now on exhibition at Messrs. Williams & Everett's a fine portrait of a boy with a dog, by John Lefrage. This picture is one of the artist's most successful portraits.

MR. H. C. WALKER's exhibition at Doll & Richards's consists chiefly of portraits. They show the result of careful training, although one of the portraits of a lady looks decidedly as though she had stepped out of Mme. Demorest's fashion plates, so like is the pose.

AT Messrs. Noyes & Blakeslee's there is an exhibition of the works of Mr. Walter J. McEwen. This artist is a young man who has recently studied in Munich. Among his paintings is a portrait of himself. The pose is easy, the dress as picturesque as the nineteenth century allows, and the subdued colors suited to the subject—a man in driving-dress with fur collar. In his pastel drawings Mr. McEwen is seen at his best, especially in the delicate, graceful picture of a dancing girl, "Sylvia."

A DISPLAY of fine pictures covering a variety of subjects may now be seen in the Boston galleries. At the gallery of J. Eastman Chase there is a collection of water-color sketches by Edward Cabot. One of his most interesting pieces is a sketch of Charles River. The atmosphere in this is

particularly good, but the water has a hard look. In another picture of the Charles we have a distant view of Cambridge Bridge, upon which Longfellow stood when the first thought of "I stood on the bridge at midnight," etc., came to him.

Lasellia and S. D. Entertainment.

ON the evening of May 26th, for the first time in their history, the Lasellia and S. D. societies united in giving an entertainment in the Lasellia clubroom. The non-society girls had been invited to attend, and the result was, that the stars of the evening were greeted with an overflowing house. Miss Penfield, President of the Lasellians, made an address of welcome to the sister society; to which Miss Hamilton, President of the S. D.'s, responded. The following programme was then enacted:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Piano Solo—Scottish Song Kullak.
MISS MARTHA PRENTISS, S. D.
2. Song—"My Dearest Heart" Sullivan.
MISS EDITH FLINT, S. D.

3. The Gallant Garroter—An Operetta in Two Acts and Four Scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AUGUSTUS MONTMORENCY, the hero and virtuous villian,
MISS STARR, Lasellian.
TIMOTHY TRICTRAC, a collector of curiosities,
MISS NELLIE KIDDER, Lasellian.
HARDBAKE HIGHFLYER, a cruel parent,
MISS GUSSIE LOWE, Lasellian.
ANGELINA HIGHFLYER, his daughter, a charming creature
MISS BAKER, S. D.
MRS. SOAPSUDS, a washwoman of culture,
MISS WHIPPLE, Lasellian.
SALLY SOAPSUDS, the washwoman's lovely daughter,
MISS PRICKETT, S. D.

4. Recitation—"Briar Rose" Boyesen.
MISS MARSHALL, Lasellian.
5. Song.—Das Schwabemäde G. Braga.
MISS PENFIELD, Lasellian.
Violin obligato, MISS DUFFEE, S. D.
Piano Accompaniment, MISS COGSWELL, S. D.
6. Recitation.—The Glove Hood.
MISS WALSTON, S. D.

The musical selections and the recitations were all finely rendered; but the most interesting part of the programme was the operetta, "The Gallant Garroter." "Laughter held his sides" whenever the "washwoman of culture" and poor, palsied little Trictrac appeared. The part of the "washwoman's lovely daughter" was admirably acted and sung. The acting of the charming Angelina was perfect. No professional actress could have improved upon her shrieks. They were piercing enough to rend the very stones of the foundation. The cruel parent was a truly formidable

person; but even his hard heart should have been moved by the distressed appearance of the unhappy Augustus. The entertainment was a grand success, and the societies may be justly proud of the work done.

Society News.

THE clubs, associations, and societies have all had recent meetings, and elected the following officers:—

LASELLIA CLUB.

President — Miss Whipple.
Vice-President — Miss Starr.
Secretary — Miss Davenport.
Treasurer — Miss Lufkin.
Critic — Miss White.
Guard — Miss Burnham.
Assistant Guard — Miss Routt.

S. D. SOCIETY.

President — Miss Prickett.
Vice-President — Miss Bubb.
Secretary — Miss Durfee.
Treasurer — Miss Allen.
Critic — Miss Cogswell.
Usher — Miss Corcoran.

PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

President — Miss Hammond.
Vice-President — Miss Hayden.
Secretary — Miss Allen.
Editor-in-chief — Miss Penfield.
Local Editor — Miss B. Lowe.
Art Editor — Miss Lufkin.
Science Editor — Miss J. Addie Johnson.
Literary Editor — Miss Ebersole.
Political Editor — Miss Cogswell.
Musical Editor — Miss Prickett.
Publisher — Miss Starr.
Subscription Agent — Miss Burnham.
Auditing Committee. { Miss Willard,
 Miss White,
 Miss Boston.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President — Miss Willard.
Vice-President — Miss Hayden.
Secretary — Miss Penfield.
Treasurer — Miss Burnham.
Executive Committee. { Miss Ebersole,
 Miss Richardson,
 Miss Phelps.

Locals.

“BEAUTIES! BEAUTIES!”

“WHOM did Abel marry?”

“Lot!”

A JUNIOR who was asked the meaning of *exhume*, replied, “To burn.”

“THEY also serve who only stand and wait” on the table at the Senior Reception.

WANTED — time lost when waiting outside the office door. None but those with large amounts need apply.

MOTTO of the mending class:— “Darn it.” Not intended as a hint for a new tennis set.

SPEAKING of Johnson, a noble Senior questioned in a *Lowe* voice, “What made them elect him President?”

WHEN one of the most diligent of our tennis-players heard a gentle knock at the door, she yelled, “Now play!”

A “CRAZY” Lasell maiden, looking in the bottom of her teacup, said, “I wonder if I shall have to ask permission to leave these grounds?”

Miss F., after the publishing meeting, hearing of the election of the Auditing Committee, inquired if they had anything to do with the auditory nerve.

It was a girl who had “the spirit of the school,” who, when reciting in a recent History class, said,— “And about that time *Lasell* explored the Mississippi.”

TEACHER.—“Now, if we should translate into Latin, ‘The girls and boys are both attentive and industrious,’ with which noun would we make ‘attentive and industrious’ agree?”

Pupil (evidently a believer in women’s rights, etc.).— “Why, girls, of course.”

SCENE in Rhetoric class:—

Miss L.—“What happened in 1620?”

Miss S.—“Columbus discovered America!”

She is at once annihilated.

A GREAT knowledge of Geography was recently displayed by Miss S. She was going by boat via Fall River to New York, and was heard to exclaim, “O what a lovely sail we’ll have up the Hudson!”

OUR girls, if seen anywhere within ten miles of the Sem., can be distinguished from ordinary mortals by their “fluffy” bangs; said bangs partially shaded by enormous sunhats, giving them the appearance of animated toadstools.

S. D. Supper.

ON the 2d of June the S. D.’s met in the clubroom to enjoy their annual club supper. The occasion was a pleasant one, and all seemed ready for a good time.

A short programme had been arranged for the occasion, which consisted of a cornet solo by Miss Prickett, a piano solo by Miss Durfee, and a short play of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, taken from *Mid-*

summer Night’s Dream. Miss Dora Walston was *Pyramus*, and Miss Bennett, *Thisbe*; Miss Corcoran, with all the furs that had not been sent home, took the part of the Lion; while Miss Henlin was well plastered, to represent Wall. The part of *Moonshine* was well given by Miss Allen, and the Prologue was taken by Miss Paul.

After the little play, Miss Edith Flint favored the Society with a song; and then the attention of all was directed to the tables, which soon looked very attractive with salads and rolls, ice-cream and cake.

Soon toasts were proposed by the toast-mistress, Miss Dora Walston, and all drank the health of the present and past S. D.’s, the Class of ’84, the Lasellia Club, Our Gentlemen Friends, the Old Maids of the Club, and so on, *ad infinitum*. After these had all received due attention, impromptu toasts were given, and speeches called for in reply. The presents given to different members were an important and amusing feature of the evening, and when the inevitable electric bell sounded, we would gladly have continued the festivities of the hour.

Loomis European Party.

FOLLOWING is a calendar of the Lasell Section of the Loomis European Party for 1884:—

- June 23. Liverpool, Northwestern Hotel.
- 24. Windermere, Ferry Hotel.
- 25. Melrose, Abbey Hotel.
- 26. Edinburgh, Coekburn Hotel.
- 27. Sterling, Royal Hotel.
- 28. Tarbet, Tarbet Hotel.
- 29, 30. Glasgow, Coekburn Hotel.
- July 2, 3. The Hague, Hotel Paulez.
- 4. Cologne, Hotel du Nord.
- 5. Coblenz, Hotel Bellevue.
- 6, 7. Frankfort, Hotel d’Angleterre.
- 8-10. Berlin.
- 11, 12. Dresden, Hotel Kaiserhof.
- 13, 14. Prague, Hotel d’Angleterre.
- 15-17. Munich, Hotel Marienbad.
- 18. Coire, Hotel Steinboeck.
- 19. Splugen, Hotel Bodenhau.
- 20, 21. Cadenabbia, Hotel Bellevue.
- 22. Milan, Grand Hotel Milan.
- 23-25. Venice, Hotel d’Angleterre.
- 26-29. Florence, { Hotel Chapman, 21 Via
 Pandolfini.
- 30. { Hotel Chapman, 75 Via
to Aug 6. Rome, { Nazionale.
- Aug. 1, 2. Naples, Hotel des Etrangers.
- 7. Pisa, Grand Hotel Minerva.
- 8. Turin, Grand Hotel Turin.
- 9. Locarno, Grand Hotel Locarno.
- 10. Mt. Rigi, Hotel Rigi Kulm.
- 11. Lucerne, Hotel National.
- 12. Brienz, Hotel Croix Blanche.
- 13. Berne, Hotel Bernerhof.
- 14. Vevay, Hotel du Lac.
- 15. Vernayaz, Grand Hotel des Gorges.

- Aug. 16, 17. Chamonix, Hotel d'Angleterre.
 18, 19. Geneva, Hotel Metropole.
 20. Lausanne, Hotel Beau Rivage.
 21-25. Paris, { Hotel du Pavillon, 172 Rue
 de Rivoli.

SECTION A.

- Aug. 28. London, { Covent Garden Hotel,
 Sept. 3. { Southampton St.
 4. Leamington, Manor House Hotel.
 6. Liverpool, Northwestern Hotel.

SECTION B.

- Aug. 24-28. London, Covent Garden House.
 29-30. Leamington, Manor House Hotel.
 31-Sept. 1. Windermere, Ferry Hotel.
 2. Melrose, Abbey Hotel.
 3. Edinburgh, Cockburn Hotel.
 4. Stirling, Royal Hotel.
 5. Glasgow, Cockburn Hotel.

Letters for the party should be addressed in a clear, open hand, care of the "Loomis Party," at the hotels stated; and should leave New York on or before the following dates: For Glasgow, June 19; Cologne, June 21; Dresden, June 28; Munich, July 3; Venice, July 10; Florence, July 14; Rome, July 18-24; Lucerne, Aug. 1; Geneva, Aug. 7; Paris, Aug. 12-16; London, Aug. 20; Liverpool, Aug. 23; Glasgow, Aug. 23.

Telegrams may be sent to the hotel at which the party is stopping at the precise time of sending, counting American time as six hours behind the itinerary.

Letters and telegrams thus addressed and sent will be forwarded until they reach the party.

Personals.

WE hear that Sadie Read is North for the summer.

CORA COGSWELL has been taking a post-graduate course in Botany.

LIZZIE LUTHER has been giving her time mainly to the piano, under a Providence teacher.

LIBBIE HANCE is helping to keep Minneapolis straight. She is pretty well, and happy.

BELLE BRAGDON, Pulaski, N. Y., here in '81, hopes to come again next year. We hope she may. She purposes to become a phonographer.

PROF. GOODRIDGE's school in Bernards-ton has had great increase, both in numbers and standing. We knew Prof. G. would be a success. He always was.

LIZZIE HOAG, Lockport, N. Y., has had a chance to show her love for a sister who has not been well. She wants to be remembered to the girls who knew her.

SUSIE GARFIELD BLODGETT called, the other day, to enter the name of her sister for next year. We shall be glad to have her sister if she is as good as Susie, and she will bring Susie oftener.

KITTIE MORRILL VAN HUSAN is just getting into her own house, 33 Peterboro St., Detroit. Miss Parloa has been in Detroit, and has spoken of Lasell's work in Cooking. Kittie enjoys housekeeping.

MARY BROWN, of Winchendon, kept her father's books for awhile after leaving school; but her eyes giving out, she was obliged to take a vacation. Wants to come back if her eyes get better. We hope she may surely recover the perfect use of her eyes.

MRS. FANNY PAGE, here in 1877, for several years instructor in Elocution at Augusta Female Institute, Staunton, Va., moved yet farther South last fall. She has the same department in Peace Institute, at Raleigh, S. C., nearly two hundred pupils reading to her daily, and eighty-three taking work in Calisthenics.

ADA ANDERSON writes a good letter from her home in Georgia (Hawkinsville). She has charge of the education of her brother and sister. This busies her five hours daily, and she is taking the Chautauqua Course, and has a class in the Sunday-school. This is a good record, and I think she is busy enough to keep out of mischief. She will have a call from some of us one day. She has too many correspondents, though! But don't cut us off!

A Visit to the Lasell Studio.

It was along about the first of June, and I had gone for a rest from the buzz and heat of city life, to the beautiful little village of Auburndale. One day I started out, with a friend of mine, for an after-dinner walk around this charming little place. We had wandered through the woods along the picturesque banks of the Charles, and were on our way home, intently engaged in conversation, when our attention was attracted by a horrible figure, dressed wholly in black, which, approaching us, beckoned with its long, bony hand, as if it would fain lead us into some Cave of Morpheus, or House of Seven Gables. We at first would have turned back, but an unknown something lured us on, and we, as if spellbound, followed where it led us. We were unable to recover from our surprise until we found ourselves, breathless, at the head of three

flights of stairs, in a little hallway. We heard a noise as of the turning of a key; whereupon we fully expected to be ushered into a whole hive of these miserable beings, and instantly pictured to ourselves the ugly, black forms distinctly outlined against the bright fire which crackles under their sputtering caldron as they bubble, bubble, their toil and trouble. But the door was thrown open, and instead of stepping in on such a hideous company, we found ourselves in an elegant studio, the brilliant northern light of which was at first so blinding. We could not understand such strange proceedings, but on inquiry we found that we were in the Lasell studio, and that our witch-like chaperon was the evil genius who brought about all failures made therein.

If we had been led into the Cave of Morpheus we could not have been more surprised, though less delighted. We soon found an agreeable companion in our strange friend, who pointed out each picture, and gave us his own account of its history and destination. We were first led up in front of a mirror, the frame of which was handsomely adorned with apple-blossoms. Our friend told us that it would not be long ere this would cease to reflect the bonnie face of Mame, but would probably be the means by which *one* Amherst fellow, at least, could see himself as others see him. The thought struck me that more girls might profitably spend time with such a desirable end in view. Passing on, our attention was called to a number of beautiful picture-frames. We could not understand to what use such a monument of frames could be put, but we grasped the idea as our guide remarked that Edith was already evincing some of her economical(?) principles as a housekeeper, by buying her picture-frames now, and having them "put on the bill."

We noticed a great many excellent studies, which reflected much credit on both teacher and pupil. One which attracted my attention was the picture of a girl. It was as yet unfinished, and the features were slightly distorted,—owing probably to the fact that the model sat still longer than was compatible with a pleasant expression,—but otherwise evinced remarkable talent.

One thing which greatly amused us was a study in which a "deceased" mouse was propped up by an ear of corn. Our guide told us that that was a study of still life. We said we supposed it was, and proceeded to investigate a study composed of a cribbage-board, a deck of cards, and a decanter. We looked at it again and again; but unwilling to believe our eyes after such

a trying afternoon, we came to the conclusion that it must be a mirage, and turned away our incredulous selves to look at something less demoralizing.

It is useless to attempt to describe to you all of the beautiful and artistic things we saw there, for as "the end of uncertainty is the death of interest," we would rather leave something to your imagination; but suffice it to say, that the whole studio savored of work. We saw no rulers, tracing-paper, nor any such appliances, but, on the contrary, we noticed that the walls were fairly dotted with casts, and on the tables were many tasty and artistic studies which none but an experienced and competent teacher could devise.

We scarcely realized how late it was growing until the neighboring bell, which has told so many Lasell girls how fast the sands of their life were ebbing, announced one more day gone for us; and taking a last look at the studio, and thanking our hospitable friend, we hastened down the hill to get away from the fast-approaching night, as our newly-made acquaintance stood, half bent in the doorway, nodding and waving to us his adieu.

Science.

THE latest application of electric light is one of the most wonderful. Ever since its discovery, railroad-men and inventors have been trying to adapt it to use as a locomotive headlight. The trouble was in the oscillation of the great engine frame, which shook the carbons together. Some Ohio and Indiana men have invented a perfectly balanced lamp to hold the carbons. It has been running for thirty days on the Pan Handle Railroad, between Bradford Junction and Indianapolis, and has been a success. The superintendent of the division says it is perfect. This invention will make traveling at night safer than in the daytime. The electric light will show an obstruction a mile away. Collisions mostly occur on curves; but the cone of light sent out from one of these headlights would pierce the darkness so far in a straight line, as to be seen from any part of the curve. The Pennsylvania Railroad purposes to put it on all their engines. It is the most important invention for railroads since the Westinghouse air-brake.

THE ingenuity of the Japanese in fireworks is unfathomable. They make a shell, only six inches in diameter, to contain an elephant as large as Jumbo; another, a Goddess of Liberty, fifteen feet

high, and broad in proportion. They are for public exhibits in the daytime, and are fired vertically from a wooden cannon into the air, where they burst, and the figures, which are made of paper, become inflated, and assume their huge dimensions, floating slowly to the ground. An American manufacturer says: "We thought we ought to add these figures and shells to our list of manufactures, so we cut open shell after shell, and studied, and experimented, and gave it up as a bad job. We simply could not do it. We excel the Japs in the variety of colors in our exploding bombs, but do not yet equal, or even approach, them, in their wonderfully strange and perfect figures."

Exchanges.

THE *Oberlin Review* is remarkable for brilliancy—a bright and shining light!

THERE is no paper among our favored crew that we look forward to reading with so much pleasure as the *Bates Student*.

Vassar Miscellany.—The prospect of vacation seems to have dulled the wits of this, as well as some others of our literary friends.

OUR highly-esteemed owl on the outside of the *College Argus*, we imagine, appears slightly fatigued, though the wisdom within is still lively.

THE *Colby Echo* has brightened up with the warm weather, even vying with the *Yale Courant*, which last shows a tremendous amount of effort.

ON the subject of education of women, the *Varsity* seems to incline. It appears to us, until they get some better ideas, they had better confine themselves to the subject of educating men, as they might be expected to know something on that line.

A Hint to Young Women.

As a rule, grown-up girls have more spare time than is good for them. Many of the occupations they are accustomed to look on as the toils of their lives—fancy-work, paying visits, practicing, etc.—are, as many married women and not a few girls could tell them, little more than healthful and pleasant recreations. If any girl would but keep an account of her time for a week, she would be startled to find how much of it, if not absolutely lost, is frittered away. She would discover that one or two hours' reading would hardly interfere, if properly arranged as to time, with

any of her amusements and occupations, and would be simply invaluable in giving ballast to her mind, as would an hour a day devoted to the conquest of a modern or an ancient language, or to the study of mathematics.

Let a girl, even if she cannot find time for self-improvement, give up novel-reading for a time. She will find the deprivation will be far less than she could have imagined, and may console herself by reflecting that the taste for novel-reading is easily regained, while the appetite for graver study cannot be found if once really lost. Girls who love good poetry will be astonished at how much they can get by heart by learning one or two verses every morning while dressing, and to find how infinite a treasure through their whole lives will be those "jewels which, on the stretched forefinger of all time, sparkle forever," and which they have made their own by committing to memory.—*Cleveland Leader*.

AN attempt is to be made to introduce cents into New Orleans at the coming exposition. The effort has been made before, but failed.

THE Imperial Canal of China is the largest in the world. It connects over forty cities, and is 2,000 miles long.

Advertisements (?).

SOLD.—Any one who takes the time to read the following nonsense:—

MEALS at low prices and odd hours. Midnight repasts a specialty. Room 62.

INFORMATION WANTED.—About the new tennis set promised to the young grammarians of the Seminary.

LOST.—In a recent discussion about the East and West, a considerable of temper. Finder will be amply rewarded. Inquire at Office.

FOUND.—One week after Commencement, an earnest desire to see the girls together once more at Lasell Seminary. Apply to those young ladies who thought they cared nothing for the rest of the girls.

S. D. PINS

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PIANOS in great variety, For Sale and To Let. As the stock is constantly renewing and changing, there are frequent opportunities of getting just the instrument you wish, for yourself or for home friends, and sometimes at a decided bargain.

STANDARD MUSIC BOOKS that are always in favor, while many new ones are tried and fail; for the best music is always new. Of these, in addition to all the standard and well-known instruction books for all purposes musical, see lists and descriptions. Special attention is called to the **BOUND COLLECTIONS OF VOCAL OR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC** called, collectively, the

HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY.

These books have no particular connection, one with another, and are sold independently; but they are alike in binding, size, and price, which is, for each,

\$2 boards. \$2.50 cloth. \$3 gilt.

Of the newer books of this set, may be mentioned:—
War Songs, quite the favorites now, as given in the Grand Army concerts.

Minstrel Songs, Old and New.

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